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WILD IRELAND;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH FATHER MICHAEL.

I.

IN one of my visits to the wild west of Ireland, now years ago, I made acquaintance with an amiable and excellent man, a Catholic priest. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship, and on another visit he insisted on having me a few days to himself. My inclination harmonized with his wishes, and I became his guest.

The priest's cottage—cabin he called it—was a bare half mile from the sea, in a thinly-peopled district of bog and mountains. The region may be characterized as a wilderness of rugged beauties. To a painter it would furnish subjects for a thousand pictures. To a sportsman it offers resources which are inexhaustible. The rivers and lakes are full of trout, and, in the proper season, abound in salmon. Otters range almost unmolested. Seals are common in the creeks and bays and along the rocky shores, but they are in some sort protected by singular superstitions; or rather such was formerly the case, for the poetical fancy of the people is fast disappearing. Wild fowl are to be seen in myriads. In the winter months the wild swan haunts the lakes: flocks of

twenty to thirty may be seen sailing on the dun waters, like pure white clouds over a dark blue sky, seemingly unwary of danger, but in truth acutely suspicious and keenly awake to every movement of man and beast. The barnacle goose is another visitor: he immigrates in the night-time. The noise of the gaggles as these birds travel in still nights has a singular effect, at least on me: it is ghostly when heard unexpectedly overhead, and while the birds themselves are invisible. No one has been able to unriddle the mystery of the name; and what a strange tale of their origin has old Hector Boece told us!—how that they are "generit of the sea." The duck tribes are found in immense numbers all the year round. And birds of many kinds, of interest to the naturalist rather than to the sportsman, are either residents or periodical visitors.

But this region is inaccessible to ordinary tourists, and if it were not so, I would give no clue to it.

MY FIRST DAY OUT WITH THE PRIEST.

The evening of my arrival at — was pleasantly spent in devising and

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preparing for the next day's occupation. We decided to fish a river and lake some half dozen miles off, among the mountains.

Morning had scarcely dawned when we were on foot. I fancied my friend had a poor opinion of the weather, but there was a nice south-west wind, with promise of a cloudy day, and I knew not what more he would have. Dread of a wet jacket I was certain he had none.

"We shall see or feel, or I mistake, and that is not likely," said he, half to himself and half in answer to my inquiry why he seemed anxious about the weather—"we shall see, but I doubt we would be better at home this day. However, forward's the word. You know what your song says, and we have a saying you don't know—*Triur gan riaghal, bean, mule, agus muc*—'There are three things without rule: a woman, a mule and a pig;' and a fourth might rightly have been added—the weather."

Our walk was through a solitude wide-spread and barren. The hand of man had never disturbed it. Save the matins of the wind harped on the bog-reed and the bent, and the faint "trinkle" of distant lins, the silence was profound. Neither low of cattle, nor bark of dog, nor sound of any voice but our own was to be heard. The many changes made by the advancing day in the features of the landscape occupied our attention and eased the rough labors of the road. We had passed through a gorge into a long, close valley, and had advanced well up it, when the priest suddenly stopped and bade me "listen to the silence." I was struck by the expression. Listen to the silence! How else could I apprehend it? The silence we had passed through was strange, but this was appalling. Almost afraid to wake some dangerous hidden reality, I asked what it meant.

"It means we would be wise men to turn home," replied the priest, "for by this token there is a tathering storm not far off, and to be caught in it here would be as much as our lives are worth. But the lake is beyond, where you may see

the *garsún* and the basket, if you look close: I am ready for the contents; so we'll go on and try the lake for an hour, and then speed the way we came; for I tell you we have had infallible warning, and must not let the sun south on it. I know the signs and warnings of the tempest well. The mountains tell you, the plains tell you, the sea and the sky tell you—but it is in a language few understand."

We were now at the lake, by the outflow of a river. But the priest predicted no sport. I, however, saw nothing to hinder it. A rippling breeze, cloudy sky, warm temperature—we had everything in our favor, I thought. Electric signs there were none to my perception. When electricity is present, rod and line are useless. Why, no man has discovered. Scott was acquainted with the fact, and noted it in the *Lady of the Lake*:

"There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake:
Upon her cyrie nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake:
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill."

Dr. Knox also has noted the phenomenon, but I recollect no other writers that have; and I had never met an angler that had noticed the effect of approaching thunder on fish, at least on trout. But Father Michael knew that some atmospheric conditions affected trout, though he was unable to analyze them, and those conditions, he averred, were now present. In assurance of the electric element he pointed to a distant mountain-peak, apostrophizing it in solemn Greek—

Μαντι κακων ου ποποτε μοι το κρηνον ειπας—

"Prophet of evils, never hast thou augured to me aught of good."

"It's plain as print," said Tim.

"Now to breakfast, 'with what appetite you may.'"

"Small fear of the appetite, Father Mick," interjected Tim.

In a sheltered corner Tim had lighted a fire, and, more surprising than the echo of old Homer in a Connaught wild,

there was hot coffee. Wheat-meal cakes, the finest of butter and cream, with eggs and cold fowl, were the substantial. Never was there such a meal in such a place. It quickly dispelled all gloom. Tim was hilarious. His praises of the priest's housekeeper for what she had put up for his special self were boundless, and interfered a good deal with his eating: "Peggy was a woman of a thousand, barring the timper: bad luck to it that a Christian woman should be so possessed!" She had "thrum'd" him out of the house before daylight that "blessed marnin'," and "for niver a word said." But we cut Tim short and walked off to our work. There was no time to lose.

The priest went his way with his attendant Tim, and I took the opposite direction. I selected a spot a little down the river. But not a fin stirred: time wore on, and the ill signs increased. Father Michael, I saw, was returning, and Tim stood with rod and basket ready for the road. "Another throw," said I, "and I have done too." I was successful. A banging fish had taken himself in. The priest was all excitement. But I found I should speedily be in trouble. The fish fought as only a vigorous spring fish will fight, and it was plain to be seen that he was bent on a course that would be dangerous.

"Keep him back, sur—keep him back!" shouted Tim.

"Roll in, roll in as much as you can!" added the priest; "and let him have the rod if you can't keep him this side the crag."

But I felt that the fish was failing, and resolved to keep tight on him. I craned round the projecting cliff, and saw a narrow ridge that seemed to offer sufficient footing. I swung round, and instantly found I had misjudged. There was a deep pool plumb down at my feet, and the least inattention would plunge me into it. I set my back close to the rock, but I could not move from the spot. In my perplexity the fish got fresh wind, and he made a struggle that compelled me to grasp the root of an ash that grew above me. It was now a

one-handed fight, in which I was likely to be the loser. But Tim, who had gone down the river and crossed, came up at this juncture, an unexpected and welcome auxiliary.

"Don't let out another inch of line, sur, and devil a inch can you wind in, I see," shouted Tim. "Keep him in the strame a bit, and I'll go bail we have him yit."

The fish at last turned on his side, exhausted.

"Now let him go five yards, sur, an' I'll net him or drownd meself."

Tim was successful. With help from the priest I got safe out of my perilous position. There was great glee over our victory, for the trout was a splendid fellow, six or seven pounds in weight.

"I would have taken my oath against it," said Father Michael.

"And so would I, twist," said Tim.

We took the road homeward, with more pleasure than we should have done with empty creels. The day had become dismal: rain passed along the hillsides in squalls, and the wind had increased. Now and then a burst of sunshine brightened the gloom for a moment: sea-birds, flying from the rising storm, harried the echoes with their harsh clamors, and the moanings of the mountains reminded me of Ossian.

"Do you believe in Ossian, Father Michael?" I asked.

"What Ossian? Jem Macpherson's Ossian? No, not I. If Jammy had put the book out as his own, nobody would have noticed it. Macpherson knew the Gaelic—its turns, modes of expression—to perfection, and no doubt he was quite familiar with the songs and traditions of his country; but he knew Homer as well, and I am sure Homer set Jammy on to make his Ossian. You recollect Dr. Blair had the folly to compare Macpherson with Homer. I have the book, and at some spare time we will look into it."

"You will admit, Father Michael, there are some fine passages in Macpherson, if you will not say Ossian?"

"I can cite one this moment: it clings to my memory—the apostrophe to the

sun, in Carthon: 'O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my father! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion in thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair floats on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps like me, for a season: thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth! There is another passage in my head about the vanity of life. But let us leave this, and to lighten the way I'll sing you a snatch of Irish song."

Father Michael sang with taste and effect, but Irish song seldom pleases any other than the Keltic ear. The song selected by the priest has been translated into English, and set to the tune, "One morning very early, one morning in the spring."

"There!" said he when he had ended, "that is worth a hundred dozen of Tom Moore's feeble things. Moore is just a drawing-room bard. It is said Tom took his keynote from your Prior. What do you say?"

"More likely from Herrick. Listen and judge for yourself:

'Reach with your whiter hands to me
Some crystal of the spring;
And I about the cup shall see
Fresh lilies flourishing.

'Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this—
To the glass your lips incline,
And I shall see by that one kiss
The water turned to wine.'

That is Herrick's. Two pretty conceits very sweetly expressed. A bit from Prior, all I can recollect, will give you his clink:

'The god of us versemen, you know, child, the Sun,
How after his journey he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.'

Real rubbish, you say. So it is, but Moore's jingle is very like it. But what then? Moore did but take or imitate—which you will—Prior's music."

"I cry you mercy! I meant no more than that Tom's melodies are fit for ladies' mouths only. There is the 'Minstrel Boy to the War has Gone:' it's murder, and it shouldn't be, hearing it from a he-fellow's mouth. National poet, indeed! He's neither Irish nor English—he's just an exotic. What a miserable he is, alongside of your Scottish Burns! I am a great admirer of Burns, and I conceit I understand him. By the way, do you recollect his 'Oh were my Love yon Lilac fair?' The last two stanzas are not Burns'; but listen and I'll recite two Irish stanzas for you to compare with them.—Faith, but we are getting the way from under us."

"The old saw, father—'Good company makes the way shorter.'"

"Well, now:

'Oh gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I myself a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa',

'Oh there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night,
Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.'

So far the Scotch poet, whoever he was. Now for our *Reultan mo Bhothair*—Star of my Path. You shall have the English of it first, and the Irish by way of *bonne bouche*. You lose immensely, you English, by not making the grand old Gaelic one of your studies:

'Would that I were the apple,
Or the wee daisy only,
Or the rose in that garden
Where thou walkest lonely.

'Of my leaflets or flowerets
I'd hope thou wouldest choose some,
To bear in thy bright hand
Or wear on thy bosom."

"The resemblance of thought, father, is striking, but the Scot's verses bear the bell."

"I would not be honest to deny that. If it were not for the last line of the last stanza, the verses would defy the world. But think! Me, a priest and an old man, reciting love-songs! I'd be stripped incontinently if they knew it. But beauty of thought, beauty of word, beauty of deed—the beautiful and good, *to xalov*—ever and always for me; and let me tell you, love of the beautiful and good is true religion, the religion of the heart and soul. You cannot go wrong with that in you: it is the sum-total of morals. It takes a good deal to keep it warm in the heart, and that's what the Church is for. However, we are running away from *Reultan mo Bhothair*. I'll do my best to the music of it."

The old man's fine, full, rich voice, which he modulated with surprising skill, did, I am sure, ample justice to the poet and musician.

Thus we traveled along homeward, heedless of the threatening elements. The way had "gone from under us" wonderfully, and I saw with astonishment how stoutly my septuagenarian companion strode along, pleased with everything—now a critical recollection, now a flower, now a wandering bee, now a change of aspect. So it is—

"The merry heart goes all the day:
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

CABINED AND CONFINED.

We got housed not a moment too soon. The scattering showers that had pretty well sprinkled us in the last mile or two of our retreat had given way to a steady down-fall, and the wind had risen to a full gale.

"Ye're welcome home agin, gentlemen," said housekeeper Peggy. "It's the bad day for dilecat crathurs of the likes av ye. But I'd say it was fine for the *bric*."

"It's fine for neither *breac* nor *ias-gaire*—for trout nor fisher—Peggy."

"Well, I always thought a gintle rain and wind was good for the fisher, anyway."

"Do you call this a gentle rain and wind, ye *amadán*? Do you think any trout in his senses would rise this day?"

"Thin, yer reverence, where's the *breac* fram Tim has in the kitchen? He was out of his senses, widout a question; but I'll go bail there was more, for trouts is like men—when there's one out of his senses, there's fifty more quite convanient. Ye wer' scared by the drap o' rain; or did ye see Shoresha Neil's ghost? Stout men ye are! I was hoping to have the day to myself, but yer back agin like bad money, and I must do my best wid ye. It's I that is the marthur, och hone! But ye'll be wet and cowl'd, and I'll maybe have one or other av ye on me hands wid a cowl'd. I'm always the sufferer."

Now turning to the door, Peggy roared out, "Tim, ye lazy divil! bring in here a whole clave av turf. By the help o' God I'll have the nursin' of nayther of 'em."

I was thunderstruck at this tirade, and amazed at the priest's pleasant passiveness. But in came Tim with turf, and the woman eagerly set about getting up the fire, talking all the while to herself. I overheard: "It's a blessin' they came back—they would have been lost, the sows! thanks be to God! Hear to that now! A grate starm all out. They'd niver got out of *glean na capull* alive: glory be to God, they're home!" I was now "all out" perplexed. The contradiction between the secret thoughts and the expressed bitter words was so great that I doubted my ears. I was not long in doubt. Peggy completed her work and left us.

"Did you mind that, D——?" said Father Michael. "Don't believe a word of it, except her expression of disappointment in not having the day to herself: that was at the bottom of all; but, believe me, she is glad at heart that we are under this roof. She's a bundle of contradictions. She is selfish, and at the same time benevolent and conscientious. The feelings often fight within her, and selfishness, though very strong, mostly gets the worst of it. She's a study. You'll see more of her yet."

The priest betook himself to the ingle. I paced about from fire to window, impatient of the imprisonment, somehow watching the smoke curling up the wide chimney, somehow watching the rushing clouds without.

"The storm will not abate to-day, Father Michael. If anything, the wind increases." I spoke this querulously.

"Well, my good friend," replied the happy priest, "do not chafe. It is my practice never to kick against thorns. Be content with your fate. Matters might have been worse with us. An Irish spring storm cares nothing for Saxon impatience. Here is the finest fire in the world, beautiful, beneficent turf, with not the last taste of the black-guard brimstone of the horrible coal you burn at home. We will have for dinner the big trout that had him been your executioner this blessed May morning; and maybe it won't be hard to find better stuff than 'Parliament' to promote the digestion. We have, with the help of good consciences—which I trust we both possess, for a bad conscience is a tormenting companion—all the materials for a happy day, supposing you'll be asy, man, and not fly in the face of Providence. We say, *Foighid leigheas seanghalair*—'Patience is a plaster for all sores.' The apothegm is pat to your condition. Draw to, come,

'Gille machree,
Sit down by me,"

and we'll have in old Phil Lynchehan, when evening comes, to tell us something in the wild and wonderful line. Phil is full of odd stories. He'll please you, and let me assure you he is a very worthy person. To fill time till dinner look over your tackle, make and mend like a provident angler, and round off the corners with talk."

The priest was irresistible. I brought my fishing-tackle out and drew up to him.

The fire we sat before was built on the hearth, under a projecting great chimney-breast. It was a sort of fire I delight in. On each side within the chimney there were seats, and on one

a tame otter, a cankered beast, slumbered: his brimstone temper was the dread of everybody but his master. The priest said he was sure the brute had been crossed in love. He had found him badly wounded in the mountains, and with difficulty cured him. They became close friends and companions.

I had disposed myself to arrange the materials of a May-fly. Father Michael broke in: "That was an elegant place to drown yourself where you took the trout. Faith, I thought you had a design on your life when I saw you get round on to the ledge over the pool. I gave you up clean when the gilaroo got hold of the hook end of your stick and string, and I saw the way you were set on. And what would I have done with a dead Saxon on my hands, and him two hundred miles from home? That old ash-root saved me from a world of tribulation, great glory to it! I shall have an everlasting respect for ash. You broke Pat Scanlon's head with your ash butt. More power to you! 'Pon my veracity, you're a handy man with the stick. It's a murdering pity you're not in the country: you'd gain the highest distinction. In England your talent is lost. It's too peaceable a country for an active man to have real pleasure in. Poor Pat, though! The skelp you lent him was killing heavy. He is a notorious villain, but poverty and sin go together as naturally as pays and pods. I'm feeling for him, not excusing him: he's due the rope."

"Yes, I had an escape. The ash was my salvation, sure enough. The last struggle of the fish would have launched me but for the root. He paid for the risk. But we owe that we have him to Tim's activity: I could not have landed him. Did he not look grand when his side turned up to the glint of sun we had at the moment?"

"Troth, he did; and I don't know which would have looked the prettier, you or him. Play no more such pranks 'an' thou lov'st me, Hal.' I have an antipathy to drowning. I shiver at the thought of the uncomfortable feel, the

wet clothes clinging to him, a drowned man must have.—Peggy! Peggy!" here vehemently burst out Father Michael—"Peggy, I say, bring in the kettle screeching hot. My teeth chatter in my head. I think I'll never touch cold water again from this day forth. It must be injurious to a wake constitution. Sure, it's not the first time I thought so."

I smiled, half laughed, and the priest caught it up: "What's that tickles you?"

"The fancy of a drowned man feeling his wet clothes."

"Deuce a bull did I make, if that's what you're hitting at. Och! the back of my hand to your bull! Here's Peggy with the hot water. Peggy, you'll save my life by your unusual promptitude. I'll celebrate you."

"I'd rather not, yer riverence: not a taste av the cells would I like."

"You old haythen! I mean I'll glorify you in song."

"I'd like to hear the chune," retorted Peggy. "Maybe ye'd put it to 'Peggy Bawn'—

'Oh, Peggy Bawn, thou art my own—
Thy heart lies in my breast.'

Am'ent I a rale butiful crathur for a song, sur?" added Peggy, turning to me—"I that have for fifty years bin worked like a nagur, battered by the elemints, and at last come to be house-keeper to an ould priest twinty years oulder nor meself, and that I'll live, with the help of God, to see stritched, and then he may make a song on me! I'm not in me own country here, an' he knows it, more's the shame; an' before a furrener too, who'll go home and make a talk of it! Och hone!"

On this Peggy dashed out of the room, banging the door with a slam that brought a shower of soot down the chimney.

"Did you ever hear the like of that?" exclaimed Father Michael. "She has the temper, the miserable cripple! I meant nothing in life, but she thought I was reflecting on her in some shape. The hag is full of conceit. Did you mark what she said about your carrying the story home? Could the force of conceit go farther? Never mind, she'll come

round: I'll be bound she's round now. The slam of the door set her to rights. A dog she could have kicked would have done just the same. She serves me well, does Peggy. Before I had her I was plundered out of house."

"What! plunder their priest?"

"Without a grain of compunction. They think there is not a man in the townland can better afford it. Maybe they are right, but I hold the contrary opinion. But come now, take a taste of the nectar. We are in a shiver, and it's an hour to dinner. It's the worst condition in life to be in, when a man has the cowl'd wrapping round him like wet sheets. Sensible people never take drink without a reason: no man should. It's against nature to do so. We have reason with us now; or perhaps it is instinct, which is often better than reason. Shall I tell you

HOW DAN DONNELLY FOUND A REASON FOR DRINKING?

"The dirty blagard! He brought the wife on me, and me innocent as the child unborn. He came in here one day, with a grate scrape, for Dan affects 'quality manners,' he having seen the world.

"Your riverence,' says he, presenting a great horn, 'this is a quare bottle.'

"Ye bosthoon,' says I, 'it's an ould antediluvian cow's horn, judging by the size. And what may be in it, Dan?"

"Faix, I'm tould it's potheen,' says he, 'but meself has not drawn the cark. It's a grate grief I can't. I'm on me oath agin it, Father Mick. I thought you'd like to see a horn bottle, the first iver I seen, an' I brought it over.'

"It's a grate horn entirely, and you may lave it, Dan,' said I, jestingly, 'for I have a reverence for old things. You are sworn against the contents: I am not.'

"I'd be proud to lave it wid yer riverence, an' tin times the like of it, but I daren't,' said Dan, 'for it's not all out mine.'

"Well, I returned the horn, and without draming the laste harm I said, 'It's a curiosity, Dan, and may the drink in

it do you good! Mind ye don't make a beast of yourself. Drink is for man's health and comfort, and not to destroy him body and soul, and make a fool and a rogue of him to boot, which is worse in the world's eye than infidelity. It is necessary to keep on a level with heaven and earth both, Dan. Take pattern by me.'

"'I would wid all my bones,' returned Dan, 'but I'd like to taste the dhrink would overcome you, Father Mick: I'm in belief they've left off distillin' it.'

"The unhanged vagabond! He thought he paid me a compliment. It's little they know I am often drinking the pure spring water when they're content it's whisky. The women know the secret and keep it: my blessing on them for it!

"But I was a deluded priest that day, though there is satisfaction in knowing I was not the first had the feather drawn over his eyes.

"On the word of a gentleman and priest, believe it, Dan's ugly, red-headed, weasel-eyed, vixen old wife—the harridan! she was ten years older than Dan—was here next morning by screech of day, hanging about my premises like an unclean spirit, waiting till she could pounce on me out of reach and hearing of old Peggy; and that same she succeeded in. I tell you I had not the last idea of the hag's intentions, so I fell victim to her quite asy and natural—bad luck to her that I should say so! for in my heart I wish ill to no human soul.

"'Priest,' said she, 'why did ye giv Dan lave to dhrink, and him sworn agin it, an' you knowin' it?'

"'I didn't,' said I.

"'Ye did,' said she, 'an' he's rowling dhrunk now, an' says you gev it him.'

"'Give him "rowling drunk," Biddy?' said I, joking on her trip of the tongue, for she was beginning to look like Nell Cafferty's cat, the biggest divil between the two ends of Ireland, no dog daring to go within a mile of her—'give him "rowling drunk," Biddy?' said I in my pleasantest way, thinking to soothe her: 'how could I give him "rowling

drunk," Biddy, *mo caroibhin cno?* If he's "rowling drunk," it's the whisky he got the distemper from, the perjured sinner!"

"A female fury makes me nervous, throws me out altogether.

"'Och,' says she, 'but yer nate at a joke—mighty nate: it does one's heart and sowl good to hear you: I feel the betther already. My sarvis to ye! I see yer g'ilty, an', Holy Mary help me, the bishop shall hear of yer thricks.'

"And away she went across the bog, laving me bothered. It came out that Dan's oath went to this—that he would not touch drink again till it was put into his hand by the priest; and sure I did put it into the fellow's hand, though innocent of the interpretation he put on it.

"So it was Dan found a reason for drinking, the nefarious rascal! But I settled with him for his perjury and deceit of me. Biddy was on her knees to me ever after."

The priest's nectar was fine, the reason for drinking it good, and the story gave additional zest. Dan was a model of his kind—"Dan of the horn," they call him to this day.

Peggy, as the priest was concluding his story, entered to set the table for dinner. No sign of the late outbreak appeared in her manner.

"You're early, Peggy," said the priest, "and ye seem better."

"Betther! I never was worse."

"That you were a while ago. I'm ashamed of you! And the stranger to the fore!"

"Lave that alone, yer riverence. You know how it was. An' his haner—good luck to him!—knows the quiet crathur I am."

But Peggy's apology was brought to a sudden end: the otter got into collision with her. "God be wid us, but this baste's about me feet! Out o' this, Finny! If the snakes be's like ye, it's a blessin' they're out av Ireland, thanks be to the holy saint! The curse av Crommell an' mine be on ye! an' the two won't be heavy enough. There's nayther luck nor grace in the house sin'

ye entered it: bad luck to ye for a lim' of Ould Nick!"

I thought a fresh storm was brewing, but the otter drew off and Peggy cooled down: "That baste bit me once, sur."

"On the heel," added the priest, chuckling. "Peggy never kicked him after that day: she got the worst of it."

"I was lamed for six months: I feel it agin bad weather now. But it's the dinner? I hurried it a bit. Sich a day as this needs atin' an' drinkin'. I hope ye'll like the fish: I did my best to him."

"Never fear, Peggy. It's you can cook when you like."

"Thank you, kindly, Father Mick. Come, Finny, an' see what I've for ye."

"That's good of you, Peggy," said the priest. "Go, Finny, and be in peace."

The old woman's cookery was excellent, though the combinations were original. We enjoyed it famously, and over the interment of the good things the conversation ran on matters that on the clearing of the table led to a discourse on meteorology, very erudite and entertaining to ourselves, but which was brought to a premature close by the entrance of Phil Lyncheghan, who had much the appearance of one that had been cast up by the sea.

"The saints be about us, Phil!" exclaimed the priest. "Where have you been, and why did you come here this awful evening? Get away to the kitchen, and your *cotha mór* into the chimney, and dry feet on you! Away with you! But here put this down you to keep the chill from taking you."

"Thank your reverence!" responded Phil, walking off; "but I have had a great escape this day."

"A what, Phil? An escape? One escape a day is enough for my feelings. What was it, Phil?"

In his eager curiosity the priest forgot poor Phil's condition.

"Sure, I'd have been taken away altogether but for big Bill Hayes, as they call him, the coastguard. You've seen him beyant? I was on the crossin'-stones, and the tide was backin' the strame up, which was bad enough of

itself. The wind had a holt o' me, and I could get nayther back nor forrit, and the water risin', risin' all the while. I was givin' myself up for lost. But *níor dhruid Dia bearna arianah nach bh-fosglochthadh*—'God never closed a gap but that He would open another.' All of a sudden I was gript up, and the dreadfulest curses fell on me that ever lit on man. I had no time for remonstrance: I was hurried over and set down with a pitch that shuck my old bones asunder. I found who had me now.

"God's blessings and mine be on you, Mister Hayes!" said I. 'You have saved my life, and maybe more.'

"Is that you, Master Phil?" said he.

"It is, sir," said I, 'and I owe you more than I'll ever be able to pay you. Will the weather take up?'

"The weather be hanged!" said he. 'What do you stand jawing here for? Away with you, wherever you are going. If it's not for life and death you're on, you are an old fool for being out, an' I'm no better for saving you from the herrin's.'

"He's a fine man that, but tempestuous as the ocean. He it is that's welcome everywhere. But he does not like being among the people when they've got a slade by the head, as he calls it. He laves."

"He's right, Phil. *Guidheann olc olc*—bad begets bad. But is that all you stopped to tell us? I wonder at ye that you've not better sense, standing there, and you all of a swim! Away with you to Peggy!"

"Well, well, Father Mick," quietly responded Phil, "who was it stopped me?"

Lyncheghan returned, a dried man. Father Michael directed him to "get within the fire." "I want you," said he, "on this side of me. Bundle Finny off out of that: make yourself down asy. It's worse and worse outside: you'll never get home this night, Phil."

"It's about the top of the tide, Father Mick, an' it's always at the worst then. God protect them that's on the say!"

"Amen, amen, Phil! I sent for you, Phil, to entertain this English gentleman with some of your quaint stories."

"Long life to his honor!" responded Phil, "and I would be proud to entertain him to the best of my ability, but I am sadly out of sorts this day."

"Why, what's the matter?" anxiously inquired Father Michael. "Have you a cow drowned, a pig stolen, or have you been distilling and the revenue found you out, or what?"

"Neither, Father Mick."

"Now, Phil, you are alarming me." The least sign or thought of human distress moved the tender priest.

"Have you not heard, father, of

THE DEATH OF ROSA MAY?"

"Rosa May dead!" ejaculated the priest in a low, sad tone. "God rest her soul! *Ní'l'sa tsaoghal so acht ceo*—life is but a vapor. And when did she die?"

"This morning."

"Without her reason, as she has lived so long?"

"No, father. Her reason returned to her two days ago. Father Pat did not tell you?"

"I have not seen him, Phil, these days past."

"He was by at the time. Father Pat, her mother and I were sitting by the poor girl's bed. We knew her time was not long. She was wasting, wasting fast. A deep, quiet sleep was on her, but the sleep broke. A smile, like a ripple on the water, passed over her pale, sweet face: the angels were whispering to her. She murmured something: then she sank back into the stillness of sleep. But the smile came again, and she woke and raised herself.

"Oh, mother, Father Patrick and my dear old friend Philip!" she exclaimed, and we gathered round her astonished. 'Have I been sleeping so long and so heavily, mother?' Then full consciousness of her state seemed to flash on her mind, and she covered her face with her transparent, alabaster hands and bowed down on the bed. Father Pat motioned me and we left the room.

"There is a change in Miss Rosa," I said to Father Pat.

"We shall know presently," he answered, 'but we are better here. I will retire and pray to the throne of grace for her. She is not of our faith, but my prayers for her are not the less due. They were ever and always good to me. Pray you too, Philip, silently but earnestly. We should be no Christians if we did not.'

"I did pray: I need not have been told to pray; and I thought my wearied heart would have burst when I thought of all I knew.

"What passed between mother and daughter, a child restored for a moment, to be taken away the next for ever, you may judge.

"When we were called back to the room, Miss Rosa was sitting up in her bed, propped by pillows and supported by Nelly Blaine. We kissed her wan cheeks, and she pressed our hands—oh how earnestly!—as one now about to leave us for the cold grave."

The priest made an inaudible invocation.

"She was perfectly herself, but she grievously wandered back on old recollections. Father Pat strove to draw her away from them, and to bring her thoughts to the present and the future. A burst of sunshine into the room and the upspringing of a lark into the sky did what he could not do.

"That is beautiful!" she exclaimed, her face beaming with rapture. 'But the lark sings to the earth, and will return to the earth. I must look to heaven and forget the earth. Father Patrick, my time here is at its close.'

"It was heart-breaking. Nelly Blaine could hold her grief no longer: she broke into a loud wail. But Father Pat checked her. Mrs. May sank on her knees by the bedside and hid her face.

"Father Mick, the like I wish never to see again.

"Presently Miss Rosa spoke again: 'You Father Patrick and my good Philip Lyncheghan, you have my dying love. Leave me now to my dear mother. But

when my last hour is come be with me. You saw my father die—see me.'

"We left the Rath with grief in our hearts, but grateful to God for His mercy to Rosa. Father Pat spoke not a word by the way, and we parted also without a word.

"On the evening of yesterday Father Pat and I had word to be at the Rath early this morning. I did not, Father Mick, let the day grow much on me ere I was there.

"When we drew round Miss Rosa's bed we saw the cold hand was heavy on her. She spoke slowly and feebly. 'Father Patrick and Philip Lynche-ghan,' she said, looking earnestly, *so* earnestly, at us, 'my dear, good friends'—the words choked in her throat—I owe you my departing expression of gratitude. I have not always been conscious of your kindness: I feel all now. I thank you—and bless you. I can do no more. I am in peace with my own mind. I know of no willful sin I ever committed. My strength is leaving me. We shall meet again. Mother—my brother far away—England.'

"Her eyes closed: the angel-smile we had seen before spread over her face. We stood in silence. Her spirit had departed, and we were with the dead. Then went up a great cry to Heaven. The people had gathered from far and near."

A long silence followed the close of Philip's sad narration. The priest was deeply affected. At length Phil took up his pipe, the solace of many, and I inquired who the Mays were. The name was not Irish, and I thought there might be a history with it.

"It would be too long a story to-night," said Father Michael. "Phil cannot go, and he shall tell you in the morning, before he leaves us. I thought to detain him with us, provided we had weather to-morrow, but he being so close in friendship with the Mays, I must

abandon my intention. We will now to supper. How wild the night continues!"

"Philip's 'great cry that went up to Heaven' when Miss May had departed was the keen?"

"Yes, the *caione*."

"I have heard it. How wild, indeed how appalling, it is when heard in lone places! You remember Carleton's ballad, 'Sir Turlough?' It was once brought to my recollection very impressively. A funeral train was toiling its slow way over one of your dismal bogs. Now and again the keen was raised. Near me the cry was unpleasant, but as the distance increased the tone became saddening, and I thought of Sir Turlough and his bride:

'A cry! a cry!—'twas her maidens spoke,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Your bride is asleep—she has not awoke;
And she sleeps the sleep will never be broke,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.
* * *
The keen is loud, it comes again,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And rises sad from the funeral train,
As in sorrow it winds along the plain,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.'"

"Waking and keening the dead are not peculiarly Irish customs," Father Michael bade me note. "That sublime passage," he continued, "in the second chapter of St. Matthew, 'In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and great mourning: Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not,' tells us of the keen in the East. You will find the wake and keen among the old Greeks. Achilles keened and waked Patroclus." He reached his *Homer*, and read from books xxiii. and xxiv. "In book xxiv. we have the Trojan wake of Hector; and how exactly the several addresses to the dead agree with our practice!"

The priest put his books aside, piously commended me to heavenly protection, and retired to his chamber. I followed his example.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.*

IT is remarkable how seldom father and son have acquired distinction of the first class in any line of eminence. In English history one calls to mind the two Cecils, the two Pitts and the two Foxes. The two Bacons, so unequal was their importance, make scarcely an exception to the rule. Of the two Shaftesburys, one was the other's grandson. In the uppermost circle there is no positive instance of the hereditary prominence in question but that of Edward III. and his strenuous namesake. In French history it is sought to still less purpose; while among American statesmen, since the Union was established, there is as yet but one example; and that example is much the more striking as having been duplicated through two immediate successions. In the history of our diplomatic service—to say nothing now of public services of other kinds—there is no name to be placed by the side of that which has been borne by the diplomatists of our three wars. Full biographies of the first two who have illustrated it have been long in possession of the public. An attempt to sketch briefly the career of the third, though premature and incomplete, is forbidden by no considerations of delicacy, connected as his life has been with the course of public events through parts of a quarter of a century.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS was born in the year 1807, in Boston, where his father was then residing, after being in the public service for seven years, under appointments from President Washington as minister to The Hague and to Berlin, and for three years as a Senator of the United States, which position he still filled. In August, 1809, the subject of this notice, the youngest of three

sons, of whom he is now the only survivor, went to St. Petersburg with his father, who at that critical period of our affairs had been commissioned by Mr. Madison as minister to the Emperor Alexander. From Russia, where he remained five years, till the capture of Paris and the abdication of Napoleon, Mr. Adams went to Ghent, to meet Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay and Mr. Russell, who were associated with him to negotiate with British commissioners a treaty of peace. After its conclusion on the 24th of December, 1814, Mr. Adams was re-joined by Mrs. Adams and their son at Paris, whence in a few months he went over to England as minister to that court.

At Ealing, a suburb of London, where Mr. Adams took up his residence, his son first went to an English school. But it was wisely thought that the time was come when he should be getting his education among the young fellow-countrymen with whom in after years he was to live and act, and he came home in 1817 to be fitted for college at the Boston Latin School. At Cambridge, where he graduated in 1825, the year in which his father became President of the United States, he was the classmate of Judge Ames, of the late Mayor Chapman, of Admiral Davis, of the sculptor Horatio Greenough, of Dr. John B. S. Jackson, of the Reverend Dr. Hedge and Dr. Lothrop, of Mr. Sears Walker, the astronomer, and of other distinguished men.

On leaving college, Mr. Adams went to Washington, and there studied law two years under his father's direction. He completed his course by another year in the office of Daniel Webster in Boston, and was admitted to the Bar in 1828. His early studies and domestic associations were such as to favor his extraordinary natural capacities for usefulness in public life. But with the presidency of General Jackson new

*It may be worth while to say that this sketch, prepared from records and from memory, without communication with Mr. Adams, may contain some error of fact or of judgment which he would have been able to set right.

conditions of official service had been recognized. Young men of honor and of fitness were less in demand on the part of the appointing and the electing powers, and they were themselves unambitious of office in proportion as it was only to be had on humiliating terms. Mr. Charles Francis Adams was an eminent example of the many right-minded and accomplished young men of that time who, because of their character and aptitude for public place, were not the sort of candidates preferred. Nor were even the party issues of the period such as to attract and stimulate in the highest degree the highest order of minds. Banks, tariffs, sub-treasuries and distributions of surplus revenue and of public lands are matters deserving of prudent and sagacious treatment, but they are not interests of that class which most strongly invite wise and generous men to take part in the management of them at the sacrifice of turning away from some other pursuits. While cabinets were made and unmade because of such questions as whether cabinet ministers' wives were shy or not of visiting Mrs. Eaton, self-respecting men found it most satisfactory to stand aside.

The first years of Mr. Adams' manhood were mostly passed with his books, and, allied and educated as he was, it was impossible that his studies should not to a great extent take the direction of political history and science, and of whatever goes to the formation of a statesman. Meantime, he exercised his pen in the newspapers. In the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, the *National Advocate*, and especially the *Boston Courier*, he frequently took a part in the controversies of the day, treating of matters of currency, finance, secret societies and constitutional law. A list of writers in the *North American Review* shows some fourteen papers contributed by him to different numbers between forty and twenty-five years ago, mostly on subjects belonging to political economy and to political history and biography, American and English. Among pamphlets issued by him within twelve years

after leaving college, two bore the title of *Reflections* and *Further Reflections on the Present State of the Currency of the United States*; and another, *An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs, by a Whig of the Old School*, discussed with great learning and ability the question, moved in General Jackson's time by Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay, and recently revived in our own, of the constitutional power of the President to remove officeholders without the consent of the Senate. In 1843, Mr. Adams pronounced the Fourth of July oration before the municipal government of Boston.

The national politics assumed new dignity when the great slave-power usurpation forced itself upon notice. The Whig party, under the lead of Mr. Webster at the North and Mr. Clay at the South, professed itself, and was generally understood, to be less obsequious to the slavery domination than its Democratic rival. In 1841, Mr. Adams came into the Massachusetts House of Representatives as a member for Boston, elected by Whig votes. In that year Mr. Tyler became President. Massachusetts was already uneasy about the threatened extension of slavery by the annexation of Texas. Questions were from time to time brought up which put to a strain the unanimity of the dominant Whig party. A portion of that party, faithful to their enlightened convictions, or wholesomely considerate of the Massachusetts constituency behind them, took a course which fixed on them the name (originated, we believe, by Mr. Attorney-General Hoar) of *Conscience Whigs*, to distinguish them from their associates, who, prompted by either their different convictions, or their interest in the cotton trade and manufacture, or a simple proneness to ingenuous subserviency, had acquired the designation of *Cotton Whigs*. The Cotton Whigs, whose policy was to say little and act stealthily, could scarcely be said to have a leader in the State legislative halls; and if they had, it would be scant charity now to revive his name. Of the Conscience Whigs,

no name told for more than that of Charles Francis Adams. The voice of Mr. Wilson, who had recently brought from New Hampshire a taste and faculty for party devices, and a certain gift of fluent and familiar speech, first exercised in Massachusetts in the Harrison campaign, and who, with all his eccentricities of method—developed later—had a genuine and constant antipathy to the slave-power despotism, was often heard with effect on the same side. Mr. Stephen C. Phillips, deservedly prominent in the anti-slave-power wing of the Whig party, was not then, nor ever afterward, we believe, a member of either branch of the Legislature. Nor was Mr. Sumner, who, still young, was rising rapidly into consequence through his brilliant abilities and his earnest devotion to the same cause.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives of 1843 was four days in coming to the choice of its Speaker. The number of Whig and Democratic members was nearly equal, and the refusal of some of the Conscience Whigs to give their votes to the caucus candidates of the Whig party obstructed a choice. A compromise was effected on Mr. Daniel P. King (afterward Representative in Congress for the Essex district), and his election was regarded as a concession extorted from the Whig party by the persistence of a minority of their number. The Democratic party, through its majority in the Senate, obtained the control of the government, choosing its candidate for governor, who had failed of a majority in the popular election. It pursued a reckless course, which threw it out of power the next autumn. At the end of the session of the Legislature a committee of the Whig members issued a pamphlet entitled a *Review of its Proceedings*, with an *Appeal to the People against the Violent Course of the Majority*—a vigorous paper, understood to be from the pen of Mr. Adams. He was also a member of a committee which published an elaborate address of the Whig members of the Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts to their con-

stituents, occasioned by the inaugural address of the governor, and may have been the author of that document. Through the three years of his service he was House chairman of the joint committee on Public Lands. In 1842 he was at the head of the important House committee for dividing the Commonwealth into districts for the choice of members of Congress, and took an active part in breaking down the odious discrimination against colored people as travelers in public conveyances—a measure which, unobjectionable as it seems to us now, was opposed then with no little passion.

In 1844 and 1845, Mr. Adams was a member of the Senate of Massachusetts, and chairman of the committees on Public Lands and on the Library. In the former of these years occurred an outrage on the part of South Carolina which began to wake up some people whose slumbers had hitherto been peaceful. It had been the habit of South Carolina, when an American colored seaman came into one of her harbors (not a British colored seaman—John Bull was not to be fooled with in that manner), to take him out of his ship, where, on any understanding of the case, he would have done no harm, and lock him up in jail on shore. When the vessel was again about to go to sea they brought the man on board and allowed him to go about his business, provided the captain would pay a ransom, called the expense of the detention, and enter into certain bonds. Further provisions of the State law which authorized these proceedings were, that if the citizen thus dealt with should come a second time within the State limits, he should be scourged, and that if he came a third time he should be sold into perpetual slavery. Such was the *police law* of South Carolina, of which a South Carolinian judge of the Supreme Court of the United States had said from the Bench, not that it was Heaven-defying insolence and barbarity—that is not judicial language—but that "as to its unconstitutionality" it was "not too much to say that it will not bear argument."

The cry of the oppressed reached the

ears of the government of Massachusetts, where was their home. What should Massachusetts do? Her obligations under the National Constitution forbade that she should fit out a fleet and make of Charleston a heap of bloody ashes. The same obligations, and a sense of decency besides, forbade that she should retaliate on South Carolina travelers. She undertook the peaceful process of going to law. Sure of having the law on her side, she sent one of her honorable citizens on the simple errand to present himself in the courts and have the question tried. He came to Charleston with his daughter, and straightway South Carolina rose in arms. The governor howled to the legislative wisdom. The adjutant-general dashed down by rail from Columbia, his pocket full of orders. Mr. Hoar's life was threatened in the streets. A sheriff's officer assaulted him. A mob, headed by one Rose, who had profited so little by the education which he owed to the bounty of the Massachusetts University, conducted him to a steamboat about to depart, and South Carolina once more drew tranquil breath.*

Again, what was Massachusetts to do? She had parted with her right of self-protection to the national government, and that government was now impotent and unrighteous, and would not protect her. There are some wrongs that can be no better dealt with for the present than by protesting against them for a lasting record, and then laying them by to be righted in some fit future time. On the report of a joint special committee, of which Mr. Adams was chairman, the Legislature adopted a "Declaration," to be transmitted to the President and to the governors of the respective States. "The State of Massachusetts now addresses each of her sister States of the North American Union,

and, in the presence of all Christian nations, of the civilized world, and of an omniscient, all-seeing Deity, the final Judge of human action in states as in individuals, enters her earnest and solemn PROTEST against the hostile acts of the State of South Carolina:" with these solemn words the prophetic arraignment began. It is a paper worthy of the occasion and of the author, a masterly exposition of the legal and constitutional aspects of the question, and a model of weighty and impressive eloquence.

As yet there was no recognized split in the Whig party, but still less was there any *entente cordiale*. In 1845 the increase of the domain of slavery by the annexation of Texas was imminent, and annexation was for the moment the crucial question between the promoters and the opponents of the extension of the patriarchal institution. The treaty made for the purpose by Mr. President Tyler and Mr. Secretary Calhoun had failed in the National Senate, for want of the constitutional majority of two-thirds. The conspirators were not to be so put off. In his message to Congress in December, 1844, the President advised that the annexation should be effected by a joint resolve of the two Houses. The House sanctioned the monstrous proposal in the last week of the following month, and the Senate five weeks later.

But it was the short session, and the Congress expired without having pushed through any formal legislative act, so that there was still a glimmer of hope for escape. The exigency brought men into association who had not, or not lately, acted together before, as Mr. Adams, Mr. (lately Attorney-General) Hoar, Mr. Stephen C. Phillips, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Sumner, Judge Allen, of the Conscience Whigs; Mr. Whittier, Mr. Sewall, Mr. Wright, Mr. Pierpont, of the Liberty party; Mr. Garrison and Mr. Wendell Phillips of the Abolitionists proper. In October, 1845, at a meeting held in Cambridge, barely five weeks before the assembling of the Twenty-ninth Congress, a committee of fifty persons was raised to obtain an expression of

* Mr. Hoar's wife was a daughter of Roger Sherman, the Connecticut signer of the Declaration of Independence: General Sherman's father was a son of that venerable patriot. When General Sherman sent a blue brigade into trembling Charleston one fine morning, he may have thought of the relationship, and how "the whirligig of time brings about," we will not say "its revenges," but its adjustments.

the people of Massachusetts on the annexation of Texas. The committee circulated a campaign newspaper, called *The Free State Rally*, and arranged meetings in all parts of the Commonwealth, which were earnestly addressed by opponents of the annexation plot. The result was, that remonstrances went from Massachusetts to Washington with nearly sixty thousand signatures against the admission of Texas into the Union "as a slave State." The catastrophe was not averted, but the public mind of the North took important steps toward that revival of sense and virtue which finally shivered the nefarious system of slavery to atoms. In the manly enterprise of that time no one had a more conspicuous or more effective part than Mr. Adams. And it was not a part to be taken except at heavy cost. Whoever chose it was pursued by the Whigs of the Cotton wing with an animosity the like of which was perhaps never before seen in this country, certainly not since the lively times of the war of 1812. Friendships going back for their beginning to the days of childhood and youth were furiously broken. In the streets men passed without recognition those whom they had loved like brothers. People whose living in any way depended on their neighbors' good-will learned that it was contingent on hard, new conditions. Mr. Adams' unquestionable position and easy fortune made him less assailable than others, but only less so. The cold shoulder of those whom one has esteemed and obliged is no exhilarating sight, even to the most self-sustained and the most sufficient to themselves. Some stepped backward and escaped the annoyance. But that was not Mr. Adams' way. And the circles, like the newspapers, did their little best against him, though, one may believe, not as vigorously as they might have done could they have flattered themselves that they would be able to deter or distress or disturb him.

In the important movement of that autumn which ultimately led to the formation of the Free-Soil party, Mr.

Adams was constantly active with speech and pen. On the dissolution of the Massachusetts State Anti-Texas Committee, an elaborate "Address to the Public," which he prepared, recited the action of the committee, restated its principles and committed the seed of future patriotic endeavors to the good soil of a wide field. "The committee," he said in this paper, "entertain no shadow of doubt of the necessity of making resistance to slavery paramount to every other consideration of a political nature." The savage aggressiveness of pro-slavery Whiggism demanded a stout resistance, and Mr. Adams, for the first and last time in his life, became connected with a newspaper. The *Boston Whig*, which he consented to conduct for several months in the political department, did not a little in that critical time to keep the loose-lipped adversary in check and uphold the courage of good men.

In the summer of 1847 it had become probable that General Taylor, recently brought into notice by his successes in Mr. Polk's Mexican war, would be the candidate of the Whig slaveholders and their Northern friends for the presidency at the next election. Mr. Webster hoped that the nomination might fall to himself. In the last week of September a convention for nominating State officers for Massachusetts met at Springfield. Mr. Webster, though not a member, came to it with some of his intimates, and made a speech designed to win the favor of the growing anti-slavery section. A delegate who wanted, if possible, to get on record something definite, introduced a resolve, "That the Whigs of Massachusetts will support no men as candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President but such as are known by their acts or declared opinions to be opposed to the extension of slavery." This led to a stormy debate and a rough scene. The supporters of General Taylor united with the supporters of Mr. Webster in hooting down the friends of the resolve. Amidst tumultuous outcries and other unseemly interruptions, Mr. Adams, Mr. Sumner, Judge Allen

and others got what could scarcely be called a hearing in favor of it, while Mr. Winthrop and two other gentlemen of Boston, devoted to General Taylor or Mr. Webster, opposed it with equal earnestness. The vote was taken after nightfall, when in so crowded an assembly the count was difficult, and when numerous delegates from the western towns, where the doctrine of the resolve was popular, had retired to their homes. The president, Mr. Ashman, who was not in favor of it, had appointed two tellers, both of his own inclining, who reported that it was defeated by a small majority. The better opinion on both sides was that the tellers had counted incorrectly. In nearly all, if not all, the county conventions held presently afterward, except Suffolk (Boston, and a suburb or two), the resolve defeated in the convention was passed in the same words or in substance. The Whig party of Massachusetts, if it could be trusted as speaking the mind of its majority, would not listen to any farther extension of slavery.

A reconciliation of two policies so discordant and so vital was impossible. The Whig party of the nation could no longer hold together. In the Thirtieth Congress, which presently met, a small number of Whigs (two or three only, for party bonds were immensely strong) refused their votes to Mr. Winthrop as Speaker of the House, and he was only chosen by an adhesion of members from Mississippi and South Carolina. Nor was the Democratic party any longer without its divisions and anxieties. The Banquo head reared itself at the Democratic feasts in New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and elsewhere.

It was felt to be time for the Free-Soil party, so insensibly and as yet so loosely constituted, to take form and action. The two "healthy organizations" having nominated their respective candidates—General Cass and General Taylor—for the next presidency, and both nominating conventions having, by their accompanying action, given in their adhesion to the slave power and under-

taken to work its will, it remained to be tried whether any resistance to them both could do aught to arrest the noisome flood. Three weeks after the nomination of General Taylor a meeting of Massachusetts patriots—to the number, it was said, of five thousand—was held in Worcester. In spirited resolves they declared their adherence to the often-professed principles of Massachusetts on the subject of slavery, and their purpose to maintain them in political action. On the 9th of August a national convention of citizens of the same way of thinking came together at Buffalo, in New York. Delegates appeared from seventeen or eighteen States, and the number of sympathizers who had assembled was variously estimated at from thirty to fifty thousand. The prominence of Mr. Adams in the Free-Soil ranks was recognized by his appointment to preside over the convention.

It was probably the general expectation of those who had come into the Free-Soil party from among the Whigs—at all events, it was their general wish—that the new party's nomination for the presidency should fall upon Judge John McLean of Ohio, a person in universal esteem for the best qualities of man. In the fluid state of the great Whig party, and indeed of both parties, at that time, with vast numbers of voters sick of slavery and of the trickery that had made them its accomplices, it is not highly improbable that, had that nomination been made, it might have been carried in a sufficient number of States to bring the election into the House of Representatives, and there ultimately have been sustained by an election through the alternative constitutional process. But the great influence of Mr. (since Chief-Justice) Chase, of the same State as Judge McLean, was against that nomination, and it was opposed by that preponderating force of New York Free-Soilers who had come from the Democratic ranks. Mr. Butler, formerly Mr. Van Buren's attorney-general, with other scarcely less able and distinguished intimates of the late

President, exerted themselves to satisfy the convention that that gentleman's recent assertion of Free-Soil convictions might be relied upon, and that he, and he only, could carry the large electoral vote of New York for the new party, and shiver the Democratic combination throughout the Northern States. Mr. Van Buren was accordingly nominated as candidate for the presidency, and Mr. Adams, representing in former years a very different type of political thought and character, was named for the second office.

The nomination of Mr. Van Buren was a staggering blow to the Free-Soil party in New England, in which region lay its greatest strength. A portion of that party, still retaining their Whig affinities, could not make up their minds to give a vote for one who had so long had a front place in their maledictions, and numbers, on their tremulous transition way, were repelled and driven back. Ultra Whiggery revived as by a rejuvenating spell. Contrary to all the indubitable recent tendencies of thought, General Taylor, or rather Mr. Lawrence and his co-workers, had their way in Massachusetts, though there, in spite of the immense discouragement, the new party cast nearly one-third of the whole number of votes.

The adoption of Mr. Van Buren as the candidate of this convention, however it may appear in the light of that gentleman's later conduct, was not so extraordinary a proceeding as by many it was and is considered. His early and his then recent public course had been true to right and freedom. There had been a miserable interval when, entangled in the meshes of party and high station, he, like every one (except Mr. J. Q. Adams) of the contemporaries who had stood with him in the foremost rank of American statesmen, had yielded to the base expedencies of the time. But the great fact stood out broadly that while Mr. Van Buren, like all the other most prominent party leaders still living, had been at one time too submissive to the slave power, he was the only one who now appeared to be man-

enough to turn from the error of his way and assume the thankless and arduous championship of the right. Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster—nothing could be had of them and their following but words, and words that constantly grew fainter as occasions for trying their significance seemed to approach. How the words faltered, were hushed, were succeeded by a different strain of language, later history has told.

A worse thing than defeat befell the generous Free-Soil party of Mr. Adams' State. There was a portion of it too impatient of present ill-success. For more reasons than one, they thought they could not afford to wait for the healthy triumph of the sound doctrine they maintained to install them in the seats of power. That "success is a duty" was a maxim adopted by them with too little consideration of its sense and bearings. *Flectere si nequeo*, etc. It soon appeared that Mr. Wilson and some others differed from Mr. Adams and some others in respect to the further course incumbent on the baffled friends of freedom. Mr. Adams had great faith in principles, and not so much in expedients, and in some sorts of plausible expedients he had no faith whatever. Mr. Wilson looked more to quick achievement, and was less averse to instrumental inconsistencies and indirections. The difference between the two policies is well known, so often have they come into contrast and conflict. The instructed statesman, with the reach of a "large discourse, looking before and after," trusts confidently to the ultimate success of righteous principles, which never failed yet, nor will till the "pillared firmament is rottenness." A different class of actors esteem unduly an immediate appearance of success, however embarrassed by concomitants that strip it of its integrity and worth.

At the annual election of 1850 in Massachusetts, when the exasperation at Mr. Webster's then recent advocacy of the Fugitive-Slave Bill was at the highest, members were returned to the Legislature by the three parties respectively—

Whig, Free-Soil and Democratic—according as one or another had a majority in the different constituencies. Some compact or understanding for joint action had been supposed to exist between a few persons active in the two latter parties, but in all or most of their newspapers the plan had been disavowed. When, however, the Legislature came together, it was announced in potential quarters that such an understanding existed. Scrupulous men of the Free-Soil party were solicited to acquiesce, on the ground that one result of it would be the return of Mr. Sumner, whose rising greatness was warmly appreciated, to the Senate of the United States; while, on the other hand, it was urged that the compact alleged had not been made by, or known to, the body of the electors; that the policy urged, besides being more than questionable on higher grounds, was not even recommended by considerations of present expediency; that even the election of Mr. Sumner, the great lure to friends of the cause which he had been so conspicuously maintaining, would be as likely or more likely to be secured by a consistent and untrammelled action on their part; and that, at the worst, the indications were that the popular will would bring him in at the next election, without any trading with his enemies. Such considerations, however, failed to convince. The compact presumed was now made, if it had not been made before—at least between certain busy leaders. A melancholy scene of what the adverse newspapers with too much justice called "truck and dicker," followed. The language between the negotiators who were to manage the combination of votes was, We will give you these offices, and, You shall have those in return. Judge Curtis was quoted as saying that such transactions were punishable at law. Either Judge Curtis never said so, or he was wrong. The law has provided no protection against malpractices of that kind. By the Legislature, which had to select between the three candidates—since in the tripartite contest there had been no choice by the

popular vote—Mr. Boutwell, the candidate of the Democrats, was chosen governor, and the first fruit of the unpleasant alliance of the Free-Soil party was that the chief magistrate of Massachusetts, made so by their votes, delivered in his inaugural address an argument in defence of that hideous abomination, the Fugitive-Slave Bill, which had so horrified and distressed many decent men, and from which, even while he was speaking, frightened freemen were hiding in woods and cellars, and running through the snow-banks into Canada. And, after all, the sanguine Free-Soil managers barely escaped the mortification of that enthusiast for Whitefield's preaching, who found on better information that he had soiled his dress for nothing. The Democrats, having secured their share, did not come up to their engagement, if engagement they had made, and after a contest of many weeks Mr. Sumner was chosen by a change of the vote of a Whig Representative, given under instructions from his town. Mr. Sumner stood blameless in respect to this arrangement. He was well understood to have had no part in it, and to have refused to take steps which were recommended to him by officious champions as promising to bring the long contest to a speedy end in his favor.

Mr. Boutwell, under another election of the same hybrid kind, was governor for a second year, two successive candidates meanwhile accepting the nomination of the Free-Soil party, in hopes of keeping it together for service in better times. At the nominating convention held in 1852, the candidate of the preceding year, in consideration of the divided sentiments of the party, withdrew his name. It was thought by many that Mr. Wilson would be nominated in his place, but the choice fell on Mr. Horace Mann, who had served in two Congresses as successor to Mr. John Quincy Adams. The canvass of the Free-Soil party was not so spirited as it might have been had not Mr. Wilson, the most active member of the State committee, and perhaps at that

time its chairman, been absent from the State during the first month. Some of the party were made uneasy and dispirited by the defections which they had witnessed, and for which they could not consent to be responsible. Whigs who had recently come to them, or were on their way, found an easy excuse for turning back; and again a Whig administration was inaugurated in Massachusetts, with Mr. Clifford at its head.

If there is to be relief from this, thought the concoctors of the late coalition, it must be had by another move in the same direction. They stirred for a convention to amend the State Constitution. Into such a body it was likely that there might be brought a conglomeration of indifferents and malecontents, subjects for such manipulation as might combine them in joint action for the temporary purpose in hand. The point seized upon in justification of the measure was, that for a considerable time there had been well-founded complaint of an unequal adjustment of power among the towns as represented in the lower branch of the State Legislature. If there was anything else in the Constitution that demanded a change, it was not of such importance as to attract much attention. And at all events, any change that was really desirable might easily and deliberately be made by the method pointed out in the Constitution itself—that is, a resolve of two successive Legislatures, confirmed by a vote of the whole people in the towns. But this would not have served the present turn. The sight of Whigs in power was irritating to many: to many more it was justly painful. The Whigs wanted no convention. Democrats and numerous Free-Soilers voted for it: their joint vote prevailed, and the convention met.

When the fundamental law of a community is to be defined, it seems as if nothing could be at once more fair and more prudent than that all forms of opinion should be brought into consultation with one another; that the trustworthiness of advisers by reason of public spirit, integrity, knowledge, ex-

perience and wisdom should be carefully regarded; and that men having permanent ties to the Commonwealth springing out of the past, and a stake in it for themselves and their posterity in the future, should rather be confided in for the work than others who came only last year from another State, and who, if their present calculations here do not prosper, will be off again next month for a more promising sphere of activity. In the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention of 1820 sat grave and trusted men of both parties, chosen, in frequent instances, by their party opponents, not by any bargain or expectation of concerted action, but with the simple, honest purpose that all interests and sentiments that had a right to be heard should be heard, and that such as had most cause to cherish the lasting honor and welfare of the community might together devise and establish the safeguards of that honor and welfare. The names most frequently brought to view in the record of the debates of that convention of fifty years ago are names not absent in past generations from the annals of the Commonwealth and of the towns, nor dissociated from the soil which in coming days is to bear a population affected in character and condition by institutions and laws.

Against the meeting of the convention in the summer of 1853 the coalition tactics had been assiduously worked over by the parties concerned, and the resulting rules were stringently applied. Some men seemingly competent to contribute something to the deliberations of such a council were carefully excluded by the contracting parties. It is safe to say that no man in the Commonwealth was more largely qualified for that service, whether by integrity, ability, study or experience, than Mr. Adams. He might have been returned as a member (so was the electing system arranged) by any town in the Commonwealth; but he was under the ban of the present guides of all parties—of the Whigs and Democrats, because of his testimony against their pro-slavery leaning; of the new Free-Soil leaders, because he

held off from their abnormal alliance; so that, in Cromwell's phrase to the Parliament, there was "no longer need of him." Mr. Boutwell and Mr. Wilson were of the innermost council of the convention, and prime agents in its busy scenes. In their interest, Mr. President Banks, though not ignorant of parliamentary law, ruled wildly. The confident body lost sight of the ostensible purpose of its convocation, and branched out into various schemes, as the theoretical vagaries of individual members prompted, or the expediencies incident to welding more closely together the two unsympathizing parties. The result of its three months' discussion was the composition of a full draft of an amended Constitution, to be passed upon by the popular vote. In the place of that unequal representation in the lower branch of the Legislature which had been the avowed occasion of its meeting, it proposed another system still more unequal in the same way, and more objectionable in various ways. Several offices hitherto conferred by the appointment of the Executive, the Legislature or the Judiciary—the offices of attorney-general, secretary and treasurer, sheriffs and prosecuting officers, clerks of courts—it made elective, throwing them into the party scramble of the primary meetings. Above all, it proposed to banish from Massachusetts the institution of an independent, capable and impartial judiciary, by limiting the terms of judicial service, and making the appointment of judges from time to time by the governor an element in the party contests of the successive years. The danger of the time, and a disposition to concede much for the sake of saving something when a comprehensive wreck seemed to be threatened, must be supposed to have helped the reckless powers that were in their successful endeavors to win over to their plans men not often known to fail in bringing courage and good sense to the public service.

So late as three weeks before this disastrous project was to be voted on by the people there was extremely little doubt, on the part whether of friend or foe,

that it would be carried through, so overpowering seemed the motley union, in act, of the parties persisting in their opposite professions in general politics. Mr. Adams was one of those who did not lose hope. In speech and print he addressed his fellow-citizens with vigorous expositions of the danger which was upon them. The danger was averted, though by a most narrow escape. A majority of 4859 in 123,863 votes sent the portentous scheme to its place. If life, liberty, property and reputation are at this day in Massachusetts secure under safeguards such as contrast with the processes of judicial administration in New York, no name more than Mr. Adams' deserves honor for the constancy and wisdom that stood for them victoriously in that time of appalling peril.

The alliance in the convention had overleaped itself, and, having no principle of cohesion connected with the public good, it was demoralized by its defeat, and the Whig dynasty kept its power in the State through the next year.* In the autumn of 1854, Mr. Wilson being then the candidate of the Free-Soil party for the office of governor, the advancing rush of the *Know-Nothing* train was unmistakably heard. A brisk leap brought Mr. Wilson upon the thundering engine as it neared the watering-place at the Election Station, and he was presently set down by it on the platform of the Senate of the United States. Within a fortnight before the time for the fall election it was announced that Mr. Wilson withdrew himself from the service of the Free-Soil party as their candidate for the chief magistracy of the State. It was too late to do anything with any other can-

* The wise Whigs, thinking to throw a tub to what in their conception was the stupid whale of Massachusetts, took up some of the minor schemes of botching which had now been defeated, and under their auspices some of them were presently adopted into the Constitution. One consequence soon revealed itself in respect to the exemption of the sheriffs from direct responsibility to the chief Executive. When sheriffs chosen by the counties were found indifferent to their duty to the Commonwealth, as might so reasonably have been apprehended, the remedy of the *State Constabulary* was devised, which has been a bone of contention ever since.

didate, and the party was effectually disarmed.

If it had not been so intensely sad on the score of public morality, it would have been amusing to see the clean sweep which, in that dislocated state of politics, the extemporized Know-Nothing party made. Leaves driven before a tornado were a faint image of the fury with which it scattered things along the track. The lately multitudinous Democratic party, the lately firm-seated Whig party, found themselves nowhere.* Not enough was left of either in Massachusetts to pick up and splinter and dress. Till revived under another title after two or three years, the brave Free-Soil party, which in the time of its honest vigor had dealt and taken so many hard blows, had no longer, anywhere, more than a name to live. *The National Era*, which, at the seat of government, under the guidance of the very able and steadfast Dr. Bailey, had rendered such priceless service to freedom, undertook to place itself in the way of the infatuation, but, like the too valiant bull in the story which ventured to butt against the mightier locomotive, was run over and crushed.

The story of the extraordinary career of the Know-Nothing party is not savory, nor is there any occasion now for

* A trio of gentlemen who waited in Boston till the returns of the day's votes came in were said to have been heard exulting, before they sank to their smiling repose at the Revere House, "Here are we three men owners of Massachusetts, without having a foot of land in it, or so much as a last and customary place of habitation." Very probably the anecdote was an invention. But *se non e vero, e ben trovato*.

The following reminiscence of the practice of those times, from the lively pen of the not unfriendly writer who subscribes the name of "Warrington" to his contributions to the *Springfield Republican*, is what some critics call *graphic*:

"When the Coalition went down in 1853, Wilson, Banks, —, and a lot of others who had no visible means of support except by politics, were almost in despair. The temptation to take up Know-Nothingism was too strong for them; and after providing for Gardner by making him governor, Banks and — took a couple of the Congressional seats, and Wilson the Senatorship, dividing the spoils with such rubbish as I need not name. Wilson's activity saved him. Banks' imposing voice and manner persuaded the people that he was indispensable, and — went in on his luck. John Swift used to say, 'The difference between — and Wilson is, that — never gets up, and Wilson never goes to bed.'"

memory to revive the sensations imparted by that unpleasant atmosphere. The saving quality of the reign was that it was short. Mr. Adams had not liked the Massachusetts coalition project in its different phases; to the scheme for spoiling the Constitution he had stood in victorious resistance; he did not like the Know-Nothing movement; and his disaffection was cordially requited by the ill-yoked leaders, not so much to his own cost as to that of the public which he might have served so well. Relegated by an absolute ostracism to private life, while the electors of the Congressional district of his residence, or the jobbers who wrought upon them, considered Mr. Damrell to be more competent to appear for them in the councils of the nation, he was not left without the means of dignified employment for his time, nor without opportunities to be useful to his countrymen in labors to which their votes were not needed to introduce him. He devoted himself, as his main occupation, to preparing for the press a portion of the writings of his grandfather, the second President. Of this great work, which, after rigid selection and condensation of matter, had to extend over ten closely-printed octavo volumes, the first volume was published in 1850, the last, containing a biography, in 1856.

The life of a statesman can only be fitly written by a statesman. The life of John Adams—coeval, till beyond middle age, with the colonial times, of importance second only to that of one other life in the struggle from which our country came forth as one of the family of nations, and intimately complicated with all the controversies of our early interior national politics—could only be satisfactorily recorded by a scholar of the best historical knowledge, and could only be worthily analyzed by a thinker who, in addition to having within his mind's range of view the whole political field of the time, understood the weakness and the strength, the dangers and the securities, of the various political systems, and the motives, worthy and generous, selfish and threatening, which

more or less through all recorded time have acted on the minds of men entrusted with the conduct of public affairs. As a tribute to ancestral services and greatness, Mr. Adams may well have thought the time well spent which was devoted to this carefully-finished composition. But he had a right to think far more highly of it still as a contribution to the knowledge of his fellow-citizens on matters of the weightiest practical concern, and to wholesome influences upon the national character. Literary critics will extol the merits of this memoir as a felicitous essay in one of the most attractive departments of fine writing. Lovers of historical truth will prize the information and conviction they obtain from it on grave matters disputed in our fathers' days, as the designs of our French ally in connection with the peace of 1783, the wisdom of the undertaking to deal with the French Directory in 1797, and the military appointments at the time of our quarrel with the French in 1798. But what will most take the attention of the reflecting patriot is the high and strict standard of rectitude and public spirit in public action which is everywhere upheld throughout this work. *O si sic omnes!* The grandson was no indiscriminating champion of the illustrious character which he undertook to exhibit. He was equal to judging, better than most men, what there was to criticise, as well as what to defend or applaud, and he was equally true to both offices as occasions arose. But, whether censure or commendation was the theme, one thing, as far as this specimen was concerned, was always apparent—that at the bar of American history the question respecting American rulers would be whether with unselfish purpose they had striven for the public good.

"Truth, struck to earth, revives again." Disintegrated and apparently demolished as the Free-Soil party had been, its principles proved to have an indestructible vitality, and their vigor was quickened by the madneses of the Southern politicians. It was plain that the constituencies of the North, though now

unorganized, had advanced in a preparation of thought and sentiment to act before long with that kind of demonstration that lovers of office respect. Politicians of the Middle States and of the West, like Mr. Schenck and Mr. Cameron, accustomed to browbeating and checkmating the friends of freedom on the floor of Congress—Boston and Worcester editors in New England, straitened in their vocabulary (though not a scanty one) for enough words of abuse with which to pelt in late years the assertors of Northern manhood—reconciled themselves to the inevitable thing which the phrase *Free Soil* had designated. The phrase for them was not without mingled associations of pain. But that was no unmanageable embarrassment. *Republican* was an inoffensive name. It awoke no remorseful and shaming memories of insolent injustice. It provoked no angry pride of consistency. So, under a salutary lead of prevailing public sentiment, hack politicians of the old parties, having their eyes anointed to see which was going to be the winner in the struggle and the giver of gifts—along with much larger numbers of better men, honest champions long ago of the Free-Soil doctrine, and recent converts to it who had their dull senses sharpened at length to perceive that in it was the only hope of salvation for the country—became banded in a formidable party, and were training under the name of *Republicans* as early as some time in 1855.

The comprehensive character of this arrangement, and still more a conviction, enforced by the thickening perils of the time, opened a door for the admission of more character and capacity into the public service than of late had seemed to be thought needful. In 1858, Mr. Adams, having then, since 1845, with the consent of the guides of the "inside of politics" of all descriptions, filled that post of honor, a private station, was chosen by the third district of Massachusetts to represent it in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States.

The crisis had been approaching with steady and not slow pace. Under the

lead of Mr. Douglas, the Missouri Compromise had been repealed (May 13, 1854), after all the benefits for which it was designed had been reaped by the slave-power advocates, and when the time had come for it to work the other way. Representatives from South Carolina had made an all but fatal assault upon a Massachusetts Senator in his place in the Capitol (May 22, 1856). The National Republican party, organized in a convention at Philadelphia (June 17, 1856), had been defeated (November, 1856) in the attempt to raise Mr. Fremont to the presidency, and the conspiracy in the Southern interest had chosen Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Chief-Justice Taney had ruled, for the Supreme Court of the United States, that colored people "had no rights which the white man was bound to respect" (April, 1857), and that the National Constitution "made no distinction between the right of property in a slave and any other property held by a citizen;" in other words, that no free State had power to protect itself against the introduction of slavery through the immigration of strangers bringing with them their slaves. Presidents Pierce and Buchanan had sent into Kansas four successive governors of their own inclining—Reeder, Shannon, Geary and Walker—and they had all come back, disgusted, when they came to face it, with the nasty work which they had been commissioned to do. After stubborn and not seldom bloody contests with the Border Ruffians from Missouri, the Kansas patriots had just defeated by a large majority of votes the last plan which Congress had proposed for their subjugation, in what was called, from the name of the Indiana Representative who concocted it, the *English Compromise*. Mr. Buchanan in the month after Mr. Adams' election, had in his annual message (December, 1858) recommended the further strengthening of slavery through the acquisition of Cuba by purchase or by force; and a filibustering attempt upon Nicaragua alleged that it had been prompted by the same patronage. A loud demand had been made for the

reopening of the foreign slave-trade, and cargoes were landed with scarcely a care for secrecy—so unconcerned or friendly were the government's officers—in Georgia, Florida and Texas. Presently, a Southern commercial convention held in Mississippi affirmed (May, 1859) the unconstitutionality of the United States laws against the foreign slave-trade, and the newspapers of that State, of Alabama and of South Carolina echoed and re-echoed the doctrine with continually increasing effrontery. On the other hand, a few weeks before Mr. Adams took his seat in Congress, the attempt of John Brown at Harper's Ferry (October 19, 1859), easily defeated as it was, had smitten the whole slave region with deadly alarm, and given stimulus to those desperate counsels which are the natural result of terror.

Such was the state of parties—the Know-Nothing party being still in flower—that till the end of the first eight weeks of Mr. Adams' first service in Congress the House did not get farther than the choice of a Speaker. The ultimate election of Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey, to that place was a triumph for the Republican party. In both Houses the session was an excited one. A series of resolves, introduced into the Senate by Mr. Jefferson Davis, indicated the policy to be pursued by the party of the slave power in the approaching presidential election. In the debate upon them, as well as on other occasions, Senators and Representatives from the South dealt freely in the threat that if a Republican President should be chosen, the slaveholding States would detach themselves from the Union, and the expectation was confidently expressed that they would have so much aid from their party friends at the North as would make it impossible to resist their treason.

Mr. Adams, as has been usual with judicious men entering on an untried sphere, abstained from using opportunities for prominence, while he watched closely the course of proceedings and the characters of men. He was the acting member of the important joint

committee on the Library, and chairman of the committee on Manufactures, which, as things turned out, had little business referred to it during the session. Toward the close of the first session he addressed the House (May 31, 1860) in an elaborate and forcible speech, vindicating the principles of the Republican party, and exhibiting its "indispensable necessity to the actual salvation of our free institutions." Just at the same time he attracted the surprised attention of the House by a characteristic act. It was alleged that members of the controlling party, professing to act for their associates, had made a bargain with a person named Defrees, that they would choose him to the place of public printer for the House, with a very large compensation, if he would give them half the profits for the circulation of electioneering documents; and a member, Mr. Clopton, of Alabama, affirmed in debate that the job was defeated for want of the one Republican vote of Mr. Adams. That it was defeated there is no doubt. That in defeating it Mr. Adams stood alone it would be painful to believe, though there is no doubt he would have held such a position calmly, notwithstanding his finding himself solitary in it.

In the interval between the two sessions of his Congressional service, Mr. Adams, in company with Mr. Seward, made a journey in some of the Northwestern States, where personally he had not hitherto been much known, and addressed several popular assemblies on the presidential election which was approaching. When Congress met again in December, the choice of electors had been made, determining the succession of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency; and within the next two weeks the South Carolina Senators had resigned their seats, and the Legislature of Georgia had appropriated a million of dollars to arm its militia. On the day after the meeting of Congress the House voted "that so much of the President's message as relates to the present perilous condition of the country be referred to a special committee of one from each

State." After a month's deliberation, the committee, of which Mr. Adams was the member for Massachusetts, reported a series of resolves, a bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State, and an amendment of the National Constitution. The main purport of the resolves was to disavow, on the part of the free States, any right, under the Constitution, to interfere with slavery in States where it was already established, or to hinder by law the reclamation of fugitives. The bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State followed the law for making it a Territory (September 9, 1850), in leaving its citizens at liberty in respect to a constitutional admission or disallowance of slavery, Mr. Adams entertaining the opinion both that the former action of Congress on the matter was irremediable, and that, without a constitutional prohibition, New Mexico was secure against the introduction of slaves. The proposed amendment of the National Constitution, as finally acted on by the House, forbade all constitutional amendments which should authorize Congress to legislate on slavery within the States. The New Mexico Bill failed. The other two measures were adopted—the former by 136 votes to 53; the latter by 133 votes to 65. Mr. Adams favored them all, and gave his reasons at length for so doing (January 31, 1861). In the action on the resolves the Republican Massachusetts delegation was equally divided. The amendment and the bill were supported by four votes from Massachusetts against six. A foresight of the miseries of the civil war, which was threatened and imminent, might have been expected to divide opinions as to the practical requirements of public duty; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that what turned out to be the result of the assurances of forbearance which were offered was already anticipated and calculated on.*

* "If they should reject it, I think the offer ought at least to extinguish every future complaint about the exclusion of slaveholders from the Territories, and every pretence that the refusal to grant protection is good cause for their present insolent course."—*Mr. Adams' Speech in the House of Representatives*, Jan. 31, 1861.

By the contemptuous rejection of them the slave-power leaders put themselves still farther in the wrong, demoralized and disgusted the Northern allies who hitherto had signalized their fidelity through so much sufferance, and banded the Northern sentiment and forces in an overwhelming unanimity.

Immediately after the inauguration of President Lincoln, Mr. Adams was commissioned as minister plenipotentiary to England, in the place of Mr. Dallas, and he sailed from Boston for that service in the first week in May. He was now in the sphere for the exercise and manifestation of his rare qualities. They were illustrated by the great discouragements which he had to encounter. The armed rebellion had broken out. The ministry and the ruling classes of England were unfriendly. The Tory party could not but welcome the prospect of a downfall of the great republic, whose prosperity had so potently backed up the argument of English friends to free principles and free institutions. The Whig aristocracy, alarmed by the progressive radicalism of their own allies at home, were not unwilling that it should receive a check from the failure of the American experiment. Except the great names of the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, there were few in the first rank of English statesmen who looked favorably or justly on the rights or the prospects of this country. In the commercial circles, in which, since the squirearchy has become more enlightened, the intensest burliness of John Bullism resides, the ruin of the great maritime power across the water was a welcome conclusion. The suffering that would fall on the laboring classes in consequence of the stoppage of the supply of cotton from America was apparent, and the decision with which, as it proved, they not only refrained from pressing their government into hostile measures, but pronounced their advocacy of that cause of freedom in America which they instinctively felt to be their own, showed a sense and magnanimity which it would have seemed visionary to look for. The clergy, from Cornwall to the Tweed,

rejoiced in the new demonstration that social order was only to be had under the shadow of a church-sustaining throne. The Carlton Club was elate. The Reform Club was bewildered and double-minded. Lord Palmerston, even beyond his wont, was flippant and cheerful.

Mr. Adams stepped into the circle collected, prepared, grave, dignified, self-poised, with the port of one who felt that he had great rights to secure, that he knew how to vindicate them, and that he had a stout power behind him for their maintenance. The British ministry—not over-reluctant themselves—were pressed by solicitations from across the Channel, as well as by taunts and importunities at home, to espouse the cause of the insurgent States. Had they done so, it will not do to say that we should have failed to come victorious out of the contest, but without doubt we should have won our victory at immeasurably greater cost. That they were held to a neutrality, however imperfect, instead of proceeding to an active intervention, was largely due to the admirable temper and ability with which our diplomacy was conducted. A short time sufficed to make it appear that Mr. Adams was not to be bullied, or cajoled, or hoodwinked, or irritated into an imprudence, and every day of his long residence near the British court brought its confirmation to that profitable lesson. Under provocations and assumptions the more offensive for being sheathed in soft diplomatic phrase, not a petulant word was to be had from the American minister, nor a word, on the other hand, indicative of a want of proud confidence in the claims and in the future of his country. A timid and yielding temper would have invited encroachments: a testy humor or discourteous address would have been seized upon as excuse for reserve or counter-irritation. Nor by the preparation of study was he less equal to the difficult occasion than by native qualities of mind and character, as was proved more than once when, Lord John having flattered himself that he had discovered some chink in our

mail in some passage of our treatment of Spain and the South American republics, the pert diplomatist had to learn that it would be prudent for him to go into a more careful reading of the records of past American administrations. It is of less consequence to say that Mr. Adams' personal accomplishments, his familiarity with the usages of elegant society, his cultivated taste in art, and the good scholarship of his acquaintance with the classical historians, orators and poets (a sort of attainment nowhere more considered than in England), added to the estimation which attached to him. Going to that country in circumstances of the extremest perplexity and trial, he left it, after seven years, the object of universal respect, and of an extent and earnestness of private regard seldom accorded, in any circumstances, to the representative of a foreign power. To maintain at once an inflexible and an inoffensive attitude, to assert, without a jot or tittle of abatement, a country's unconceded right, yet expose no coign of vantage to the aggressor by a rash advance, to enforce justice and tranquilize passion at the same time, is the consummate achievement, the last crowning grace, of diplomacy.

Since Mr. Adams was recalled from England at his own request, he has, as in former years, lived in Boston in the winter, and in the summer months has managed his extensive farm at Quincy, eight miles from town, where he has

occupied the ancient house which John Adams, attached to it by early recollections, purchased before his return from Europe in 1788. In a secure building which he has lately erected on the estate Mr. Adams has arranged the voluminous manuscripts left by his grandfather and his father, and the large library of Mr. John Quincy Adams. It is understood that he has been occupied in preparing for publication a selection from the writings of his illustrious father. In the month of December last he came from his retirement to pronounce before the New York Historical Society a discourse which has since been published, containing a masterly exposition of the debt of the world to the American government for its persistent maintenance, from first to last, of the doctrine of the right of a nation to preserve its own neutrality; in other words, the right of a nation to remain in peace when other nations go to war—a doctrine laid down by Mr. Wheaton as "incontestable," but which in fact was never valid from the beginning of time till this new people asserted and established it.

In person, Mr. Adams is rather below than above the middle height. His figure, as he advances in life, tends somewhat to fullness, as did those of his father and grandfather. His head and features, worthily represented in the fine portrait by Hunt, are strongly marked with the family likeness, and express the vigor, decision and repose of his mind and character.

MOU-MOU.

IN an out-of-the-way street of Moscow there was living a few years ago, in a gray house with white columns, an entresol and a tumbledown balcony, a noble lady, a widow, together with her numerous servants. Her sons had positions in St. Petersburg: her daughters were married. She seldom paid any visits, and was passing in retirement the last years of her miserly, querulous old age. The gloomy, joyless morning of her life had long since passed, but its evening was darker than night.

Among her serfs the most remarkable was a house-servant named Garassim, a man of gigantic height and a deaf-mute from birth. His mistress had brought him from the country, where he had occupied alone his little peasant's house, living entirely apart from the other serfs, and where he had the reputation of being the most faithful hand. Endowed with unusual strength, he could do the work of four: no task was too difficult for him, and it was a pleasure to see him ploughing, for example, when, with his broad hands upon the plough, without the aid of the horse, he would tear up the surface of earth, or when at midsummer he swung his scythe so vigorously that he could easily have mowed down a grove of young birch trees, or when he was busily threshing with a flail seven feet long, never stopping, while the muscles of his shoulders would rise and fall like machinery. His eternal silence gave an air of mystery to his restless activity. He was a handsome fellow, and had it not been for his defect, any girl would gladly have had him for a husband. But one day Garassim was brought to Moscow at the command of his mistress: they bought him boots, made him a caftan for summer and a sheepskin coat for winter, put a broom and shovel in his hand, and called him the man-of-all-work.

At first his new life did not please him

at all. From his childhood he had been accustomed to outdoor work and country life. Being separated, by his fate, from his kind, he had grown up there silent and strong, like a tree on fertile soil. But on being transplanted to the city he could not understand what was done with him: he was sad and confused, like a young, strong steer just brought from the meadow, with its rich grass as high as his knee, and placed in the cattle-car of the railroad, and carried away through smoke and steam and showers of sparks, with clatter and whistling, Heaven knows whither. Garassim's tasks in his new position seemed like mere play after his severe toil in the country: in half an hour he had finished everything, and then he either remained standing in the middle of the courtyard, gazing with open mouth at the passers-by, as if he expected from them some explanation of his mysterious position, or else he withdrew suddenly into a corner, hurled away his broom and shovel, threw himself upon the ground with his face to the earth, and remained for hours lying motionless on his breast, like a caged wild beast. Yet man accustoms himself to everything, and Garassim at last became used to his life in the city. He had but very little to do: his whole business consisted in keeping the courtyard clean, fetching water twice a day in a large barrel, fetching and splitting wood for the house and kitchen, keeping away suspicious persons and watching by night. And it must be said he fulfilled his tasks with zeal: he suffered no bit of straw, no dirt in the courtyard. If during bad weather his poor horse stuck with the water-barrel in the mud, he would put his shoulder to the cart, and would move not only it, but the horse also, along farther. If he was chopping wood, his axe sounded as clear as glass, and the chips and pieces flew in all directions. As a watchman he was held in the

greatest respect in the quarter after he had one night caught two thieves, and knocked their heads together so stoutly that the police held any farther punishment unnecessary. And not only evil-doers, even innocent strangers, in broad daylight, were frightened at the aspect of this gigantic man, and used to cry out to him as if he could hear them. With the other servants Garassim stood, if not on the most friendly terms—for he was somewhat feared—yet upon a very intimate footing: he regarded them as his family. They tried to make themselves intelligible to him by signs, and he was able to understand them, and obeyed all their orders, but was strict in the maintenance of his rights; so that, for example, no one dared take his place at table. In general, Garassim had a stern and serious character, and liked order in everything: indeed the cocks could not fight in his presence without his interference. When he saw them he would seize them by both feet, swing them around in the air a dozen times, and then throw them down, one to the right, the other to the left. His mistress kept geese also in the courtyard. The goose, it is well known, is a solemn, thoughtful bird. Garassim held these birds in a certain respect, tended and fed them: he was a sort of goose of the steppes himself. He had been given a little room over the kitchen. He arranged it in his own fashion, and built a bed for himself out of oaken boards upon four logs of wood—a real giant's bedstead: one might have placed four tons upon it and it would not have yielded. Under the bed stood a massive trunk, in the corner a small table of equally strong make, and near this a three-legged stool, so firm and heavy that at times even Garassim, on lifting it in the air, would let it fall, when he used to smile contentedly. The room was also provided with a padlock, shaped like a cake, but black: the key Garassim used to carry in his girdle. He disliked to have any one enter his room.

Thus a year passed, at the end of which the following incident took place.

The old lady whose serf he was, following in all respects the ancient customs, had a numerous corps of servants, as we have already mentioned: she had in her house not only washerwomen, seamstresses, cabinetmakers and tailors, but besides these a harness-maker, who also had the position of horse-doctor and doctor for the servants; moreover, a house-physician for her ladyship, and finally a cobbler, named Capiton Climow, a thorough sot. Climow considered himself an abused and undervalued being, as an educated man especially suited for life in the capital, who ought not to be hidden in a dingy corner of Moscow; and if he did drink, he drank, as he used to say with a pompous air, beating his breast, only from despair. Hence he once became the subject of conversation between the lady of the house and her major-domo, Gavrilov, a man who, judging from his little yellow eyes and duck-like nose, seemed fitted by nature for his office.

Her ladyship was expressing her regret at the moral defects of Capiton, who only the day before had been picked up drunk in the street. "What do you think, Gavrilov?" she said suddenly: "ought we not to marry him? Perhaps he might reform then."

"Why should not we marry him? We can," answered Gavrilov; "and that would be very good."

"Yes, but who will take him?"

"True. Still, your ladyship has only to command. We shall always be able to turn him to something. He's like all the rest."

"I believe he rather fancies Tatiana."

Gavrilov was on the point of saying something, but bit his lips and remained silent.

"Well, he can have Tatiana," her ladyship said decidedly, taking a pinch of snuff. "Do you hear?"

"You shall be obeyed," said Gavrilov, and left the room.

When he had reached his own room (it was in an adjacent house, and almost filled up with iron-bound trunks) he in the first place dismissed his wife, then

seated himself in the window, and was soon lost in thought. The unexpected command of his mistress had evidently perplexed him. Suddenly he arose and sent for Capiton. Capiton entered.

But before we narrate their conversation we judge it proper to tell the reader in a few words who this Tatiana was whom Capiton was to marry, and why the order so disturbed the major-domo.

Tatiana, one of the washerwomen of the house, who, as the quickest and most expert of them all, took charge only of the more delicate work, was about twenty-eight years old, short, slight and blond, with a mole on her left cheek. A mole on the left cheek is considered by the Russians a bad sign, as betokening some misfortune in one's life. Tatiana confirmed this superstition, for she had every cause to be discontented with her fate. From her childhood she had known no peace. She did the work of two, but never had a kind word from any one, went poorly clad, received only petty wages, and had but few relatives: an old servant, who had been left in the village as useless, was said to be her uncle, and among the peasants there were a few others, but those were all. She was said to have been good-looking when younger, but her beauty had early faded. Her disposition was timid, or rather overawed: she was indifferent about herself, but afraid of others: she was only anxious to finish her work at the proper time. She never conversed with any one, and trembled at the very name of her mistress, although she had scarcely ever seen her. When Garassim was brought to the city she almost fainted at the sight of his gigantic figure, avoided meeting him in every possible way, and even shut her eyes when she had to pass him on her way to the wash-house. At first, Garassim scarcely noticed her; soon he began to smile at her good-naturedly when he met her; then he began to look at her more frequently; and at last he never turned his eyes from her. She had made an impression upon him—whether by her gentle expression or by her modest demeanor, who can say?

Once, as she was crossing the courtyard carrying carefully one of her mistress's dresses just starched, she felt her elbow grasped: she looked around and shrieked—Garassim was standing behind her. Showing all his teeth and smiling amiably, he offered her a gingerbread cake. At first she did not want to take it, but he pressed her hand with violence, shook his head, went away a few steps, and turned round smiling amiably again. From that day he gave her no peace: wherever she went he was there. He advanced to meet her, smiling and gesticulating with his hands; occasionally he took a ribbon out of his pocket, which he gave her: he went in front of her with his broom, and swept the ground before her. The poor girl knew not where to go nor what to do. Soon the whole household had heard of the deaf-mute's doings, and a storm of jests and jibes fell upon Tatiana. Few dared to make merry over Garassim: he did not understand a joke; so that Tatiana was left in peace when he was present. Whether she liked it or not, the girl came under his protection. Like all deaf-mutes, he noticed everything very soon, and knew very well when they were laughing at him or at her. Once at table the housekeeper began to tease Tatiana, and went so far that the poor girl did not dare to raise her eyes from her plate, and almost burst into tears of vexation. Garassim arose suddenly from his seat, stretched out his enormous hand, placed it on the housekeeper's head, and looked at her with so fierce an expression that she involuntarily leaned her head down upon the table. All were silent. Garassim took up his spoon again, and went on swallowing his soup. "Oh, the deaf brute! the bear!" they all muttered half aloud, but the housekeeper arose and went into the servants' room. Another time, noticing that Capiton—the same Capiton of whom we have just spoken—was somewhat too familiar in his greeting of Tatiana, he beckoned to him with his finger, led him into the wagon-shed, and seizing a bar that lay in the corner,

he threatened in an unmistakable way to apply it on the spot. After that no one dared address a word to Tatiana. Indeed, the housekeeper, after the incident we have mentioned, on getting into the other room fainted away, and in general acted in such a way that it reached her ladyship's ears on the same day. However, the eccentric old lady only laughed, and to the housekeeper's intense mortification made her imitate the manner in which he had crushed her with his huge hands; and the next day she gave Garassim a silver rouble. She was indulgent to him as her strong and faithful watchman. Garassim had a great respect for her, and intended to ask her for leave to marry Tatiana. He was only waiting for his new caftan, which the major-domo had promised him, that he might approach her ladyship in a neat dress, when she suddenly hit upon the thought of marrying Tatiana to Capiton.

The reader will now easily understand the cause of the commotion in the mind of Gavril after his conversation with his mistress. "Her ladyship," he thought to himself while sitting in the window-seat—"her ladyship certainly is rather fond of Garassim" (Gavril knew that very well, and treated him with more amiability on that account), "but he is certainly a speechless being, and I cannot tell her ladyship that he is running after Tatiana. And then, indeed, what sort of a husband would he make? But, on the other hand, as soon as this devil—God forgive me the word!—finds out that we are going to marry Tatiana to Capiton, he will break everything in the house: yes, he really will. How can one explain it to him? No one can bring such a devil—God forgive me!—to reason. As true as I live—"

The appearance of Capiton broke the thread of Gavril's thoughts. The dissipated cobbler entered, clasped his hands, leaned carelessly against the projecting corner of the wall near the door, crossed his right leg over the left one, and shook his head. He seemed to wish to say, "Well, here I am: what

do you want of me?" Gavril glanced at Capiton, and began to drum with his fingers on the window-sill. Capiton only half closed his lead-colored eyes, but did not look away, and even smiled, running his fingers through his tangled flaxen hair. "Well, here I am: what are you staring at?" he appeared to be thinking.

"You are a pretty fellow!" said Gavril, and then stopped—"a pretty fellow, I must say!"

Capiton only shrugged his shoulders. "Well, are you any better?" he thought to himself.

"Now, just look at yourself—look at yourself," continued Gavril, reproachfully. "Now, what do you look like?"

Capiton glanced calmly at his shabby, torn coat and his patched trowsers, gazed with especial interest at his worn-out boots, particularly at the right one, which gave an artistic representation of his foot, and then looked up again at the major-domo: "What is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" repeated Gavril. "What is the matter? And you ask, What is the matter? You look like a devil: God forgive me, but that is the truth."

Capiton winked quietly: "Oh go on: curse me, curse me as much as you please, Gavril," he thought to himself.

"There! you have already been getting drunk again—so soon again! What? Well, answer."

"Owing to my feeble health, I am especially liable to succumb to the influence of ardent spirits," replied Capiton.

"Owing to your feeble health, indeed! You don't get flogged enough, that is the reason. And you who served your apprenticeship in St. Petersburg—much good you got from your apprenticeship!—you make no return for your daily bread."

"In regard to that, Gavril, another shall be my judge—the Lord God himself, and no one else. He alone knows what sort of a man I am, and whether I make return for my daily bread. But as for my drinking, in this case I am certainly not to blame, but rather my

companion: he led me away and then withdrew—that is to say, ran off, while I—”

“While you, you stupid fool! you lay in the gutter. Ah, you rascal! But that’s not the point,” continued the major-domo. He said nothing for a moment. “Her ladyship has judged it best for you to get married. Do you hear? They think you will settle down if you marry. Understand?”

“I do.”

“Very well. In my opinion it would be better if your cravat were drawn a little tighter. Well, that’s their business. What answer do you make? Are you willing?”

Capiton smiled: “Marriage is a pleasant thing for a man; and for my part I agree, with the greatest pleasure.”

“Very well,” replied Gavriilo; and he thought, “I must say the fellow talks well. But there is one circumstance,” he continued aloud: “we have selected a bride who—who is not exactly the person you would choose.”

“And who is she, if I may make so bold as to ask?”

“Tatiana.”

“Tatiana!” And Capiton opened his eyes and started up from the wall.

“Why are you so surprised? Don’t she suit you?”

“That is a little too much, Gavriilo. I like the girl very well: she is an industrious, quiet girl; but then, you know, Gavriilo, that monster, that wild devil, is after her all the time.”

“I know all that, my dear fellow,” interrupted the major-domo, testily, “but—”

“But consider, Gavriilo. He will certainly kill me: as true as God lives he will kill me: he will kill me like a fly. He’s got a big enough hand. Be good enough to see what a hand he has—a hand like those of Minin and Posharski.* He is deaf too: he will strike, and won’t hear how hard he strikes. It must seem to him as if he were beating his fist about in a dream. It is impossible to bring him to reason. Why? Because, as you know yourself, Gavriilo, he is

deaf, and besides as stupid as a log of wood. He is a real brute, Gavriilo—worse than a brute. Why should I be injured by him? Any way, I don’t care much. I have endured every possible thing: I have been cleaned out thoroughly; still, I am a human being, and not a vessel to be cleaned out.”

“Very well, very well: you needn’t make it out worse than it is.”

“Good Lord!” continued the cobbler with warmth, “when will it stop? When, O my Creator? It is an endless misery. Oh my fate, my fate! when I think of it! In my tender youth I got nothing but blows from my German school-master; in the best years of my life I was beaten by my companions; and finally, in my maturer years, I must endure this!”

“Oh you coward!” said Gavriilo. “What’s the good of all this talk?”

“What? what good? Gavriilo, I am not afraid of a beating. If my master beats me here alone, but treats me with respect before other people, I am still a human being. From whom shall I now have to endure this?”

“Come, be off!” interrupted Gavriilo, impatiently.

Capiton turned and went away slowly.

“But suppose he wasn’t in the way,” the major-domo shouted after him, “would you be willing?”

“In that case I should certainly have no objections to announcing my assent,” replied Capiton, leaving the room.

His eloquence never abandoned him, even in desperate moments. The major-domo strode up and down his room two or three times: finally he summoned Tatiana.

After a few moments she entered the room, so quietly that he hardly heard her, and remained standing on the threshold. “What do you wish, Gavriilo?” she asked in a low voice.

The major-domo regarded her steadily. “Listen,” he said kindly. “Are you willing to marry? Her ladyship has chosen a husband for you.”

“As she pleases, Gavriilo. And whom has her ladyship chosen?” she asked, timidly.

*A colossal double statue in Moscow.—TRANS.

"Climow the cobbler."

"As she pleases."

"He is a dissipated man, to tell the truth, but in this case her ladyship depends upon you."

"I shall obey her."

"The worst thing about it is that this mute, this Garassim, is courting you. How is it you've won this bear's heart? He will strike you dead yet, the bear!"

"He will kill me, Gavriilo, there is no doubt: he'll certainly kill me."

"Kill you! We'll see about that. How can you talk in that way about his killing you? Has he any right to kill you? Tell me."

"Yes. I don't know, Gavriilo, whether he has any right or not."

"Oh you! You haven't in any way promised him—"

"What do you mean?"

The major-domo paused and began to think. "The innocent soul!" he muttered. "Very well," he added, "we'll talk it over another time: now go, Tatiana. I see you are really an obedient girl."

Tatiana turned, hesitated a moment at the door, and then went away.

"Perhaps her ladyship will have forgotten the whole affair of the marriage by to-morrow," thought the major-domo. "Why need I give myself so much trouble about it? We'll find some way of managing this ruffian in case there's any trouble: we'll put him in charge of the police.—Justine!" he shouted out to his wife: "bring me some tea, my dear."

Tatiana scarcely left the wash-house all day. At first she wept a little, then she dried her eyes and went on with her work. Capiton sat till late in the night in the tavern with a friend with a scowling face, and told him with full particulars how in St. Petersburg he had been the servant of a gentleman the like of whom had never been seen, but that he had been very strict in his commands, and, besides that, had the slight fault of occasionally indulging too much in wine; and as to the female sex, he had had experience with all kinds. The gloomy companion listened to his

narration with comparative indifference, but when Capiton said that owing to certain circumstances he should be obliged to lay violent hands upon himself the next day, he remarked that it was time to go to bed, and they separated coldly and silently.

The major-domo's expectations were disappointed. The idea of Capiton's marriage so fascinated her ladyship that the whole night long she could talk of nothing else to her companion, whom she kept in her house solely for her society during sleepless nights, and who, like a night-coachman, only slept in the day-time. When Gavriilo appeared after breakfast to talk over business, her first question was, "Well, how is it with our marriage?"

He naturally replied to her that everything was going on as was desired, and that Capiton would formally ask for permission on that very day. Her ladyship did not feel very well, and did not busy herself long with her household affairs. The major-domo returned to his room and summoned a council. The case demanded a more searching examination. Tatiana, it is true, made no opposition, but Capiton declared plainly that he had only one head on his shoulders, and not two or three. Garassim cast sour, hasty glances at every one, kept himself near the staircase to the maid-servants' room, and appeared to notice that they were planning some evil design against him.

The council (at which was present the old butler, nicknamed Uncle Strunk, whom the others treated with the greatest respect, although no one had ever heard him say anything but "Yes, yes, that's the way—yes, yes") began by locking Capiton in a little room in which the filter was kept: this they did as a measure of precaution against any casualties. Then they fell to thinking. It would naturally have been easy to have recourse to violence, but God forbid there should be an uproar: her ladyship would be disturbed, and then there would be the deuce to pay. But what was to be done? After a long debate they came to the following decision.

They had frequently noticed that Garassim had a profound detestation for drunkards. Every time that he, sitting at the gate, saw a drunken man reeling by with his cap over his ear, he turned away his face in disgust. Hence it was decided to induce Tatiana to pretend to be drunk and to pass Garassim reeling. The poor girl resisted for a long time, but was finally persuaded, for she saw herself that it was the only way in which she could get rid of her lover. She started out. Capiton was let out from his captivity, for he was now concerned in the matter. Garassim was sitting on a post at the gate, scratching the ground with his shovel. From all quarters, from behind the window-curtains, curious eyes were watching him.

The plan succeeded perfectly. When he saw Tatiana he bowed to her, as usual, with a friendly smile, then fastened his eyes upon her, dropped his shovel, sprang up, approached her and placed his face near hers. Terror made her totter still more, and she closed her eyes. He seized her by the arm, dragged her through the courtyard, entered with her into the room where the council still sat, and pushed her at once toward Capiton. Tatiana was more dead than alive. Garassim stood there a few minutes looking at her, then made a motion with his hand, smiled contemptuously and went with heavy step to his own room. He did not appear again till the next day. The postillion, Antipka, told them afterward that he had peeped through a crack and seen Garassim sitting on his bed, his cheeks on his hands, slowly, regularly singing, yet smiling from time to time; that is, to say, he had moved to and fro, closed his eyes and shaken his head, like coachmen and boatmen when they are chanting their melancholy songs. Antipka was frightened and ran away. On the next day, when Garassim left his room, there was no special change to be noticed in him. Apparently he had only become a little gloomier, but on the other hand he did not take the slightest notice of Tatiana and Capiton. On the same evening they both presented

themselves before their mistress with geese* under their arms, and a week afterward they were married. On the day of the wedding, Garassim's conduct was in all respects unaltered, except that he returned from the river without any water—he had broken the barrel on the way; and in the evening, in the stable, while cleaning his horse, he combed the animal with such force that it tottered to and fro like a straw before the wind, and could hardly keep its feet beneath his iron fists.

This happened in the spring. A year passed by, in the course of which Capiton had fallen lower and lower from drunkenness, and had been packed off to a distant village with his wife, as a thoroughly good-for-nothing fellow. On the day of his departure he had at first talked very big, and declared that wherever they might send him, were it even to Jericho, he would not despair: afterward, however, he began to lament that they were sending him among uneducated people, and finally he grew so weak that he could not even put on his own cap. Some kind soul placed it on his head, pushed up the vizor and set it straight on his forehead. When all was ready, and the coachman held the reins in his hands, and they were only waiting for the last words of farewell before starting, Garassim came out of his room, approached Tatiana and gave her as a keepsake a red woolen dress that he had bought for her a year before. Tatiana, who up to that moment had endured all the vicissitudes of her life with great equanimity, could not stand this: tears filled her eyes, and as she was about to get into the carriage she kissed Garassim three times, after the Christian manner. He wanted to accompany her as far as the turnpike, and at first followed the carriage, but suddenly stopped near the bridge, waved his hand for farewell, and went along the river.

The day was drawing near its close. Garassim wandered here and there, gazing into the water. Suddenly it seemed to him that something was struggling in the mud near the shore. He stooped

* A custom of the peasantry.

down and saw a little black-and-white puppy, which, in spite of all its exertions, could not creep out of the water. It would painfully make its way up and then slide down again: meanwhile its wet, half-starved body was trembling from cold. Garassim looked at the poor creature, took hold of it, placed it in his bosom and went rapidly back to the house. Having reached his room, he laid the puppy on his bed, covered it with a thick overcoat, ran to the stable for some straw, and to the kitchen for a saucer of milk. With tender care he lifted up the coat, arranged the straw and placed the saucer of milk upon the bed. The poor puppy might have been, at the most, three weeks old: its eyes were scarcely opened—one eye, in fact, seemed to be somewhat larger than the other. It did not yet understand how to drink from a saucer, and simply trembled and closed its eyes. Garassim seized its head carefully with two fingers, thrust its nose into the milk, and the puppy began to drink with eagerness, shaking itself and choking. Garassim watched it for a long time, and then burst out laughing. The whole night he busied himself with the puppy, making it comfortable and drying it: finally he sank by its side into a calm, pleasant sleep.

No mother could be tenderer to her child than Garassim to his pet. The puppy was a slut. At first it was very weak, thin and ugly: gradually, however, it grew more attractive, and in eight months, thanks to the unwearying care of its preserver, it proved to be a thoroughbred spaniel, with long ears, bushy, arched tail, and large, expressive eyes. It was extremely devoted to Garassim, never leaving him for a moment, and following him everywhere, wagging its tail. He had given it a name, for mutes know that their mutterings attract the ears of others: he had named it Mou-mou. All the people in the house became very fond of it, and called it Mou-mou. It was very intelligent and gentle with every one, but Garassim was the one it really loved. He was extremely attached to it, and did not like to have others fondle it: wheth-

er he feared some harm to the dog, or whether it was jealousy, who can tell? It awakened him in the morning by pulling at his coat-tails, led him by its string to his horse, with which it had a great friendship, accompanied him to the river with an important air, kept guard over his broom and shovel, and let no one enter his room. Garassim had made a hole in his door expressly for the dog, which seemed to understand that it was its own master only in this room, and as soon as it entered it used to jump upon the bed with an air of perfect satisfaction. At night it did not sleep: it did not bark, however, without discrimination, like other stupid watch-dogs, which sit on their hind legs and with outstretched tail and closed eyes bay at the stars from sheer ennui, and generally three times in succession. No: Mou-mou's delicate voice never resounded without good reason: either it was some stranger who passed by the fence, or a suspicious noise had been heard in some quarter. In a word, it was an excellent watch-dog. It is true, there was living in the courtyard another dog, yellow, with dirty-brown spots, named Voltschok; but he was never let loose from his chain, not even at night; and conscious of his feebleness, for he was very old, he did not want freedom, but lay crouched in his house, occasionally giving forth a hoarse almost inaudible bark, which was immediately followed by silence, as if he himself recognized its uselessness. Mou-mou never entered the dwelling-house: even when Garassim was carrying in wood, it remained behind, and waited impatiently for him at the entrance steps, raising its ears, and at the slightest noise behind the door turning its head to the right and left.

In this way a year passed. Garassim continued to be perfectly contented with his position, when an unexpected incident took place. It happened that one pleasant summer evening her ladyship was walking up and down her drawing-room with her companions. She was in good-humor, laughing and joking. The ladies in attendance were also

laughing and joking, although in their hearts they did not feel very joyful, for they did not consider it a good sign when her ladyship was in good-humor, since in such cases she used to insist upon a similar state of mind on the part of those about her, and was vexed if every face did not glow with pleasure. Such a state, however, did not last very long, and was followed by great irritability. On that day everything had been very propitious: all the knaves had come out as she laid out the cards, indicating fulfillment of her wishes (she used to tell her fortune every day by cards), and the tea had been uncommonly good, for which her maid had been rewarded with especial praise and a ten-kopeck piece. With a sweet smile on her shriveled lips her ladyship was walking up and down her drawing-room, and had just stepped up to the window. Outside of it there was a little garden, in exactly the middle of which Mou-mou was lying beneath a rose bush gnawing a bone. Her ladyship saw the dog. "Dear me!" she suddenly cried, "what dog is that?"

Her poor companion, to whom the question was directed, became extremely confused. She suffered from that painful nervousness which inferiors feel when they do not know in what way the words of their superiors are to be understood. "I—I—I don't know," she stammered. "I believe it belongs to the dumb man."

"Indeed!" interrupted her ladyship. "It is a lovely little dog. Have it brought in. Has he had it long? Why have I never seen it before? Have it brought in."

The companion flew into the next room and gave a servant the order: "Bring Mou-mou here at once. She is in the garden."

"Ah! its name is Mou-mou?" said her ladyship—"a very pretty name."

"Yes, very pretty," replied the companion. "Be quick, Stephan."

Stephan, a sturdy young fellow who held the place of waiter, ran head over heels into the garden and tried to seize Mou-mou: she, however, slipped easily

out of his hand, and ran with uplifted tail to Garassim, who at that moment was rinsing out a barrel in the kitchen, and turning it about as if it were a child's drum. Stephan was close behind the dog, and reached after it between its master's legs, but the active dog was unwilling to be caught, and kept eluding him. Garassim smiled as he watched his efforts, but finally Stephan gave him to understand, through signs, that her ladyship wanted to see the dog. Garassim was somewhat surprised, but called Mou-mou, raised her from the ground and gave her to Stephan. He carried the dog into the drawing-room and placed it on the polished floor. Her ladyship called to Mou-mou with a caressing voice. Mou-mou, having never been in so magnificent a room, was very much alarmed, and ran toward the door, but being frightened back by the officious Stephan, she crouched trembling against the wall.

"Mou-mou, Mou-mou, come here—come to your mistress," said her ladyship. "Come here, you stupid little beast! don't be afraid."

"Come, Mou-mou, come to her ladyship," repeated her companions: "come, Mou-mou."

But Mou-mou only looked around disconsolately, and did not stir from the spot.

"Bring her something to eat," said her ladyship. "What a stupid beast! Won't come to mistress? What is it afraid of?"

"She doesn't feel at home," said one of the companions, timidly and in a conciliatory voice.

Stephan brought some milk in a saucer and placed it before Mou-mou. She did not even smell of it, but continued to tremble and to look around anxiously.

"Oh, what ails you?" said her ladyship, approaching the dog, stooping down and trying to pat it, but Mou-mou turned her head convulsively and showed her teeth. Her ladyship withdrew her hand quickly.

All were immediately silent. Mou-mou whined gently, as if she wanted to complain and apologize. Her ladyship

stepped to one side, and her brow grew dark. The sudden movement of the dog had frightened her.

"Oh!" screamed all the companions together, "has she bitten you? Heaven forbid!" (Mou-mou had never bitten any one in all her life.) "Oh!"

"Take it out," said the old lady in an altered voice. "The nasty beast!—how ill-natured it is!"

Turning slowly away, she withdrew to her own room. Her companions looked at one another timidly, and were preparing to follow her, but she stopped and gazed at them coldly, and said, "What is that for? I did not call you," and left the room.

In despair, the companions made a sign to Stephan: he seized Mou-mou and threw her out of the door at Garassim's feet. For half an hour deep silence ruled in the whole house, and her ladyship sat enthroned upon her sofa, black as a thunder-cloud.

What petty things, when one thinks of it, are at times capable of making people lose their composure!

Until evening her ladyship was out of temper: she spoke to no one, did not touch her cards, and passed a restless night. It seemed to her that they had not given her the eau-de-cologne to which she was accustomed—that her pillow smelt of soap, for which reason she made her housekeeper sniff at all the linen: in a word, she was very nervous and irritable. The next morning she summoned Gavriilo an hour earlier than usual.

"Tell me, please," she began, when he, not wholly free from anxiety, had entered the room, "what dog was that barking all night in the courtyard? I could not sleep a wink."

"A dog! what dog? Perhaps the mute's dog," he said in a rather uncertain voice.

"How do I know whether it was the mute's dog or not? It's enough that it did not let me sleep. I must say I can't imagine what such a number of dogs is good for: I should like very much to know. We have a regular watch-dog?"

"Certainly, we have one—Voltschok."

"Well, why do we need any more? Of what use is another dog? It only makes disorder. There is no man in the house who manages things properly. That's what's the matter. And why does the mute keep a dog? Who gave him permission to keep dogs in my courtyard? I went to the window yesterday, and there was the dog lying in the garden: it had carried something dirty in there, and was gnawing at it;—and I have just had rose bushes set out there." Her ladyship paused: "The dog must leave to-day. Do you hear?"

"You shall be obeyed."

"Now go. I shall summon you later about the house affairs."

Gavriilo left. In going through the drawing-room the major-domo placed the bell, which had stood upon one table, upon another, from love of order, blew his nose quietly and went into the ante-room. There Stephan was sleeping on a bench, in the position of a fallen hero on the field of battle, with his bare feet stretched out beneath the coat in which he was wrapped. The major-domo shook him till he was awake, and whispered him an order which Stephan received half gaping, half laughing. The major-domo went away: Stephan sprang up, put on his caftan and boots, went out and took a place by the entrance. In less than five minutes Garassim appeared with a great pile of wood on his back, accompanied by his faithful Mou-mou. (Her ladyship had her rooms heated even in summer.) Garassim leaned his shoulder against the door, pushed it open and entered the house with his burden, while Mou-mou, according to her custom, waited for him outside. Seizing his opportunity, Stephan threw himself upon the dog like a hawk on a chicken, pressed its breast upon the earth, placed it then beneath his arm, and ran through the court, without stopping to put on his cap, sprang into the nearest droschke, and drove with all speed to the second-hand market. There he soon found a purchaser, to whom he sold the dog for half a rouble, but under the condition that he should keep it chained for at least a week.

Then he returned at once, but left the droschke before reaching the house, went around the courtyard, and sprang over the fence from a back alley: he was afraid to go through the front gate—he might have met Garassim.

His fear, however, was unfounded: Garassim had already left the courtyard. On coming out from the house, he at once missed Mou-mou: he did not remember that she had ever forgotten to await his return. He ran around everywhere, seeking her and calling her in his way: he flew to his room, to the hayloft, to the street, in every direction. She was gone. He turned to the other servants, asked with despairing gestures after the dog, placing his hands a little above the floor, and seeking in this way to describe the dog. Some really did not know what had become of Mou-mou, and simply shook their heads; others knew, and only laughed in his face; but the major-domo assumed an important air and began to abuse the coachman. Thereupon Garassim ran out of the courtyard.

It was already getting dark when he returned. From his tired look, his unsteady gait and his dusty clothes one might have thought that he had run through half Moscow. He remained standing before the window of the house, threw a look at the steps on which some of the servants were assembled, and muttered once more, "Mou-mou!" Mou-mou did not answer his call. He went out: all followed him with their eyes, but no one smiled, no one spoke. The inquisitive Antipka told them the next day in the kitchen that the dumb man had groaned all night long.

Garassim did not appear all the next day, so that in his stead the coachman, Potap, had to go after water, with which the coachman Potap was not well pleased. Her ladyship asked Gavriilo whether her commands had been fulfilled. Gavriilo informed her that they had been. The next morning Garassim left his room and went to his work. He appeared at table, ate, and went away without greeting any one. His face, always lifeless, like those of deaf-mutes,

was now, as it were, turned to stone. After dinner he went into the courtyard, but only for a short time: he returned and went into the hayloft. The night drew on—a clear moonlit night. Garassim was lying there groaning bitterly and turning uneasily, when he suddenly felt something pulling at his coat-tails: he trembled from head to foot, but did not raise his head—he only closed his eyes tighter. He felt this pulling again, stronger than before: he arose, and there sprang before him Mou-mou, with a bit of rope around her neck. A long cry of joy escaped his speechless lips: he seized Mou-mou and clasped her in his arms. In a moment she had licked his nose, eyes and beard. He stood thinking a few minutes, then climbed down carefully from the hayloft, looked around, and, as soon as he had made sure that no one was observing him, he crept to his own room. Garassim had already suspected that the dog had not run away of its own accord, but that it had been carried off at her ladyship's command. The servants had made him understand by signs how she had become angry with Mou-mou: hence he determined to take measures accordingly. First of all, he gave Mou-mou some bread to eat, caressed her, laid her to sleep, and began to think until day-break how he could best conceal her. Finally, he came to the determination to keep her in his room during the day, only looking after her from time to time, and to take her out at night. He carefully stopped up the opening in the door with an old coat, and scarcely had the day dawned before he was in the courtyard, as if nothing had happened: in fact, he even affected, with innocent cunning, his previous despondency. It did not occur to the poor deaf-mute that Mou-mou could betray herself by her whining, while in fact it was soon known to every one in the house that the dog had returned and was locked up in his room, yet partly out of sympathy for him and the dog, and partly from fear, no one gave any sign of the discovery of his secret. The major-domo scratched his head and consoled himself with think-

ing, "Well, it may stay as it is. It is to be hoped that her ladyship will not find it out." In return for this the mute showed himself on that day more active about his work than ever before: he swept and brushed the courtyard clean, pulled up all the weeds, took out with his own hands all the separate pieces of the garden fence to see whether they were strong enough, and put them back; in a word, he kept himself so active and busy that even her ladyship noticed it. In the course of the day, Garassim made two visits, secretly, to his little captive: as soon as it was night he joined it in his room, not in the hayloft, and about two o'clock he led her out into the fresh air. After he had walked about with her in the courtyard for some time, and was on the point of returning, suddenly a noise was heard behind the fence, in the direction of the back alley. Mou-mou cocked her ears, ran sniffing to the fence, smelt about and began to bark loudly and fiercely. A drunken man had happened to fall asleep at that very spot. Just at that moment her ladyship had fallen asleep after a rather long period of "nervous excitement," to which she was regularly subject after too rich a supper. This unexpected barking awakened her: her heart beat violently, and she cried aloud for her maids. The terrified servants hastened into her bedroom. "Oh, I am dying!" she groaned, tossing her arms about restlessly. "There's that dog again! Oh, call the doctor! You want to kill me! That dog again! Oh!" and she let her head drop, which was intended to mean a fainting-fit. They ran for the doctor—that is to say, for the house-physician, Chariton. This doctor, whose whole right to the title consisted in the fact that he wore thin-soled boots, understood how to feel a pulse with gentleness, passed fourteen hours a day in sleeping, and the rest of the time in sighing heavily, and that he continually dosed her ladyship with cherry-drops,—this doctor came at once, burnt some feathers, and handed the miraculous drops to her ladyship on a silver tray as soon as she came to herself. She

swallowed them, but broke out at once in querulous complaints about the dog and Gavriilo and her fate—how every one was neglecting her, the poor old woman—how no one had any sympathy for her, and all were anxious for her death. In the mean while, Mou-mou kept on barking, and Garassim tried in vain to call the dog away from the hedge. "There! it's beginning again!" stammered her ladyship, rolling her eyes. The doctor whispered something to one of the maids: she ran into the ante-room and awakened Stephan, who ran off at the top of his speed to wake up Gavriilo, and Gavriilo in his first excitement roused the whole house.

Garassim turned, saw lights and shadows in the windows, suspected something wrong, took Mou-mou under his arm, ran to his own room and locked himself in. Soon five of the men tried to break in, but they felt the resistance of the bolt, and stopped. Gavriilo came, all out of breath from running, and bade the men remain there and keep guard till morning: he himself ran to the servants' hall, and commissioned the oldest of the companions, Liubov Liubimovna, with whom he used to steal and hide tea, sugar and the like, to tell her ladyship from him that the dog had most unfortunately returned, but that on the next day it would be no longer alive, and that he begged her ladyship not to be offended, but to try to get some sleep. Her ladyship, however, would not have been so soon appeased if the doctor in his haste had not poured out fully forty drops instead of twelve. The generous dose had its effect, and in a quarter of an hour she was fast asleep. But Garassim sat in his room deathly pale, and holding Mou-mou's mouth tightly closed.

The next day her ladyship awoke rather late. Gavriilo awaited her awakening with some impatience, in order to get the formal order to take Garassim's hiding-place by storm; yet he prepared himself for a violent scene. But there was no scene. While still lying abed her ladyship summoned the oldest of her companions. "Liubov Liubimovna," she

began, with a light, weak voice—at times she liked to play the downtrodden, deserted martyr, when, we may be sure, all in the house were frightened enough—"Liubov Liubimovna, you see what a state I am in: go, my dear, to Gavrilov and ask him if it is right that a wretched dog should be of more value to him than the peace, or rather the life, of his mistress? I cannot believe it," she continued with an expression of deep feeling. "Go, dear—be kind enough to go to Gavrilov."

Liubov Liubimovna went to Gavrilov's room. What their conversation was is unknown, but soon after a crowd of people passed through the courtyard to Garassim's room. At the head went Gavrilov, holding on his hat with his hand, although it was not windy; near him went the waiters and cooks; Uncle Strunk looked out of a window and guided the whole—that is to say, he made signs to them with his hands; the tail of the procession was formed by a crowd of noisy children, half of whom had run in from the street. On the narrow staircase which led to the room a watchman was sitting: at the door were two others with sticks. They all ascended the staircase, filling it completely. Gavrilov marched up to the door, struck it with his fist and said, "Open!" A muffled barking was heard, but there was no answer. "You must open the door," he repeated.

"But, Gavrilov," said Stephan from below, "he is deaf—he can't hear."

They all laughed.

"But what shall we do?" answered Gavrilov from above.

"There's a hole in the door," replied Stephan. "Put your stick through it." Gavrilov stooped down: "He has stooped it up with a coat."

"Well, push the coat in."

Again a muffled bark was heard.

"Do you hear? do you hear? He is betraying himself," said some one in the crowd, and they all laughed again.

Gavrilov scratched his head. "No, my friend," he continued, "you can shove in the coat yourself if you like it."

"Why not? I'll do it." And thereupon Stephan clambered up, seized the stick, pushed the coat through, and began to brandish the stick about in the opening, shouting at the same time, "Come out! come out!" While he was still engaged in this the door of the room was suddenly opened: the whole pack plunged head over heels down the stairs, Gavrilov first: Uncle Strunk shut the window.

"Steady, take care—I warn you!"

Garassim stood motionless upon the threshold. At the foot of the staircase a large crowd had assembled. Garassim looked down at all of them in their citizens' dresses: his hands were placed carelessly against his sides. In his red peasant shirt he appeared like a giant in comparison with the rest. Gavrilov made a step forward. "Now, mind!" he said. "Don't make any disturbance." And he began to explain by signs that her ladyship demanded the dog: "Give him up at once, or you'll get into trouble."

Garassim looked at him, pointed to the dog, made a motion with his hand as if he were fastening a rope about its neck, and looked inquiringly at the major-domo.

"Yes, yes," the latter answered, nodding his head—"yes, exactly."

Garassim's eyes sank: then he suddenly shook himself, pointed again at Mou-mou, who meanwhile was standing near him wagging her tail and lifting her ears, repeated the gesture of strangling and beat his breast significantly, as if he wanted to lament that he must himself accomplish Mou-mou's death.

"You will deceive me," Gavrilov replied by signs.

Garassim looked at him with a contemptuous smile, beat his breast again and closed the door.

All looked at one another in silence.

"What does that mean?" said Gavrilov. "He has locked himself in?"

"Let him alone, Gavrilov," said Stephan: "he will do what he has promised. He is that sort of man: when he promises anything it is certain. He's

not one of us. What is true is true—yes indeed."

"Yes indeed," they all repeated, nodding their heads—"that is true."

Uncle Strunk opened the window again and said, "Yes, yes."

"Well, for all I care, we shall see," replied Gavriilo, "but the watch must remain there. Hi, you, Jeroschka!" he added, turning to a pale fellow in a short, yellow nankeen coat, a so-called gardener—"you haven't anything to do. Take this stick and sit down there: as soon as you notice anything, come and tell me."

Jeroschka took the stick and seated himself on the lowest step of the staircase. The crowd dispersed, with the exception of a few inquisitive ones and the boys. Gavriilo went back to the house, and sent word by Liubov Liubimovna to her ladyship that everything was arranged, but he sent a postillion after a policeman, that he might be ready against any emergency. Her ladyship tied a knot in her handkerchief, poured eau-de-cologne upon it, smelt it, rubbed it upon her temples, drank two or three cups of tea, and fell asleep again, being still under the influence of the cherry-drops.

An hour after the tumult the door of Garassim's room opened and he came out. He had on his Sunday caftan, and led Mou-mou by a string. Jeroschka stepped aside and let him pass. Garassim went toward the gate. The children who were in the courtyard followed him with their eyes. He did not turn round, and only put on his cap after reaching the street. Gavriilo sent Jeroschka to watch him. He saw him enter a tavern, and waited till he came out.

The people in the tavern knew Garassim and understood his gestures. He ordered cabbage-soup and meat, and took a seat at the table. Mou-mou stood near his chair, and looked at him with her intelligent eyes. Her hair was very shiny, a sign that she had been lately combed. The waiter brought Garassim his soup. He broke his bread into it, cut the meat into little pieces and set the plate on the floor. Mou-mou ate it

with her usual neatness, scarcely touching the food with her nose. Garassim watched her for some time: two bitter tears suddenly fell from his eyes—one on the dog's head, the other into the soup. He had covered his face with his hand. Mou-mou ate half of the food, and stepped to one side, licking herself. Garassim arose, paid for what had been consumed and went out, followed by the glances of the somewhat offended waiter. When Jeroschka saw Garassim come out he sprang behind a corner, let him pass by, and then followed him. Garassim went on farther, without hurrying himself, leading Mou-mou by the string. Having reached the corner of the street, he remained a moment undecided, and then went rapidly toward the Crimean bridge. On his way he went into the courtyard of a house that was building and procured two bricks, which he placed under his arm. From the Crimean bridge he went along the shore to a place where two boats lay moored to a stake (he had previously noticed them), and sprang with Mou-mou into one of them. An old, lame man came out of a wooden hovel which stood at the corner of a vegetable garden, and cried out after him, but Garassim only nodded to him, and pulled so steadily through the water that, although he was heading against the stream, he was soon five hundred feet away. The old man stood looking at him, then rubbed his back, first with his left, then with his right hand, and returned to his hovel.

Garassim rowed on still farther. He was already outside of Moscow, and now along the shores appeared meadows, gardens, fields, woods and peasants' houses. The country air breathed upon him. He drew in the oars, stooped down to Mou-mou, who was sitting before him on a dry thwart (the bottom of the boat was wet) and remained motionless, with his strong arms crossed over the dog's back, while the current was carrying the boat back toward the city. At last he arose, and hastily, with an expression of bitter suffering, tied the bricks to the string, made a noose, placed it round Mou-mou's neck, held the dog over the water and

gazed into its eyes for the last time. Mou-mou looked at him confidently and without fear, gently wagging her tail. He turned away, closed his eyes and opened his hands. Garassim had heard nothing—neither the sudden cry of Mou-mou as she fell nor the loud splash of the water: for him the noisiest day was as silent as the quietest night is for us; and when he opened his eyes again the little waves still chased one another over the surface of the river and beat against the sides of the boat, and only in the distance behind him ran the widening circles toward the shore.

As soon as Jeroschka had lost sight of Garassim, he went back home and gave information of everything that he had seen.

"Well," said Stephan, "he must have drowned her. One can be sure that if he promises anything—"

During the rest of that day no one saw Garassim. He did not eat at home. Evening came, they all went to supper: he alone was absent.

"A curious man, that Garassim," said a fat, harsh-voiced washerwoman: "how can a man make such a fuss about a dog? It's strange, upon my word!"

"Garassim has been here," cried Stephan suddenly, breaking his boiled groats with his spoon.

"What! When?"

"About two hours ago. Yes indeed. He met me at the gate: he was coming out of the courtyard. I wanted to ask him about the dog, but he did not seem to be in a good-humor. He pushed into me—probably he only meant to shove me a little to one side—as much as to say, 'Leave me alone,' but the thump he gave me, right in the small of my back too, was a good hard one;" and with an involuntary grimace Stephan leaned over and rubbed his back. "Yes," he added, "he has a stout hand, that must be said."

All laughed at him, and went to bed after their supper.

Meanwhile, at this very hour a tall peasant was walking rapidly, with a bundle on his back and a long stick in his hand, along the highway toward T—.

It was Garassim. He was hastening, without looking back, to his home, to his village. After he had drowned Mou-mou he went for a moment to his room, wrapped up a few of his things in an old horse-blanket, threw the bundle over his shoulder and disappeared. He had closely observed the road when he was brought to Moscow: the village from which he had come was only about five or six miles from the highway. He strode along with a fierce energy, in a state of calm, desperate determination. His breast was bare, his look full of expectation and fixed upon the distance.

He hastened as if his mother were awaiting him, were calling to him so far away, so long unheard from.

The night was still and warm. On one side, toward the west, the sky was still lit and tinged with the faint red of the departing day: on the other already appeared the dim gray of dawn. The night wore on. Hundreds of watchdogs were barking in every direction. Garassim could not hear them, nor yet the low nocturnal murmuring of the trees past which his stout legs were carrying him, but he perceived the familiar odor of the ripening rye which swept toward him from the dark fields; he felt the breeze fanning his face, playing with his hair and beard, reminding him of home; he saw the road, the road home, straight as an arrow, like a white line before him; he saw the countless stars shining down upon his path, and stepped on as boldly as a lion, so that by sunrise Moscow lay already some twenty miles behind this stout walker.

Two days after this he was at home, in his hut, to the great surprise of a soldier's wife who had been placed in possession of it. After he had offered a prayer before the images of the saints, he went to the overseer. The latter was at first somewhat surprised to see him, but haying had just begun: they put a scythe in his hand at once, and he began mowing again in his old fashion—a mowing that it frightened the peasants to see, such was the swing of his scythe.

Meanwhile he had been missed in Moscow on the very day after his flight. They had gone into his room, turned everything over and given information to Gavriilo. He came, looked at everything, shrugged his shoulders, and said the mute had either run away or drowned himself with his dog. Notice was given to the police, and her ladyship was told. She became angry, lamented, ordered him to be brought back at any price, vowed that she had never ordered the dog to be killed, and finally gave Gavriilo such a scolding that he shook his head all day and said nothing but "Hum! hum!" until Uncle Strunk brought him to his senses by a significant "We—ll." Finally, the news reached them of Garassim's return to the village, and her ladyship was somewhat consoled: at first she wanted to command that he be brought back to Moscow without delay, but she after-

ward declared she wanted to have nothing more to do with such an ungrateful man. Moreover, she died soon after, and the heirs not only did not trouble themselves about Garassim, but they also set free the rest of the servants of their venerable mother in favor of the crown.

Garassim still lives in his lonely hut: he is as strong and healthy as ever, still does the work of four, is still calm and serious. But the neighbors have noticed that since his return from Moscow he has avoided women—in fact, that he never so much as looks at a girl, and that he does not keep any dog. "It's lucky for him," say the peasants, "that he doesn't need a wife; and as for a dog, what does he want with a dog? No thief would dare to break into his house." Such is the fear of the mute's great strength!

IVAN TOORGENEV.

THE JEW'S FAITH.

IN the old days, in Alexandria, dwelt
 Nicanor, a self-sacrificing Jew,
 Who honestly in every matter dealt,
 Until his spreading tree of fortune grew
 Beyond the small dwarfed stature of his needs,
 And each bent bough bore reproducing seeds.

And then, like him who walking up the way
 Turns round to question him that comes behind,
 He turned toward his heart and asked one day,
 "What shall I make my duty? Fixed, my mind
 Demands its aim must now be understood,
 For every man should live for some set good."

Thereto his heart made answer: "Lips are fair:
 Make two vast doors for lips, and go with them,
 And hinge them on the Temple's mouth, that there
 They long may name thee to Jerusalem:
 With lily-work and palm thy doors be made,
 And both with beaten copper overlaid."

In time the lips were wrought, and, with much gain,
He stowed them on a bark, and sailed away;
And saw the land fade forth from off the main,
While 'neath the sun the rippled waters lay
Like the great roof that Solomon of old
Built on the Temple, spiked with goodly gold.

When certain days flew west a storm came up,
And night was like a black and fearful cave
Where Powers of Awe held banquet: as cloud-cup
Struck waved cloud-cup, the clash deep thunder gave,
And spilled the wine of rain. The thrilling gloom
Was filled with loud though unseen wings of doom.

Then said the master of the worried keel:
"Vile Jew, thy doors are heavy: they must go!"
Nicanor cried, "Here, at thy feet, I kneel,
And crave of thee to spare them. I will throw
My goods away and gold, my proof of thrift;
But spare the doors, to God my humble gift.

Despise me not; for he who scorns a Jew
Without just cause, himself shall be despised."
Thereat his gains he gathered up and threw
Into the sea, till all were sacrificed
Except his gift; but still the Pan-like blast
Piped on the reed of each divested mast.

Up spoke the sailors to their master dark:
"We late made mention to our gods of this,
And they require we shall unload the bark
Of the vile Jew and all that may be his."
As the dread judgment meek Nicanor heard,
He radiantly smiled, but said no word.

Then in the deep the lofty doors were thrown.
Nicanor prayed, "I put my trust in Thee!"
And sprang out to the storm, and scaled alone,
'Gainst Death, the unceasing rampart of the sea.
He sank and rose; but, going down once more,
His wandering hand seized on a drifting door.

Dripping and weak, he crawled upon his float,
And heard the cry go past, "The ship is lost!"
Then shrieks, death-ended. Swords of storm that smote
Were now soon sheathed, while flags of foam that tossed
Were furled in peace, and good Nicanor found
The lip there kissed the sweet and certain ground.

A cape ran out, a long rock-sinewed arm
That buffeted the sea, and this had caught
The Jew and both his doors; and, free of harm,
He stood in dawn's gray surf. Stout help he brought,

And passing safely inland far and fast,
The gifts were on the Temple hinged at last.

Long centuries succeed, and Herod, king,
Rose to rebuild the Temple. For rough stone,
He reared stone snow, white marble. Each pure thing
He beautified. Nicanor's doors alone
Were left. "These," said the wise high-priests, "shall be
For a memorial of piety."

Danger ennobles duty simply done,
And is a test wherein is cast for proof
The ore of faith. There comes no fear to one
Whose faith is true, for though upon that roof
Where only Christ of flesh has firmly trod,
He stands on rock who puts his trust in God.

HENRY ABBEY.

A WESTERN NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

IT was the small hours of the night, and all well-regulated citizens were sleeping quietly in their beds. On the third floor of a dingy brick building, in the crowded portion of a busy Western city, three slaves of the lamp, each seated at a separate desk, with a flaring gas-light close before his eyes, were silently pursuing their tasks. The reader is introduced to the editorial-rooms of a flourishing morning newspaper, and these individuals (the managing editor having looked over the proofs of the leading articles and gone home) are engaged in their respective vocations. The sanctum consists of two apartments, one opening into the other, and the managing editor (who stands somewhat upon exclusiveness) being absent, the intermediate door is thrown open, to afford those who still remain at work the benefit of freer air and extended space for its circulation.

The one seated nearest the door of the outer room, and whom the visitor would first encounter, is the night editor. He is intently poring over a succession of closely-written diaphanous sheets of paper, the characters inscribed

on which, at first glance, appear to be cabalistic. They are Associated Press despatches, photographing, as it were, the varied doings of the world during the preceding twenty-four hours, and transmitted over the wires during the silent watches of the night to nearly every newspaper throughout the length and breadth of the land. Our night editor is now engaged in infusing life and soul into these fast-coming messages. One endless string of words, yet warm from the wires as they were flashed from San Francisco, occupies his attention. The United States mail steamer from China and Japan has just arrived at that port, and her budget of news has been hastily made up by the Press agent. To facilitate transmission, the smaller words are omitted, and paragraph after paragraph is run together without capitals or punctuation. In preparing this "copy" for the compositor, our night editor cuts each news item apart, pastes it on a piece of white paper to bring out the marks more clearly, writes in a sub-head, supplies omitted words, underscores capitals, corrects the orthography of proper nouns,

and, when the news is important, hastily writes a summarized account for insertion in the news column.

The second individual whom we beg to introduce to the reader is the city editor. An extensive fire has been raging in the oil region, which, defying all attempts of the city fire department to subdue, has communicated to an extensive wooden-ware factory, and the night is still illumined with the fierce flames. A large amount of property has been destroyed, and this is regarded as a first-class sensation for the morning issue. Twenty extra quires have been ordered upon the press, and the writer is driving his pencil with hurried strokes to get up a three-column report of the disaster.

The third of the trio sits surrounded with a pile of exchanges, which he cons rapidly over, and from which, ever and anon, he clips an extract. This individual is the commercial editor, and he is preparing to "throw himself" into some financial speculations, which a few hours later will be read over with interest by half the business-men of the place, and then instantly forgotten.

The work of these individuals is pursued in profound silence, which is only interrupted by the hasty scratching of pencils, some impatient change of posture as the writer petulantly seeks some appropriate word which persistently eludes his memory, or as, ever and anon, one dashes across the room to place another installment of manuscript in the copy-box, and whistles through the speaking-tube to the devil on the floor above, who hauls it up and hands it to the foreman. This functionary, who has grown ascetic by long service, spreads the loosely-scrawled sheets on the stone before him, and with an unflinching oburgation on the "long-windedness" of the several writers, proceeds to divide the copy into "takes" for each compositor, and then hangs it on its appropriate hook.

At length the various church clocks sound through the stillness of the night the hour of three. At this signal the harsh voice of the foreman is heard

through the speaking-tube, intimating that no more copy will be received. Thus admonished, our triumvirate dash off a few concluding scratches, and, making a simultaneous dive to the copy-box, deposit the hasty winding up of their several effusions. An interval of half an hour is now afforded them, until their matter is set up and the proofs sent down to them for correction. This interval they fill up by lighting their well-used meerschams and drawing round the fire to exchange a few ideas.

"Do you know," broke in Mr. Strong, the commercial editor, "that I regard ourselves as a set of unmitigated fools?"

"Any man is a fool," yawned the night editor in reply, "who is contented to wear out his life in a newspaper office, while an honest vocation is open to him elsewhere."

"Hinney," exclaimed Mr. Strong, slapping the local editor upon the knee, which aroused him from his exhaustion and brought him to a sudden upright position—"Hinney, what do you say to starting a penny paper of our own?"

The gentleman thus abruptly addressed was familiarly called Hinney by his friends, but in the City Directory and on the superscriptions of his letters his name appeared as Hinsdale.

In his soporific condition this suggestion did not seem to strike the local editor very favorably, for after a few puffs at his meerscham he settled back in his former position and significantly inquired where the money was to come from.

The commercial editor thought that would not present much difficulty. They could have the press-work done at a job-office, and a great sum of money would not be required to buy type and other necessary material. A number of the most successful journals, whose proprietors are now deriving handsome incomes from their profits, started from small beginnings. Large, high-priced papers, with heavy editorials and voluminous correspondence, do well enough for professional men and the business community, but the working class, the

great mass of the people, are never reached by such journals.

"Here in Clydeville," pursued Mr. Strong, "a field is open to us which is entirely unoccupied. Workingmen are agitating for a change in our social and political affairs, and an organ started in their interest, and made *newsy*, piquant and attractive, would beat the other city papers in circulation in less than six months."

Mr. Hinsdale thought that all the money that could be made out of the circulation of a penny paper would not afford very extravagant salaries.

But Mr. Strong entertained more sanguine views. "Here's a town," argued he, "of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and the adjacent country contains as many more. The three papers published in Clydeville are all paying their owners high profits, and one-half the reading community are not reached by them. The newspaper business is a monopoly here: a little wholesome competition is wanted to infuse life into the trade. A cheap paper is the thing. The business community will welcome it as affording a cheaper medium for advertising; and if Davenport," making an inclination of his head to the night editor, "puts in a few of his radical ideas on social reform, we shall gain the sympathy of the entire working class, and thus have two good legs to stand upon."

Mr. Strong was an old resident of Clydeville and an experienced journalist. His favorable presentation of the case seemed to impress both of his hearers. But little more was said upon the subject that night, however, as their daily experience admonished them that no more hazardous business could be ventured upon than starting a new paper; and their proofs coming down shortly after, with an injunction from the foreman "to hurry up" or he would miss the mails, they set themselves to correct the errors of the types, and then departed for their several homes.

But the subject was reverted to again and again. The salaries paid these editors were insufficient to support their

families in comfort, and they chafed under the stern despotism which kept them slaving at their desks. Mr. Davenport was an enthusiastic advocate of co-operation, and many of his articles which appeared in the *Reflector* demonstrated with great force of argument that the worst evils which afflict our social system are due to the unequal distribution of the awards of industry, and that this inequality is mainly the result of our defective wages system. These views, dwelt upon and illustrated in their nocturnal colloquies, seemed a standing condemnation of the position they held.

The principal owner of the *Reflector* establishment was a man of ambitious views, lived in costly style, and in his demeanor toward his subordinates rendered offensively apparent the different estimate he placed upon money and brains. To support his expensive *ménage* a constant drain was made upon the profits of the business, and this necessitated keeping down expenses to the lowest minimum. Editorial services he regarded as an article of merchandise which he was justified in buying in the cheapest market: a constant and irritating supervision was kept over the wages-book, and neither editor nor attaché could ever enjoy the feeling that his faithful services were appreciated or regard his position as secure. A mechanic, perhaps, may plane a board or nail on a horseshoe even if he has the feeling that his relations are not fairly adjusted; but a man following an intellectual pursuit, and discussing daily, as a newspaper editor is called upon to do, the various social and industrial subjects which occupy the public mind, cannot write freely and ably and do justice to his own powers when the very arguments he seeks to enforce oppress his mind with a sense of his false position, and when the tyranny to which he is constrained to submit eats like a canker into his soul. Mr. Hinsdale, one of the most indefatigable and cheerful of mortals, who had acquired in military service the habit of submitting to all that was imposed upon him without

murmur or inquiry, was frequently led to exclaim, as these grievances were passed in review, "I am willing to work early and late if my services are only appreciated; but to be the hired fag of another, who regards me as a mere intellectual machine, deprives me of all incentive to exertion."

With this unceasing stimulus to emancipate themselves from their present unsatisfactory position, our editors were led to prosecute, in spite of every discouragement, the project which they regarded so favorably. But before any step was taken it was deemed important to first ascertain the state of public feeling. Mr. Strong, being in daily intercourse with a number of the business-men, ventured to drop a hint to several in regard to the proposed adventure. The majority welcomed the idea. Much dissatisfaction was expressed at the treatment they received from the other journals, and they believed that a new competitor in the field would bring the present owners to a sense of moderation and incline them to greater civility. Mr. Davenport put himself in communication with the presidents of the various trades unions, to engage their interest in behalf of the new paper and learn what support could be depended upon from the working class. All spoke encouragingly. An organ advocating the labor interest had long been wanted in Clydeville, and if the projectors proposed to discuss fairly and intelligently such topics as concerned this class, they might depend upon having nearly every workingman in town for a subscriber.

These evidences were accepted as assuring success to the adventure. The next subject of inquiry was, What amount of money would be needed, and what sum could they raise amongst themselves? There were two job printers in Clydeville who possessed facilities for doing their work, and Mr. Strong was appointed a committee of one to call upon these tradesmen and learn upon what terms they would print the paper, and what amount of stock they would subscribe for. An interview with these parties resulted favorably for the wishes

of our journalists. One of these printing-houses, owned by the Messrs. Nixon Bros., could furnish counting-house and editorial-room on the second floor, with an upper apartment for composition, would do the press-work at a reasonable rate, and would take one thousand dollars in stock, to be paid for in labor. Their printing-press was but a single cylinder, but it was said to have a capacity for fifteen hundred copies an hour. As they had decided upon publishing an evening paper, it was thought that by running off a heavy first edition at one o'clock, they could get out their second edition for down-town subscribers in proper time.

An estimate was then made of the amount of capital required. A sheet a trifle smaller than the New York *Sun*, with seven columns to the page, was decided upon—the price twelve cents a week. To purchase type, cases and stands, galleys, proof-press and the necessary outfit of a printing-office, would require fifteen hundred dollars; account-books and furniture for editorial-room two hundred dollars more. Four thousand dollars, it was thought, would be a safe capital to start with. This amount of money they then proceeded to raise. Mr. Strong had no capital of his own to put in, but a friend came forward with one thousand dollars; Mr. Hinsdale could furnish five hundred dollars; Mr. Davenport an equal amount. This being the extent of their available means, the Messrs. Nixon secured the co-operation of a wealthy manufacturer, who consented to put in fifteen hundred dollars, on condition that a fair amount of advertising be done for him gratis as a consideration for the risk he incurred.

Sufficient capital being thus secured, a charter of incorporation was obtained under the style and title of "*The Transcript Printing Co.*," and canvassers were set to work to obtain advertising patronage and subscribers. A few days' canvassing showed that subscribers could be gained almost for the mere asking, for in less than two weeks upward of two thousand names were

brought in, and subscriptions were received at the office at the rate of fifty a day. But the work of procuring advertising did not progress so satisfactorily. Merchants seemed chary of entering into contracts at any rates. They pleaded dull times; a number had already made their contracts for the season, and several of the heaviest firms had lost faith in advertising, and had adopted the practice of giving their customers the benefit of the money they had hitherto paid to newspapers, by a corresponding reduction in the price of their goods. This rather defeated the calculations of our newspaper aspirants, but in discussing the matter they found no ground for discouragement. They would have to show merchants what they were doing: as soon as they could convince them that they were giving them a wider circulation than the other papers, there would be no trouble in getting all the advertising they wanted. Three thousand five hundred copies would be printed for the first issue, and no effort had yet been made to get a mail circulation. Hundreds in town, also, withheld their names until the paper appeared, and it was reasonable to suppose, from the lively interest so generally manifested in their enterprise, that in a few weeks their circulation would be doubled.

But now another serious obstacle stood in their way: they were refused the franchise of the Associated Press. The reader has possibly seen a number of denunciatory articles in the *New York Herald*, *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times* and other journals condemning this association as a close monopoly, which deprives the public of whatever benefit might be derived from free competition in newspapers to subserve the interest of a few grasping individuals. The writer will express no opinion on the merits of the case, since strong arguments may be advanced on both sides. Mercantile success is best promoted by leaving the field open to free competition. Those who engage in a business in excess of the existing demand, finding the pursuit unremunerative, will soon

be reduced to draw out. In the instance under discussion, by withholding the franchise the public interest was clearly sacrificed for the benefit of a few newspaper proprietors. During the preceding ten years the number of newspapers had not increased in Clydeville, notwithstanding that the population had doubled in the mean time, and that the demand for a daily paper had become more general since the excitement produced by the war. But in some other cities the reverse of this condition exists. Numerous cities and towns in the Western States might be singled out where the inhabitants cannot obtain a good local paper from the fact that too great competition exists. Take a city of forty thousand inhabitants, and allow six daily papers to put in equal claims to patronage, and the business is so divided up that a good paper cannot be afforded. Here the restrictions imposed by the Associated Press would be of great advantage to both publishers and readers, and the necessity of some such protection having shown itself, local Press Associations are now being formed in these new cities with a view to shut out future aspirants.

The Press despatches being refused, it was resolved to make a present shift by taking them from the columns of their contemporaries. This placed them at a great disadvantage, as it would throw them twenty minutes behind their rivals in getting on the street. It would be also injurious to the standing of the *Transcript*, since a newspaper deprived of telegraphic facilities, and furnishing no original despatches to its readers, can lay no claims to enterprise. But the public interest in the undertaking was so unmistakable, and encouragement poured in on the editors so liberally from all sides, that they did not stop to weigh difficulties. To get once started was their great object, and when the road was struck out they were willing to trust to their own energy and perseverance to keep the way clear.

Placards were posted throughout the city that on a given day in April a cheap and popular evening paper would be

published, containing all the latest news, and advocating in ably written original articles the cause of labor and popular rights. The performance of a great deal more was promised, of course, which it is not necessary to repeat here. Our editors were all capable journalists, knew exactly what the public taste required, and could write smoothly and forcibly on all current topics, but, by a singular fatality, all were without experience in the business management of a paper. To this simple fact is due the disastrous failure of their enterprise. As editors, they supposed that if they performed their part well, a demand would be created for the paper, and that a good circulation would naturally attract advertising. Patronage being thus obtained, it would require but ordinary business management to render the thing a success. Holding these views, they engaged no competent business-man. Mr. Strong was appointed president, one of the Messrs. Nixon treasurer, and one bookkeeper was to keep the accounts of the job printing-house and the newspaper. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the projectors then thought they were ready to go to work.

At length the afternoon announced for publication arrived, and the press-room door was besieged with all the ragged urchins in town, anxious to get papers. But, by some miscalculation on the part of the foreman, the forms were two hours late for the press. Every line had to be set up, the type was new and dazzled the eyes of the printers, the foreman was unused to his duties, having been taken from a case, and the various machinery had not yet got into running order. When, after a great amount of hurry and vexation, the forms were at length laid on the press, it was found that its capacity had been greatly overstated. By the time the first sheet was struck off it was five o'clock, and it would be dark by half-past six. Twenty carriers were waiting for their papers, all having large routes and the places yet to find, and the clamorous shrieks of the peddlers outside were perfectly deaf-

ening. It was thought best to sell a few hundreds on the street first, and twenty quires were struck off for the peddlers. But this, instead of satisfying them, only seemed to render them more vociferous. The paper was in demand by all who saw it, and the press could not throw off sheets fast enough to meet the sale.

But here the city circulator put in his veto. It wanted but half an hour of dark, and upward of two thousand papers were required for his boys. Clearly it was a hopeless task to attempt to reach subscribers that evening. The best plan would have been to sell to the peddlers all they wanted, and apologize to their subscribers for unavoidable delays. But the effect of this was feared. A large number had given up other papers to take the *Transcript*, and to disappoint them the first day would look bad. Make the attempt any way, some could be reached, and to serve a portion was better than to fail altogether. It was past seven o'clock before the boys all got off: they could not find their subscribers' houses, and, abandoning the task in disgust, they carried the papers home. Of the two thousand copies given to the carriers for distribution, not two hundred reached the subscribers.

The object of our editors' ambition was now accomplished, and their paper was fairly on the way. But, to their dismay, they found that this, instead of putting an end to their troubles, only plunged them in worse perplexities. Having but few advertisements standing, not more than five or six columns, there was a large amount of matter to be set every day, and a good share of this had to be culled from exchanges; and as yet they had no exchange-list. A copy of their first number had been sent to every better-class paper in all the principal cities, with a printed circular requesting an exchange, but very few, not more than half a dozen, had responded. To make up a paper, exchanges must be had: they were as necessary as daily food, and until the want was supplied the *Reflector*, exchanges, one day old, had to be re-

sorted to. By persistent solicitation, and paying the difference of subscription, they at length got together a small number of exchanges; but this was always a weak point in their machinery, and the freshness and variety of their columns were seriously affected in consequence.

Then, having so much type to set, and having to wait for their afternoon despatches, they were always late in going to press; and the press proving slow and unreliable, having a chronic infirmity for breaking down at the most trying moments, the effort to get the paper out fevered their blood every day with excitement, and amounted almost to a protracted death-struggle.

Orders for the paper continued to pour in unsolicited, and an average of seventy-five a day was registered. But this steady accession of business only added to their perplexities by showing how utterly inadequate had been their preparations. A few days' indulgence of irregularities was asked for and accorded by their subscribers, but when a reasonable time expired, and the delivery remained in as chaotic a condition as ever, the public began to lose patience and hundreds gave up the paper. This was a serious loss of *prestige*: it seemed as if our experienced journalists did not know their business. But the difficulty was a serious one, and indeed was never fairly remedied. Between two and three thousand names had been brought in by canvassers, written in all styles of calligraphy, and many addresses were incorrectly given. These had been copied into the office-register, hurriedly and at intervals, by whosoever could find an hour to devote to the task. From this register the city circulator made up his routes, and in hundreds of cases he would give names to the wrong carrier, from his not knowing upon what route a certain street number would fall. These subscribers were not called upon. In transcribing, too, many names were inadvertently dropped, as there was no time to compare the various copies; and a number more were so corrupted in transcription

that the owners themselves would not have recognized them for their own. Complaints came in as numerous as fresh orders, all of them were entered on the complaint-book, and every day Mr. Prosser, the city circulator, had these accumulating evidences laid before him of the unsatisfactory manner in which his work was done. All referred to this perplexed individual to remedy this disastrous state of things, but the truth is, the correction lay beyond his power. He was daily driven by his duties, and he had not time, if he had the administrative ability, to make another fair start from the beginning. His carriers all went to school, and when they presented themselves at four o'clock to receive and fold their papers, he was so occupied in counting out their routes and folding for the peddlers, and there was such an incessant clamor among the boys who should be served first, that there were no possible means afforded him of having the mistakes adjusted.

The result of such a condition was shown at the end of the first fortnight, when the collectors went round for payment. The report brought into the office was truly alarming. Several hundred had never been called on, and were now taking some other paper: a large proportion had received from two to six copies, and would pay for no more than had been left, and of these a great number threatened to discontinue unless they could be served earlier. Not more than one-fourth the sum was paid in that was due for papers issued.

The report from the advertising solicitor also was no whit more satisfactory. Wholesale merchants would not listen to him, because their customers lay mostly outside the city, and the *Evening Transcript*, having no mail circulation, would not reach them. Retail dealers would not take hold, because a suspicion was becoming general that all was not right in the management. A good canvasser, no doubt, could have combated most of these objections, and have won the ears of the advertising class by judiciously magnifying the extent of the demand made

upon the facilities provided by the publishers for their business. But the great misfortune of these latter lay in the fact that in no department could they procure first-class talent. Every newspaper *attaché* in the city wished well to the enterprise, and was only waiting to see its success demonstrated to incline him to accept an engagement. But they all hesitated to give up reliable employment and commit their fortunes to an undertaking known to be financially weak. In a Western city unemployed newspaper talent is not to be picked up in the street, and the publishers had to put up with the best men that came to hand. The sequel proved these to be poor enough.

The management of the paper was committed to a board of directors who sat once a week. At its second weekly meeting this untoward state of affairs was seriously discussed. An informal exhibit was rendered by the secretary, of which a mere generalization will answer the reader's purpose. Starting with two thousand five hundred subscribers and a daily sale of one thousand on the street, the names of eight hundred subscribers had since been registered. The editorial management of the paper was favorably spoken of, and an assured success was before them if they could so extend their facilities as to meet the demand made upon them. To do this a faster press was indispensable, and some arrangement made with the Associated Press whereby they could obtain despatches. Pecuniarily, the showing was unsatisfactory. Their weekly expenditure (paper bills included) exceeded six hundred dollars, and their receipts were insignificant. With a better system of delivery the circulation might be made to pay the cost of the paper and press-work, but the revenue mainly to be looked to must be derived from advertising. A more capable solicitor was wanted, more clerical help, and an increased reserve-fund in the bank.

The matter looked serious. The extent of business, and consequent drain of capital, had already far outgrown our editors' calculations; and the sum of

money required to carry the enterprise through to success was so considerable in amount that they now awoke to the truth that they had an elephant on their hands. To abandon the undertaking was out of the question: more money must be raised, and that right speedily. The Messrs. Nixon and their friend the manufacturer were willing to double their stock, and the three editors were looked to to duplicate theirs. This would furnish four thousand five hundred dollars more, and it was deemed that with judicious management this sum would carry them through. It was further proposed that a double-cylinder press be purchased, and some arrangement made with the other city papers to rent the Press despatches for a given term of years. These suggestions being put to the meeting in the form of resolutions, were unanimously adopted, and a committee appointed to carry them into execution. It may be mentioned that our editors being unable to meet this pecuniary demand, Mr. Strong was so far successful as to induce an enterprising bank-officer to invest two thousand dollars in the enterprise, and this contribution was readily accepted, the influence of this gentleman's name being regarded as a valuable acquisition.

The money being paid in, a press was purchased and put up, the use of the Press despatches for one year, with the privilege of renewal, negotiated for the consideration of seventy dollars a week, and two youths were hired to assist in better ordering the circulation. This took some little time, of course, and the business had dragged along disastrously in the mean while; but now a grand flourish of trumpets was made through their columns of increasing success, an appeal made to advertisers to avail themselves of so useful a medium, and a promise made to subscribers that they should be annoyed by no more irregularities.

But our editors soon found that their difficulties were not overcome. With increased expenses they could gain no corresponding addition to their revenue. A new solicitor was tried who came to

them with the highest testimonials of ability, but he being taken sick soon after his engagement, the early summer months were allowed to pass without their being represented upon the street, and when he recovered health the business season was over. This want of outside success seriously deranged the internal mechanism of the establishment. The brisk men of business who hold commerce with the world, and interpose a screen as it were between the garish day and the secluded laboratory of thought, were not at their posts, and upon our unhappy editors was imposed the task of attending to twofold duties.

The one great deficiency that plagued them was the want of a chief. Everything went at loose ends. Waste and mismanagement and irregularity pervaded every department. In the news-room order was not enforced, material was wasted and punctuality was a virtue unknown. This condition of things was repeated in the press-room: mails were repeatedly missed, there was waste in feeding the press, and two entire issues were lost through the neglect of the pressman to cast new rollers. This derangement pervaded the counting-room also. Through an imperfect system of keeping accounts, the cashier had no check upon the issue of printed sheets or the paying in of collections, and when a month's business was footed up the disparity between the number of quires sent into the press-room and the number that could be accounted for filled the minds of all with bewilderment and alarm.

Our editors, working amid such interruptions and causes of disquietude, could not do justice to their columns. They lost confidence in their own powers. Too much attention was bestowed upon editorial articles, it was thought: people wanted *news*—they did not care for disquisitions. Their effort to win the good-will of the working class, too, was deemed a mistake, since the patronage of such persons could never support any paper. Their endeavors should be devoted to gain the interest of the business community, and their advocacy

of co-operation and hostility to the wages system was the very way to make this class their enemies.

Poor Mr. Davenport, the ambition of whose life had been to gain the control of a journal through whose columns he might daily appeal to his oppressed fellow-laborers to emancipate themselves from the thralldom of capital, now found that while his cogent reasoning and widely-gathered facts had led his artisan readers to no visible movement, his advocacy of the sublime truths of universal justice and equity had gone nigh to ruin the business prospects of his paper. And still further to confuse him, while he was searching the social life of France, England and Germany to prove that associated workmen could successfully conduct business enterprises, the heroic effort made by himself and colleagues to escape the domination of a master was in imminent danger of coming to grief from the sole want of one controlling mind to hold all faithfully to their duties.

These troubles were discussed at the weekly meetings of the board, and their legislative powers were exhausted in the endeavor to provide a remedy. Various views were expressed. Mr. Strong believed that the want of growth in the paper was because, editorially, it had not force enough. They wanted special despatches from half a dozen principal cities, fuller market reports and plenty of spicy correspondence: there was not variety enough to suit all tastes, and to this their want of success was due. Others contended if with their present outlay they were running behind two hundred dollars a week, they could not expect to improve the matter if they added indefinitely to their expenses. Mr. Watson, the manufacturer, observed that, as he understood it, their main object was not to publish a strong paper, but to make a dividend upon capital invested. This word, spoken in good season, suggested another plan of proceedings. Mr. Nixon thought it would be better to make haste slowly. The paper wanted age, and its growth could not be forced. To build up a

successful paper in a few months was a thing utterly impossible: they must bide their time, and gain recognition by dint of diligence and long waiting. To live through this trying period, instead of increasing expenses, they must, as far as possible, reduce them. They were giving altogether too much reading-matter: they were publishing a better paper than they could afford. At the present rate their money would all be gone before Christmas, and it was doubtful whether any of the stockholders had sufficient confidence in the concern to throw in more money.

These views were generally approved, and the question of reducing expenses being put in the form of a resolution, it was unanimously adopted. In carrying this out, the telegraph subsidy was cut off, and the former practice of stealing the news from their contemporaries again resorted to. To reduce composition bills, Mr. Strong was instructed to obtain three or four columns of cheap advertising, and have them stand until others more remunerative could be obtained. Mr. Davenport, who had been filling the position of managing editor, was taken off the staff, and the charge of the city circulation assigned to him. Mr. Prosser went to a case. Further, the editors were to draw but just sufficient to buy necessities for their families, the remainder of their salaries to be placed to their credit. With these savings, it was thought that their earnings and expenditures might be made more closely to approximate.

But the process of depletion went on. The withdrawal of the Associated Press subsidy affording their rivals too clear an insight into their condition, one journal commenced the gratuitous distribution of several hundred sheets daily, with a view to withdraw their subscribers. The business of editing, too, being done by haphazard, a great falling off was apparent. A number of the editorials were hastily revamped from other papers; the news collected lost in variety and freshness; and in consequence of various hands being engaged, many clipped articles were repeated. One wolf-story,

which related a tragic incident in the south of France, was actually published three times. As an unavoidable result, the subscription fell off still farther. Not that there was any pecuniary loss in this, for the circulation had never more than paid for the white paper, but it extinguished their hopes of maturing into success and influence.

Facilis descensus Averni, and the journalists were compelled to descend another round. Since the business community and the working class would not support their enterprise, they were reduced to go to the politicians for aid. The nominating conventions being then about to select their candidates, it was communicated to the party wirepullers that the columns of the *Evening Transcript* were up for sale. This venality was only resorted to in the desperate effort to preserve life, and before the disgraceful expedient was resolved upon the danger attending such a course was very clearly foreseen. The editors had pledged themselves to hold an independent position in politics, their object being to furnish a *good newspaper* to all classes, and to advocate social and industrial reform. The strife over the nomination for member of Congress was very bitter, and a friend of the bank-officer who held stock in the paper being one of the contestants, the *Evening Transcript* pitched headlong into the strife in this gentleman's interest. After an acrimonious contest, wherein the venality of a so-called workingman's organ advocating bank monopolists and the bondholding interest was scathingly denounced, they had the mortification of seeing their aspirant rejected. This was their *coup de grace*. A large proportion of their remaining subscribers, who professed themselves averse to politics, and had held to the *Transcript* through all its fortunes, now fell off in disgust. To prolong publication was seen to be a hopeless task. Yet they died hard. Several well-known journalists were appealed to, and assistance sought from various social and other reformatory societies, but the cold charity of the world had no hand to ex-

tend toward them. In the mean time, debt was pressing, and as their revenue had dwindled down to a very trifling sum, it was evident the longer they continued publication the more their principal would become absorbed. In this dilemma the proprietor of the *Reflector* came over to them. The three journalists he would take back into his employ, and for their circulation he made them a liberal offer. Heartily sick as our journalists were of the anxieties of their present position, this sudden offer of a return to their former employment, with a certain income assured them, seemed like a return to Paradise. The publication of the paper was continued without any visible change, while a great saving of expense was effected by using

the matter that appeared in the *Reflector* in the morning to fill the columns of the *Transcript* in the afternoon. Our defeated journalists, restored to their former positions, during their nocturnal conferences while awaiting their last proofs, derive unfailing interest from the discussion of their abortive attempt; and it is still an open question with them whether, if their affairs had been skillfully managed, the result might not have been different.

FREDERIC LOCKLEY.

[NOTE.—It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that, with the exception of the proper names, nothing in the foregoing article is fictitious.—ED.]

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

WHEN I was fifteen years old, with an appetite for books that could have eaten all the world up, I followed the immemorial custom of young ambition and wrote to the family scribe for a course of reading. My cousin Matilda gave for answer the time-honored formula: History of my own times, going backward, with a long list of uncompromising narrators, from Macaulay and Bancroft up to Plutarch and Tacitus, inclusive. After grappling with these in succession, I might have the consciousness of being tolerably well read in the affairs of nations. Next, the whole circle of Belles Lettres, commencing with Shakespeare as the foundation of all good taste, and letting idle stories alone, because they distracted the attention. Bringing up the rear of this formidable list was *Swedenborg*, more as if distraught and because she loved him than with any hope that her acolyte, flushed with the pride of life, would go down into the catacombs with him. *Swedenborg*, she said, was not readable

except with a severe exercise of thought. "It may happen at first reading his books will be obscure to your apprehension. Then lay them by: you will be capable of them as you grow older. Indeed, your mind will hardly embrace them before you are twenty."

I should not have been here now if I had tamely followed out that scheme of culture. But nobody ever does. Certain that she had failed to appreciate the maturity of my intellectual powers, of course you know what I did—took no rest by day or night until possessed of the only book of *Swedenborg's* within reach, a compendium of his works, and, neglecting the long line of illustrious authors, commenced, in Hebrew-wise, at the end.

Perhaps Fatima shut the door of the bloody closet with more celerity than I the lids of the compendium after that nefarious attempt on the mysteries of *Swedenborg*, but I am slow to believe it. For any appeal to my spiritual intelligence, it might as well have been

written in Coptic, because, in common with all healthy organisms at that age, I had it not—not an atom, notwithstanding I fed a self-mocking sadness on Shelley and the cadaverous poets, and fancied moments of exaltation. Contemporaneous school-girls even called me "deep," and my intimate friend laid her head on the same pillow with me, and we went to sleep prating of Hegel and Schlegel. But to my understanding this book was simply shocking, and the spiritual eyes were closed to its sense.

I read of the virgins in heaven, who sleep in dormitories, with rows of little white-curtained beds in alcoves, whose spotless purity it is their greatest ambition to preserve, keeping their chests of drawers in order, employed in needlework, embroidering nosegays on linen and cultivating miniature gardens, sometimes rejoicing over a new dress for holidays, sometimes visited and examined by preachers, and guarded from everlasting to everlasting by a married female. This, then, was the fate of girls who die young—to be immured in a German *pensionnat*! With memory still fresh of three months at boarding-school, it made me sick, as with that awful homesickness when through those long winter nights, too miserable to sleep, I lay in my narrow bed revolving the various feasible modes of suicide until the five o'clock bell called the holy sisters to matins and me to another day of wretchedness. Too well I remembered that chill white coverlid, as with frozen fingers I hastily threw it over the bed, and proceeded, with dress held together behind by a single hook, to join the crowd of yawning, shivering girls streaming through the corridors down into the study. Nor did his little flower-plats allure me, for my horticultural experience too had been very discouraging. Roses turned to brambles, figs to thistles, and, in short, everything in the vegetable kingdom refused to grow for me. It might all be very good for Linnaeus, or for Swedenborg, who loved his simple life and Arcadian dishes, but to me it was hell, and I would none of it.

Then his abominable heresies on the Woman question! Some women are born with hearts full of insurrection against the womanly lot, and to read, "The wife is guided by instinct more than reason, and should be subject to her husband's prudence," that was the fly in the ointment, though all the rest had been sweet and sound. No: the same heaven would not hold Swedenborg and me. His was dull and gloomy as a penitentiary workshop. Its skies were leaden, its trees sapless and its flowers gutta serena. It violated the sanctity of each human soul, not one of which is like another.

There was something more dreary yet than heaven—his planetary landscapes. These were the dyspeptic dreams of which Emerson spoke. Mars, with its black-faced people, was a perfect nightmare, and the volcanic moon, with its hollow-sounding pigmies, was Byron's "Dream of Darkness" in prose. Upon Jupiter, the most favored planet of our system, life was a dull pastoral. The men of Mercury roved the universe, and that coincidence seemed as startling as the South American birds talking English. Those upon Jupiter, whose heads turned upon pivots, laughed at the hideous, malformed animal, man.

But what were the planets to me, or I to the planets? The truth was, that though I had seen Rich's sketch, knew Emerson's essay by heart, and admired Wilkinson enough to pique my curiosity, the inscrutable old seer would not give up his secret to a sciolist like me. So, dubbing him an old Turk and materialist, I put him away, thereby taking from my mother's heart a great load of anxiety for my baptismal vows and eternal welfare. *She* regarded the whim with the compassionate indulgence she might have felt for a morbid longing for pickles and slate-pencils. The younger members of the family, who secretly had little faith in my soundness of mind from poring over mysterious books and harboring certain eccentric opinions, had watched me closely, expecting some day to see me rave like Cassandra or go off into a cataleptic trance. But I

had seen no visions and dreamed no dreams. Reason remained firmly seated on her throne, and I came forth from the ordeal scathless, but profoundly ignorant of Swedenborg.

My twentieth birth-day came, but meantime I had fallen in love. A predatory intercourse was kept up with the rank and file of my curriculum, and Swedenborg was forgotten. The world rolled on. Each year the haunting star of death came to the meridian, and still the era of mysticism came not. Forgot was Swedenborg, forgot my dreams of Christ the Bridegroom and vestal service with Dr. Muhlenberg. A happy marriage had indefinitely postponed futurity for me, for truly the soul has its own times and seasons.

But suddenly the long-hoarded wrath of God burst upon me. Again I crossed the path of that deadly star that rides with darkness, that hath power to smite the earth with plagues as often as it will, and turn waters to blood. A summons like the blast of doom, and day was turned to night. In the solemn silence of that hour, imploring some sign that my dead still lived, I thought of Swedenborg and my stately cousin. She, alas! lay low in her grave, where long ago secret disappointment and sorrow had brought her. Majestic ghost! In that moment of reunion, after long grief and pain, remembering that capacious brain, that noiseless struggle with adversity and neglect, as of one born out of due time, among a race that knew her not, how bitterly did I turn from this world to the hope of recompense in another!

It was not enough that Paul said, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." Weak and staggering from the chamber of death, I snatched at the water-gruel held to me by orthodox ministers, and read books claiming to give Swedenborgian views of the future. They were full of baby-talk and unhealthy introspection. There was no strength in them—none, none.

Again I brought my broken cup to Swedenborg's immeasurable sea.

In what lay the comfort of Swedenborg to me? In his philosophy of Continuity, which he believed in with all his heart, and never for a moment forgot—in his assurance that this world is but the shadow and representation of another and better, or his philosophy of Correspondences.

When some child of promise, the prince of his house, perishes suddenly, and you take up your life from that hour, a dull, unfinished work, bereft of all motive—when the life which counts itself a failure comes to an end—when the man of thought departs with life at sunset and genius at the zenith, what does it mean? Why, To be Continued—that the sequel of this thrilling drama is to be found in another world. In the peculiar eloquence of Wilkinson, "Our introduction to the mineral, vegetable and animal worlds, to the air and the sun, is a friendship never to be dissolved. Stone and bird, wood and animal, are acquaintances which we meet with in the spiritual sphere, in our latest manhood or angelhood, equally as in the dawn of the senses, before the grave is gained." The child is a child still, and his education progresses.

"Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do thy large eyes behold me still?"

Swedenborg will not hear of sudden transitions, and the suicide who violates the etiquette of Nature serves out his term of probation in another sphere. As the man dies he is resuscitated. He set at naught the Church's brutish legend of a bodily resurrection, and showed forth, for the first time, the only true resurrection of a spiritual body at death. And he uttered this sublime tenet: "As the love is, so the man;" that is, the true, substantial body. The avaricious hangs around the scene of his earthly treasures with the instinct of a family cat. The idiosyncrasy of the sensualist is his causal form, and his features are resigned to that sole image in his mind. He is seen as a monster, with a retracted nose. Idiots and insane are so from the imperfections of the body, but at

death the true body is emancipated. Only the beautiful in soul are beautiful hereafter.

Our interior memory, with its ineffaceable record, is the book of life, opened at the judgment (that is, immediately after death). The first nine months of a human creature's life were esteemed by Coleridge to be the most important. But we drag the lengthening chain of hereditary influence after us, through we know not how many forgettings. We enter one chamber of existence after another, and each time the door shuts behind us. The babe is what its sorrowing mother has made it. We come into the world with the birth-mark of earthly passion upon us—live on, and still destiny and free-will struggle together for possession of us. Our unborn soul lies within us, and as our fate was once with our mother, so now "there is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time. Every love, every hate, forbearance, abnegation, pity, the spiritual body assimilates, and is bone of its bone, flesh of its flesh. Wisdom is an apparition—the angel face of beauty, corruption; but love is the soul itself, and can never die."

This is an outline of the spiritual body, with which the world at large is already familiar, for this feature of his religion has been expanded by new sects, books, lecturers, philosophers—all them that sell doves and traffic in the Holy Spirit. Let us do them the justice to say that some of their observations, midway between life and death, do not always seem barren. A noted clairvoyant, describing the spiritual resurrection, says: "Do not suffer the dying to rest upon feathers or cotton." Those who have seen one fall asleep without a murmur or struggle, and another give that last convulsive spasm of the features and heave that heartrending sigh that makes the mourner shriek aloud, can they afford to despise the admonition and call it materialism?

Swedenborg says this world is the shadow and representation of another: in Wilkinson's words, "The frame of the natural world works, moves and rests

obediently to a spiritual world, as a man's face to the mind within." This is his doctrine of Correspondences. A remoter application of the great law, which Swedenborg only hints, is this: For every intellectual fact there is an object as its projection. Take an axiom in physics: substitute for its nouns some abstract nouns of which they seem the symbols, and for its verbs, verbs expressive of corresponding subjective action, and the result is a moral axiom. Emerson calls this the science of sciences—true in transition, false if fixed—and there leaves us in the midst of a great unexplored speculation.

Let us try conclusions:

Heat melts wax.—*Objective.*

Fervor subdues indecision.—*Subjective.*

Resistance generates heat.—*Objective.*

Opposition kindles anger.—*Subjective.*

Or, the mountain-top reflects the first rays of the sun: the great mind anticipates a new idea. Or, the angles of incidence and reflection are equal: the atonement is proportioned to the sin. These are trite enough. Turn over the leaves of any poet for better illustrations by the score. This science of Correspondence is the soul of all poetry. Read the chambered nautilus for one such analogy, beaten out, I had almost said, into the most perfect poem ever written. This world is religion written in cipher: the poet interprets it, and is the priest of Swedenborg's philosophy. It is embodied in the stores of metaphor which poets have hived from Nature. In this department of his religion the most hackneyed simile has a post of honor along with the most comprehensive law of Nature. Constancy is typified in the recurring seasons, the hush in the midsummer storm mocking the tempestuous heart of man, or a lesson of life and hope in a curious psychological truth, which finds a mighty parallel in the likeness of rising and setting suns—

"Evening red and morning gray."

The sun sinking clear in a flood of ra-

dianciance predicts a dawn as clear. It is a fact well known among those who watch their own minds and cultivate the memory that the thought which engrosses us and sees us to bed wakes with us in the morning. It colors our dreams and stands sentinel over us all night. He who thinks beer will dream beer, and Shylock dreamed of money-bags. Then, to pursue that mental aphorism—

“Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns”—

when the sun goes down upon our wrath and passion rocks us to sleep, our slumber knows not refreshment, and as we lie down with darkness, so we rise with it. This is the Gospel as it was from the beginning.

Now rise to higher regions of speculation and view the analogy. Hamlet the Poet, reasoning after the manner of his class, fears the dreams that may come in the last slumber. Swedenborg the Seer, never forgetting his philosophy of Continuity, tells us that as a man dies, so he will be resuscitated: he wakes up with the same loves and propensities that saw him to sleep.

Plants delight in this symbolism. They masquerade the deadly sins and the virtues—plants whose roots strike deep with the sincerity of truth, and others shallow as falsehood; and more wondrous still, that saintly flower, the Santo Espiritu, or Flower of the Holy Ghost, formed in some hour of rapture by the prophetic Soul of the world, dreaming on things to come. When Wilhelm Meister picks up a piece of “cross-stone,” he soliloquizes: “Men rejoice when Nature produces a likeness to what they love and reverence. She then appears to us in the form of a sibyl, who has beforehand laid down a testimony of what had been determined from eternity and was not to be realized till late in time.”

There is a curious book called *Veg-etable Portraits*, written by Lazarus, an American Fourierite, which makes a study of these resemblances to character. Some of these analogies have much beauty, while others are capricious as

the *Young Ladies' Floral Dictionary*.

The mistletoe is a parasite; the grape, a symbol of friendship; cherries, groups of children; the peach, a rural beauty; and, quoting from his master Fourier, musk-melons are the types of sidereal systems. The stellar forms are foreshadowed in the aster family, whose ray-like petals resemble a sun. Refining still farther, he gives the meaning of colors. Orange is enthusiasm of numbers; yellow, paternity; red, ambition; white, unity; azure, love; green, industry—plainly, colors seen through Communist eyes. Then, a circle is friendship; ellipse, love; hyperbole, ambition; parabola, familism.

There may be more in this than you dream of. To some minds it is purely arbitrary: conic sections are conic sections still, and they are nothing more. If a glossary were made of Swedenborg's Correspondences it would appear irrational. Here are some at random: Flower, implantation; mountain, heaven; garden, wisdom; fish, science.

Lazarus makes a tree the image of a commonwealth: with Swedenborg a tree is perception. Again, a horse is understanding or intellectual power, and in the other world, *where objects are ideas and ideas are objects*, he presents a scene where, under certain mental agitation in a society of spirits, simultaneously a procession of horses passes by—something as fine, I imagine, as Bonheur's “Horse Fair.” Is a hippodrome to be the invariable accompaniment of mental exercise in heaven? To the uninspired mind the thought is decidedly uncomfortable, and, not to be frivolous, like the old woman with the pudding on her nose. Again we think of Emerson's words: False if fixed—true if transient.

Swedenborg had a constitutional hatred of alcohol, and made it one of his many synonyms of falsehood. It produced a false content and baseless self-satisfaction. Nevertheless, we know of later days that, like the fictitious membranes of bromine and the delirium of strychnine, its artificial warmth lays the nerves asleep and checks vital waste.

As starch is a vehicle for oils in alimentation, and turpentine for pigments, alcohol may be called a good menstruum for food, applying, assimilating, and then, according to Mr. Parton, evaporating.

"So falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burned."

But Swedenborg died before Hahnemann's discovery.

Another development of Correspondences is the relation of the men of this world to the spirits composing the Grand Man. The Grand Man! Hobbes had such an idea on a miniature scale in his *Leviathan*, or Commonwealth—a giant man made up of smaller ones. Some such dream, inverted, is known to the simplest votary of the now disreputable science of astrology, who will not wean her baby in the sign of the heart, for fear it might die of grief.

"As nothing can exist with man unless there be a cause for it in the spiritual world, and as man's frame subsists by correspondence with heaven, and through heaven with the Lord, without which he could not exist for a moment, but would dissolve into nothing—hence every organ and member of the body corresponds to societies in heaven, and these societies perpetually flow into the body." That is, substantially, his explanation of the Grand Man. All who die and go to heaven become members of the Grand Man. Those who theorize sensually, yet live in charity (he forgave everything for Charity's sake), take their allotted place on the skin of the head. He conversed with spirits in the soles of the feet: they were such as had been in natural delight, not in spiritual. The things most vital in man correspond to the societies which have the greatest life. The societies to which the cuticle corresponds are on the threshold of heaven, but the celestial kingdom corresponds to the heart, and the spiritual kingdom to the lungs—first natural, then spiritual, then celestial. The heaven is so immense that the inhabitants of this earth are, in comparison, as a pool of water to the ocean.

These heavenly societies gyrate in-

sensibly through unknown spaces, as we travel with the earth in its revolutions. And the student of Swedenborg will remark that he seemed to see the whole universe moving in spirals. Our earth describes an endless corkscrew. Nature returns with fond persistency to this, her favorite mode of transmission, as he must have observed who invented the rifle bore, as well as Swedenborg. The red globule in serum, smoke from chimneys, blue blazes, cyclones, water-spouts, sap in plants, magnetism, food in the intestines, the child from the womb, moon, earth, sun and stars, all are whirling, whirling, in a mad German waltz.

There are no bad spirits in the Grand Man. Diseases are caused by an influx of bad spirits from the hells. They correspond to the lusts and bad passions of the mind. His faith in his own theory was implicit, for once, when he had toothache, Robsahm offered to relieve him. He declined, saying it was a temporary influx of bad spirits into his teeth. They seemed to tax their devilish ingenuity for ways of tormenting the good old man. Sometimes those who had lived in sluggish ease were with him, and induced such heaviness of stomach he could scarcely live. There can no suspicion of dyspepsia rest here, because Swedenborg was temperate to asceticism. A bowl of milk and bread was his *pièce de résistance*, varied with coffee made over his study-fire. Occasionally he paused in his manuscript after a day's fasting, and threw a sop to Cerberus, but it was almonds, raisins, gingerbread, or some such stuff as muscular Christians call "trash." One excess he relates with his bowl of milk and bread. The spirits rebuked him, and after that infantile debauch he ceased to offend.

Other bad spirits tried to kill him by rushing into his brain. These are they which infest the skull to this day, and breed tumors and meningitis. They had destroyed whole ancient armies by insanity and self-slaughter. Each of the five monarchies of death was a letting loose of evil spirits.

But the Grand Man and the hells are a theme too stupendous for these brief pages or the faith of some who may read them. They refuse to harbor the thought with the same incredulity that a vinegar-mite or a *Trichinosis spiralis* might express of man's existence. Each creature is an infidel concerning a more ethereal element than its own, and that makes faith the divinest attribute of man. If the mole were interrogated, he would be found skeptical of the sea and its people—the mud-cat would scoff at larks. Those who touch heaven every day, when they lay hands on a little child, cannot believe in the guardianship of angels. Protestants and infidels deny the Miraculous Conception, who could not tell, though their lives were at stake, why a cheese in a box becomes in time a mass of living things, how the primordial protoplasm begins, or solve any other problem in generation. "How can they see spiritual things," asks Swedenborg, "whose bodily sight is too gross for microscopic insects?"

We read passages from the *Arcana Cælestia* to a busy housekeeper, who listens in the intervals when she cuts or bastes for her sewing-machine. Her tucks and ruffles engross seven-eighths of her attention, but she gives us a part of what is left. Presently she makes signals of distress and looks up confusedly: "I don't understand what he means by that everlasting *affections of truth* and *closing of interiors*. I don't believe he knew what he meant himself."

"Very plain, if you give your undivided heart to it. You see, there are three degrees of mind in man—the natural, spiritual and celestial. The natural mind is sustained by its relation to the world, but the spiritual is in form a heaven, and subsists through divine influx: it closes at the approach of carnal things, as a sensitive plant or a nerve-fibril contracts at the touch of foreign bodies. The bony covering of the skull thickens in confirmed sensuality. Perhaps even you have known seasons of mental obfuscation, when one of your cerebral departments—say,

memory or ideality—felt as though a stone were rolled against it. That is a shutting of the natural degree. You remember the landlady said that her lamented husband seemed to have a lid to his head, which he could open at pleasure and take out his brains. When Swedenborg's spiritual degree was shut he cried out in agony, 'O my God! hast Thou forsaken me?' The same religious despondency your hymn expresses—

'Return, O heavenly Dove, return!'

What will open these interiors? In spirit and in truth, Divine influx alone—in falsity, wine and various drugs and alkaloids. Hyoscyamus, for instance, can exalt the interiors into temporary second-sight: the pythia ate laurel, and Van Helmont saw his own soul in his stomach after aconite! Now, as to the affections of truth and goods of faith—"

Just at this point I catch her voice muttering a low refrain, while she gazes vacantly at the fifteenth tuck in a baby's petticoat: "Half an inch, half an inch" (*da capo*).

I pause, and she looks up at me in guilty confusion. "You have not listened to a word I said. How can I ever enlighten your soul when you never have a moment to call your own? I don't wonder you never could perceive the difference between *subjective* and *objective*, when your head is crammed full of small economies. As for *your* interiors, they are shut, padlocked and the key lost."

Apologetically: "Yes, but you said Swedenborg delights in uses, and use is faithfully to perform the work of one's function. I can understand that, and it comforts me."

"There is no use in those tucks: there are just fifteen too many. Nevertheless, I suppose you will take your place eventually with a large class of worthy but circumscribed beings somewhere on the finger-nails or hair of the Grand Man, for your works will follow you."

Man has consociation with angels through the Word. St. Augustine held that the Bible, being miraculous, was

capable of any interpretation. Swedenborg gives it three degrees of meaning—the literal or natural, spiritual and celestial. The spiritual angels are in the spiritual sense, and the celestial angels in the celestial sense, and the thoughts of men and angels are one by correspondence. A holy man takes up his Bible and reads, and instantly the perspective of angels and celestials takes up the words with diviner and still diviner meanings, as the Lady of Shalott read in her magic mirror. Not alone of reading the Bible is this sublimated correlation of forces true, but every act has its celestial or hellish ultimate, and, as it is good or bad, gives echoes of rapture among angels or unholy joy to the lost. Once, when Swedenborg was reading of the spies sent out into Canaan, the spirit of a certain student, not long departed, was present, and to him the spiritual sense gave heavenly delight. "This," said Swedenborg, warming with his subject, "was at the threshold of heaven. What wonders must have been perceived in heaven itself, and what in the heaven of angels!" It recalls one of those sounding passages in *Sartor Resartus* that used to drive me nearly crazy with enthusiasm while yet incapable of Swedenborg: "Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far distant Mover: the stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck and sent flying? Oh, could I (with Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed and thy heart set flaming in the Light Sea of celestial wonder!"

Swedenborg might have been as wildly eloquent perhaps had he written every other noun with a capital letter. When a youth he made verse, and if he had devoted years to its mechanism, might have produced such triumphs of art as the "Ode to a Vase," two-thirds of whose value represents patient labor quite as much as one of Cellini's vases.

But his rhetoric withered and fell in its season, and no roses ever bloomed in his January. According to Mr. Emerson, he fell into a jealousy of his intellect. His style is severe, sometimes even homely; and one cause of this, we think, was his absolute seclusion from contemporary thought, social stimulus and the fermentation of books. When he lived in the heart of London, sharing the tranquillity of that harmonious pair, Richard and Elizabeth Shearsmith, its drawing-rooms were a far-off hum of vanity. He shut up his mind in solitary confinement, with his own books and the Bible for a library; which continual involution and intermarriage of his own thoughts deteriorated his style. But the fashion of this world passeth away: Swedenborg will be remembered when the London wits are known no more. His simplicity is celestial calm when we turn away sick with the sensational eloquence of the day, advertising dodges, patronizers of Christ—each quack vying with the other in catching the public eye, and preferring to cut a pigeon-wing or stand on his head in the market-place rather than live unnoticed and die forgot. Swedenborg would not round a sentence or turn a period to gain the applause of the whole world, but appealed, we will not say to the ages (for he did not know that fool's countersign, nor any other phrase in the vocabulary of nonsense), but to the deepest sincerity and reflection of mankind.

Inscrutable old man! Had he, then, no taint of mortal weakness? Students of Shakespeare tunnel through libraries for a scratch of his pen or some legend of his humanity, and just so we long for some careless gossip to give us a homely anecdote of Swedenborg. Did his veins run blood or serum? Would he have winced if you had stuck a pin into him? Did he ever weep? Did he ever love? Yes, he loved and courted Emerante Polheim in his awkward way, but he could not even talk to her father about minerals without painful stammering; so his suit fared ill. Emerante told him she could never love him, and probably

bestowed her charms on some readier lover, who gained in velocity what he lost in power. Swedenborg answered as became a philosopher, and if he had a regret afterward, never betrayed it. A certain Countess Gyllenborg was his Beatrice, but his ideal of woman chills and disappoints us—if, indeed, he had an ideal, never trusting women with a private audience, "for they were so artful they might pretend he sought a near acquaintance." He must have been unfortunate in his female friends.

A sect of libertines has claimed the support of Swedenborg. The fact is, that, so far from license, he denounced every lurking form of mental infidelity, and was not even content with outward purity unless it emanated from purity of thought. Anchorite as he was, he knew there was no chastity like wedded love, and pronounced the impossibility of any other virtue in the absence of conjugal fidelity. Those who have lived in chaste love of marriage shall have the flower of eternal youth and dwell beyond all others in light ineffable.

A single anecdote will prove him not without some insight into character. When hunting for lodgings in London, he confronted the mistress of one establishment with the calm assertion that her household was discordant and he could not think of remaining. Without pausing to make the retort of Mrs. Hollibird upon the insurance company, when they brought a similar charge, "that when they found a family as didn't, they had better take 'em to Barnum's Museum," what did this miraculous female do but acknowledge that her domestic felicity was not all that might be wished, and, more wonderful still, refer him to that peerless pair, the Shearsmiths of blessed and peaceful memory? There he dwelt, working like a coralline under calm waters, and there fancy can see him, swarthy Scandinavian, a crow among swans with his olive skin and dark eyes, anomalous even in temperament, writing in his study, or perchance walking to and fro, talking with himself or Cicero and the apostle Peter, to the inexpressible awe of Elizabeth Shear-

smith. That majestic intellect consoled with dead kings, ambassadors and princes, keeping his state without one touch of flunkeyism. There is nothing of the obscurely grand in art, unless it be Milton or the Raphael and Allston cartoons, to match some of his unpremeditated sentences: "The son of a certain king, lately dead, who inherited base desires;" "From much discourse and life with the angels it has been given me to know."

Sometimes he felt the presence of ghosts, in a cold wind, fanning the flame of his candle. Sometimes he went to his bed, and remained for days in suspended animation as to bodily function, neither eating nor drinking, scarcely respiring—the lamp of life turned down low, and the interiors concentrated to ecstasy. One of these hibernations in Sweden was so protracted that his old servant climbed to the chamber-window to assure himself that his master still lived. There he was turning over in bed, as if suddenly conscious of intrusion. The face was luminous and abstracted, and

"His eyes were awful: you could see
That they had looked on God."

He said the spirits had been looking through them.

Whether ploughing the stormy German Sea from Stockholm to London and back again, at home or abroad, his presence was hailed as a good omen, and brought halcyon days.

His trances knew but one interruption, and that rarely—pecuniary embarrassment. Then the spirits forsook him. While it is a noticeable effect of modern Spiritualism that it gives many of its adherents over to haggard shiftlessness, as though they were Hindoo fakirs and ate opium, Swedenborg preached up the holiness of work. Work and Charity—these were his words of cheer, and to these we must cling, steadfast as the pilot in a storm. "Love and wisdom do not exist ideally, but really in use;" "The life of the angels is the love of uses;" "The angels pay no attention to the thoughts of men save as they per-

tain to ends and uses. Things merely ideal are far below their sphere." Everything exists for uses: the rat must gnaw or its jaws are locked—the breast give its milk or gangrene. The Kansas farmer ploughs and plants the American desert, and rain falls. "Do the works, and you shall know the doctrine." Work now, and chew the cud of contemplation afterward. He knew that if all men became seers the globe might as well fall back at once under the sway of tree-ferns and saurians. He knew the incessant quarrel of soul and body, for it had made even him miserable at times. Improvidence is a savage trait as this world goes, but there is a beastlier improvidence, which cannot look beyond lands and stocks. The day comes when he who has lived for self alone stands naked and trembling, a beggar before God, devoured by worms like Herod, and struck through with pangs of hell. Alas for man on this narrow island of time, overshadowed by eternity! His duty is indeed a hard one. He must be wary as a spider, with eyes all around him, meeting the requirements of to-day, and watching his hope of heaven. Who is sufficient for these things?

Love was head and front of his religion, and he held the justification by faith and its apostles in abhorrence. Paul and David, Luther, Calvin, and gentle Melancthon himself, were brought to account for that abominable heresy. At death, Melancthon's furniture was reproduced spiritually, and he seated himself at the table, continuing to write most obstinately on justification by faith, as though unconscious of transition. For this he is placed in a work-house and wears a hairy shirt, because, says Swedenborg, faith without charity is cold. At last he has a glimmer of love to God and the neighbor. But Calvin, more intractable, sulked in one corner of a heavenly society for a long time, and then betook himself to more congenial company. Finally, he is imprisoned in a cave, and then hurled through vastation after vastation. Does the expiation seem too material for the execu-

tioner of Servetus? For us, who never loved him or his gloomy creed, we cheer the verdict. Sensational preachers are cashiered, and their ornaments of rhetoric, in the form of powdered wigs, stripped from their bald heads. Oh, most worthy judge!

Here are some of his drift diamonds: "Spirits have an exquisite sense of touch, whence come pains and torments of hell, for all sensations are diversities of touch."

"The angels all perform uses, for the kingdom of heaven is a kingdom of uses."

"The sight penetrates to the sensorium by a shorter and more interior way than speech perceived by the ear."

He knew that music was the only universal language, needing no interpreter:

"In all angelic discourse there is concert as of songs. Their speech has been heard by me: it flows in rhythmical cadence. The angels converse by tones"—the language known to mothers and babes.

As Swedenborg's spirituality took root in reason, I would beg any young person who aspires to an understanding of his religious works to read first his scientific works, prefaced by Wilkinson's biography. Above all, read the *Animal Kingdom*. In the *Fragment of the Soul* will be found all that Buckle has urged against the barrenness of metaphysics. He anticipates Spurzheim in his speculations on the brain and skull, and Comte in his tract *On the Knowledge of the Soul*. The *Hieroglyphical Key to Mysteries by Way of Representations* gives an insight into his correspondences.

I am myself but a novice in the mysteries of Swedenborg, and of some five hundred volumes he left have only read such as could be obtained from friends and the circulating library. He is not so easy as the *Gates Ajar*, which may be read between two railroad stations, but we earnestly entreat those who are tired and sick of vain repetitions to pause and drop a line in his deep waters.

LUCRETIA PONTIFF.

HE, SHE AND IT.

PEOPLE were beginning to talk. Very probably Sydney Dorme knew that people were beginning to talk. The chances are, that certain men at the club had dropped certain hints, or the semblance of hints, in his hearing, and certain young married ladies had given him mysteriously to understand that they knew "all about it."

But Sydney was uncommunicative, impervious, inscrutable. His grave, strong face, with its crisp, light-brown moustache and dark, pleasant eyes, told no tales whatever. So far as being seen in society went, he was only less often visible at the glitter and pomp of large entertainments; but then Sydney had been for two seasons such a zealot among the fashionables that the least falling off in this respect was easily detected. Otherwise, he was the same Sydney Dorme that everybody had always found him—handsome, of good birth, clever, wealthy, marriageable. With one difference, however—the difference of being talked about.

His imprudences—and most bachelors of twenty-eight are guilty of faults of omission and commission that may be classed under this cumulative term—had hitherto worn the respectable garb of concealment. His wild oats had not been sown under a glaring sun—his peccadilloes had been obscurely perpetrated—his misdeeds, whether large or small, had been covered with a commendable outer crust of good behavior. But now he had chosen quite an opposite course: he was openly intimate with a woman of very questionable character—a woman, it is true, to whom no scandalous story had attached itself, but one whom New York Uppertendom, from limit to limit, agreed in calling "fast," reckless, unconventional.

The name of this ostracised mortal was Mrs. Lee Hamilton; such, at least, was the name by which she chose to

have herself known. Physically, she belonged to a rare type of womanhood. It is highly probable that she could not have sat in her box at the Opera for a single evening, though dressed with the most severe simplicity in nothing that was not commonplace or sober, without being made the constant visual rendezvous of some twenty lorgnettes. For in truth her face was the face of a goddess, and when she moved hand, arm or body, it was very much as if the Medicean Venus had condescended to become animate. At places of public amusement—where, by the way, she was often seen—Mrs. Hamilton's costume was always a marvel of taste and magnificence. She was evidently aware how conspicuously Nature had stamped her as different from the generality of women, and chose, in matters of dress, to treat the peril of showiness as one not to be avoided, marring the splendid effects of her attire, however, by nothing that resembled bad style or vulgarity.

It would be difficult to tell for what special reason Mrs. Hamilton had been made the object of universal scandal and suspicion among the circles in which Sydney Dorme moved; but it is certain that many hard things were said against her, and that the fact of her being a rich Englishwoman of unknown antecedents was twisted into a very puzzling maze of ill-natured comment. New York society was perhaps unwilling to make Mrs. Hamilton's wealth, beauty and friendliness a sum-total of respectability; and exactly the same qualities which might have won for the lady social prominence if no mystery had clouded her origin, were the means, under present circumstances, of calling forth gossip, sarcasm and a general avoidance.

Not a few of Sydney Dorme's friends would have esteemed themselves fortunate in sharing with him the attractions of Mrs. Hamilton's society; but

none were willing to encounter, as he had encountered, the annoyances of an open intimacy. For it seemed to be the unalterable requirement of this lady that whoever knew her must know her everywhere and at all times; and against the enormity of such an offence Society held up pious hands of condemnation. As a result of Mrs. Hamilton's rule, Sydney Dorne was the only admirer who received her confidence; or, rather, the only one who was known to have received it by persons whose farther statements on this point may be styled nothing short of malicious inference.

Regarding the particulars of that gentleman's bold defiance of social laws, the following facts might be enumerated: Frequent attendance upon Mrs. Hamilton at the theatre or opera; frequent drives to the Park in her company; frequent walks with her along Fifth-avenue, even on Sunday mornings between the hours of twelve and two, when churches disgorge their living Christianity, and the *mens conscia recti* beams from hundreds of happy faces in such nice harmony with our excellent metropolitan tailoring and millinery; and, lastly, frequent ringings of the bell at the door of her handsome basement-house in Twenty-third street. It is doubtless a certainty that he never rang this bell during the day-time without being observed by at least one pair of neighborly eyes.

There was a little reception-room opening off from the lower hall of Mrs. Hamilton's house, which was furnished with rare tastefulness, and filled with the gleam of bronze and ormolu against a background of browns and crimsons. Here Sydney Dorne's hostess usually received him, and here we find them engaged in conversation on a certain January evening, when the chill, gusty starlight out of doors heightens the coziness and comfort of Mrs. Hamilton's apartment. That lady is beautiful tonight in black silk and pearls, and across her exquisite face the light from a single shaded gas-jet falls with a placid mellowness. It is an oval face, fresh-tinted and flawless, with features

that are regular enough and bewitching enough to have delighted any renowned sculptor or painter whom the reader may conveniently call to mind. It is not a spiritual face, if the term means one to which belong beauties of soul rather than beauties of flesh and blood; for the ripe red of each lip meets in a sort of lazily perpetual smile that has nothing saintlike, and the small, straight nose, with its delicate, sensitive nostril, would become a Madonna very ill indeed, and the great dark eyes hide too much languor beneath their gloss of shadowing lashes not to seem somewhat of the world worldly. But it is a face plastic to the least change of mood or thought, and one which bespeaks enough intelligence to make its superb animal perfection seem a lovely miracle.

"I have never told you about Clari?" Mrs. Hamilton is saying; and a movement of her head lets the light steal auburn shimmers from her brown wavy hair. "How odd, Sydney! I thought that I had told you all my affairs."

"Can Clari be included under so personal a definition?"

"Yes, indeed," with a musical laugh. "Clari is a model of fidelity in the way of servants. Hardly a servant, either: a sort of confidential head-butler I suppose one might call him. He transacts much of my business, and is a wonderful combination of cleverness and honesty. Then, too, he is educated—or, rather, not *uneducated*—as I think one can see by his nice manners. I brought him with me from Florence, where he had lived for three years in my service before—I left for America." The last words are spoken hesitatingly, and with what Sydney Dorne considers a rather mournful intonation.

"You are always sad when you mention Italy, Isabel."

"Perhaps because I love it so dearly."

A short silence. Sydney plays carelessly with a paper-cutter on a table near at hand: "You say that you brought this Clari with you from Florence, Isabel? I don't remember him on board the steamer."

"He reached New York a fortnight

before my arrival. It is very early, Sydney—scarcely ten o'clock. Why are you going?"

He had risen: "I must go, Isabel. I have an appointment this evening with a friend who leaves for Europe the day after to-morrow. Talking of Italians, he is one, by the way, and an exceedingly nice fellow. We were very intimate while I was in Rome two years ago, but during his stay in New York our meetings have not been frequent. It is my own fault that they have not. Garcia has lived quietly, as indeed he always lives; and I, who pass my time in such a continuous whirl of pleasure-seeking, have neglected him abominably. You don't know how guilty his departure makes me feel, he was so kind and attentive to me when in Rome. I shall have to attempt the apologetic and the penitent this evening. Wish me success."

He made such an attempt about half an hour later, seated with Luigi Garcia in that comfortable room at the Albarmarle which many of his friends had reason pleasantly to remember; and with what success his attempt was attended Garcia's reply ought rather clearly to prove. "I should be very ungrateful," he said, speaking in the purest Tuscan with a rich, full voice, "if I had forgotten, Sydney, how you sacrificed a whole day to my curiosity, and ransacked the City Hall, and the Treasury Building, and Trinity Church, and as many other places, in my companionship. As for the way I behaved to you while we were in Rome together, be assured, my friend, that far from making yourself my debtor, you were merely giving an idle man something to do. I understand perfectly how your New York life differs from my Italian life. What was a pleasure to me would have been a bore to you."

Sydney searched the dark, handsome face of his friend, and found there a smiling sincerity that was very pleasant to look upon. "It's a delightful piece of benevolence, Luigi, for you to exculpate me like this," he said. "If you would only consent to stay on our side

of the Atlantic a week longer, I should make you all sorts of amends. Your mind is made up about going the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes: my passage is engaged in the Russia, and I sail from Boston on Thursday morning."

"Shall you start directly for Rome after landing?"

"Directly. I don't think that I shall spend even a single day in Paris. You know my love for Rome? It is a passion." The young Italian spoke with glowing eyes, but there seemed to Sydney a ring of melancholy in his tones; and melancholy was rare with Garcia. "Do you know," he presently continued, "that my longing to reach Rome once again has become so intense during the past three or four days as to depress and dispirit me?"

"I can hardly understand how depression can be the result of such a feeling," Sydney answered, with a puzzled look.

"Nor I," his companion said, passing a hand that was white and small as a woman's once or twice across his forehead; "but it is somehow so, notwithstanding." Then his luminous Southern eyes fixed themselves quite eagerly upon Dorme's face. "I never was given to superstitious fancies, Sydney. You know how I have always ridiculed them?"

A table at Garcia's side bore several decanters and glasses. He turned toward it with a sudden movement that surprised his friend, who was still further surprised at seeing the hand which he extended tremble nervously. "I am a fool, Sydney," spoken with a short, odd laugh. "Which is the brandy?"

Garcia had drained a *liqueur* glass of the spirits when he again spoke. Sydney's face wore an expression of amazement for a moment, but it was grave and composed before the Italian had time to observe it.

"I always remember you as a very matter-of-fact sort of person, Luigi," his host quietly said.

"And yet, Sydney, I have changed absurdly—on one point, at least—since we last met. A presentiment haunts

me night and day." He spoke without hesitation now, but with mournful, slow emphasis.

"A presentiment, Luigi?"

"Yes—that I shall never see Rome again—never live to see it."

A silence. The Italian was staring floorward with an absent look: Sydney's right hand had begun stroking that brown moustache of his with deliberate, lingering strokes—a favorite gesture of the man when thinking.

Presently he spoke: "I am not going to pooh-pooh what you tell me, Luigi, and call it nonsense. I don't consider it nonsense. Everybody has heard stories of men being troubled with gloomy convictions like yours a short time before their deaths have actually taken place; but has it never occurred to you, my friend, how many of those who are thus troubled find that their convictions die a much speedier death than they themselves? If you are tormented with dismal ideas, I suppose there is only one method of escaping them. You must make up your mind to await results as calmly as possible."

"Your advice is sound and full of common sense," Garcia answered, smiling a little sadly. "Perhaps if I had you near me for a counselor during my voyage, Sydney, it would be of more permanent benefit."

"I understand," was Dorme's quick response. "I hope to walk the streets of Rome with you once again, Luigi, but just now I must remain in New York. There are reasons for my doing so; that is—" He paused, abruptly enough.

"I sha'n't ask you to give your reasons," Garcia said, with composure. "I can imagine—provided report speaks truly—how strong they are."

"Report, Luigi?" There was annoyance on the questioner's face.

"Do I offend? Perhaps *observation* would have been a better word. I am a confirmed opera-goer, Sydney, as you know, and have gratified my musical tastes more than once while in New York. Well, from the obscurity of my orchestra-chair I have watched you on three occasions being rather permanent-

ly conversational in the box of a certain lady. A very beautiful lady, by the way. One of my few acquaintances told me her name the other evening. It is Mrs. Hamilton, I believe."

"Quite right." Sydney was examining with great attention the monogram on a locket he wore. Presently he looked up and met Garcia's eyes, observant but not curious; and in his voice, when he again spoke, there was a ring of genuine feeling: "I will tell you, Luigi. There is no earthly reason why I should not tell you. Reticence about my own affairs always amounted to a positive fault with me. Mrs. Hamilton and I are engaged."

"I supposed as much," was the quiet answer.

"We have been intimate ever since we met on board the steamer that brought me back from Europe in the autumn before last. She was coming to America to live. The last five years of her life had been spent in Florence, where her husband's death had taken place. He was immensely rich, and left all his money to Isabel. I imagine that her chief motive in making New York her place of residence was a desire to escape from all the associations of her widowhood: on this point, however, we have seldom spoken. She is very beautiful, Luigi—a marvel of womanhood; but she has, besides beauty, hidden graces equally charming."

"Your engagement is not publicly announced, Sydney?"

"Not yet. I shall probably announce it before very long."

"And you will then be a married man by the time we meet again?"—Garcia paused for a moment, adding in altered tones—"provided we *do* meet again."

"Pshaw, Luigi!" Sydney slapped his friend rather sharply on the shoulder. "Make up your mind to forget your horrors. Have a cigar, and try to smoke your nerves into an orderly condition."

Garcia took the offered cigar. "Remember that I smoke very seldom," he said while lighting it, "and that smoking is apt to put me in singular moods, Sydney."

"You mean more than you are saying." Sydney accompanied the sentence with a rather searching look into his companion's face.

Garcia dropped his eyes. "Yes," he said slowly. "I was thinking whether you would laugh at me if I made a proposition—a very queer one."

"I shall try not to laugh."

"Do you recollect a story I once read in an old German book which I picked up somewhere in Rome, and which I afterward lent you, and you were much impressed with, just as I had been? The main idea was a compact entered into between two friends, that if one died before the other, the deceased would use all spiritual means in his power to—"

"Yes, yes, Luigi," spoken rapidly and in curt, sharp tones. "I remember the story well; and I can guess why you mention it. Laugh, indeed! This is by no means a laughing matter. Are you really in earnest?"

"Really."

"And you wish that we should—I won't say the rest."

"I wish it, Sydney." The Italian was looking up at a blue smoke-wreath that had just floated from his lips.

"Upon my word," Sydney said, after a rather long silence, "the whole thing seems very ridiculous. We are not German students, Luigi, and this is prosaic New York; and if anything *should* happen as it happened in that grotesque story—which, by the way, was a mere bugaboo piece of cleverness—nobody would honor the poor survivor, perhaps, by believing that he was not a lunatic."

"True. But why need the survivor inform anybody?"

"It would be a rather disagreeable secret—don't you think so?—especially if he were of a nervous temperament."

"Neither of us is that."

Sydney broke into a merry laugh: "How nonsensical your proposition is, Luigi! I will, however, accede to it if you are anxious that I should do so."

"It all depends upon your own boldness," was the Italian's prompt answer.

Sydney drew his chair nearer to that

of his friend, and gazed steadily at Garcia with a humorous twinkle in his serious eyes: "You take it for granted, then, that you will be the first? Honestly, Luigi, I gave you credit for more self-command. There is such a thing as battling against the results of a bad digestion. But to oblige you I will show the necessary boldness and make the awful compact. How long afterward did the visitation take place in that German story? Twenty-four hours, wasn't it? Let us stick to precedents, and say twenty-four hours also. Here, is my hand."

Sydney Dorme smoked another cigar that night after having said farewell to Garcia, and although there had been something in their conversation to provoke very vivid recollections of it, his thoughts wandered to other subjects. He called to mind a most disagreeable meeting which had taken place that afternoon between himself and a certain aunt of his, a Mrs. Harrison Carteret. This Mrs. Carteret was the only sister of his dead father, and had been, in years past, the intimate friend of his dead mother; and over Sydney, their only child, the lady had assumed, ever since his orphanage had begun at the age of twenty-two, the position of adviser and protectress. The meeting had taken place at one of those noisy, multitudinous assemblies termed an "afternoon reception," and Mrs. Carteret had spoken her mind very freely indeed while Sydney helped her to an ice. She had told him that he would disgrace himself by a marriage with Mrs. Lee Hamilton; that nobody who was anybody would dream of recognizing her; that his family and his "set" felt almost outraged by his conduct; and that he was behaving himself in a manner alarming enough to make the dead stir in their graves.

Mrs. Harrison Carteret's nephew had answered with something which Mrs. Harrison Carteret considered grossly impertinent, as she afterward remarked to her youngest daughter, who had observed the conflict from afar, across the

shoulder of the gentleman with whom she had been waltzing. And feeling more angry than he remembered to have felt for many a long day, Sydney had deserted the entertainment for his club. There were no women at the club, he told himself, and men did not go upon the plan of gratuitously insulting each other.

To-night, while smoking in the apartment which Garcia had lately left, Sydney resolved that the announcement of his intended marriage with Mrs. Hamilton should be made as speedily as possible. There was no reason for delaying it a week longer. Let Society do its worst—its *little* worst, Sydney contemptuously added. It had chosen to frown upon a pure, good woman—to slander her, perhaps, with gross falsehoods—merely because her history was unknown. He would challenge the whole multitude of Isabel's backbiters by one bold step. There might be tossings of heads for a time, and for a time black looks and withholdings of invitations among the dowagers. But they would come to his wedding in the end, and come gladly—provided, indeed, he chose to ask them. He had more than half a mind not to do so, the maligners, the Pharisees, the snobs! So meditated Sydney.

On the following morning, between the hours of twelve and one, he rang the bell at Mrs. Hamilton's door. But it chanced that on this morning his Isabel was "indisposed," and could not see him. It was nothing serious, the bright-eyed little French maid told him in answer to his very eager inquiries. Madame had awakened with a severe headache, and was lying down, and had given orders that she could see no one, not even Monsieur. Sydney left; and about half an hour later those alert neighborly eyes of which previous mention has been made beheld a great basket of violets and tea-roses handed in at Mrs. Hamilton's door. "Pearls before swine," one neighborly mouth commented—a pretty mouth that had shown its white teeth vainly to marriageable Mr. Dorme in hours gone by.

Isabel was little better when Sydney again called at eight o'clock in the evening. He went away quite disheartened this time. It was unpleasant to spend a whole day without seeing the woman whom he adored.

He remained at the club that evening until eleven o'clock. By a quarter-past eleven he was smoking in his room at the hotel, and saying to himself that life would be a burden without Isabel.

At precisely half-past eleven—a little clock on the mantel had just tinkled the half hour—he arose, and was about to pass into his bed-room. Was about to do so, but did not. Did not, because, on turning his eyes in the direction of the door leading into the adjacent hall, he discovered that Luigi Garcia had entered the room and was standing quite still a few yards behind his chair.

"Why, Luigi," he said, "I thought you were in Boston by this time?"

There was no reply. There was no change of expression on his friend's face. The Italian wore a calm not unpleasant look, but a look utterly immovable. His dress and general appearance were the same as on the previous night.

"And so you've postponed your departure, Luigi?" Again no answer. Sydney had grown rather pale. "Pshaw!" he said, presently, "why don't you speak?" Then he moved toward one of the windows, looked out for a moment at the labyrinth of lights gleaming from Madison Square, rapped for a moment with his fingers against a pane, and finally faced Garcia with a broad smile and both hands in his pockets: "Rather good, Luigi, rather good, but a trifle too palpable-looking for a genuine ghost. Where did you learn the art of not winking your eyelids, by the way?"

Still no answer, still no movement, still no change of any sort whatever. Sydney went up to his friend and touched him on his shoulder. But it was not a shoulder: it was utter emptiness.

He drew quickly back with a low cry. Then he stared fixedly at the figure, and quieted his thrilling nerves, using

such force of effort as only a strong, healthy, courageous man can use. After that he approached the figure once more. Twice unflatteringly he passed his hand through something that seemed Luigi Garcia, but was intangible as the air he breathed.

Directly above Luigi was the chandelier, two jets of which had been lighted. He turned off the gas in both and made the room quite dark, except for a glimmer that shone from his dimly-lighted bed-chamber. Firmly enough he walked toward the open doorway of this bed-chamber and entered it, closing the door behind him. Then, without looking to right or to left, he seated himself and buried his face in both hands.

"It was all fancy," he murmured, half aloud: "it *must* have been all fancy. These things never happen except in books." He withdrew his hands suddenly and stared about the room. In front of the door he had locked stood the figure. Its attitude was precisely as when he had last seen It. Motionless, tranquil, Its eyes were fixed upon his face.

Sydney began to tremble now, but he bravely wrestled with his growing horror. "I will go to bed and sleep this off," he muttered between clenched teeth. "I won't be a fool. Perhaps it is the first symptom of some fever or illness. Perhaps it's that brandy-and-soda I took at the club."

He went to bed, undressing with eyes studiously averted from the spot in front of his door. The light he made no dimmer, but, once in bed, turned his back to the figure and stared at the opposite wall resolutely for about twenty minutes. He had determined, if possible, not to see It again that night.

Sleep came at last. He slept until morning. The room was bright with sunshine when he awoke, but It had not gone with the darkness. As he had seen It last night, so he saw It now. Sydney counted his pulse: there was no sign of fever about that: never was pulse more regular. He felt his forehead: it was cool and moist. Then he arose and dressed himself.

His toilet completed, he passed into the next room. When his eyes rested on the spot where It had first appeared to him, in that same spot It again stood. He glanced through the open doorway of his bed-room: Its former place was vacant.

"That man in the story went mad, if I remember rightly," Sydney murmured, ringing his bell with a smile that was not a smile.

To the waiter who presently answered his summons he gave orders for a pitcher of ice-water. When brought, Sydney directed the man to place the pitcher upon a certain table to the right of the door by which he had entered. The servant obeyed, and in quitting the room passed directly through It. He had evidently seen nothing.

Five minutes afterward Sydney left the hotel, It following at a distance of perhaps three yards behind him—not following with the conventional slide of the stage ghost, but walking as a man walks, with even, regular steps.

Before two hours had elapsed, Sydney had visited the house in Thirtieth street where Garcia had boarded during his stay in New York, and learned from his landlady these facts: Garcia had quitted the house on Monday evening—the evening of his visit at the Albemarle—somewhere between the hours of eight and nine. Since then he had not returned, but by twelve o'clock on that same night a tall, foreign-looking gentleman had driven up to the door in a carriage, and had inconvenienced the landlady by requesting to see her at this late hour. The foreign-looking gentleman apologized very courteously for his intrusion, and said that he had called for the purpose of doing his friend Mr. Garcia the service of paying whatever board-money he owed, and of delivering a message with which that friend had entrusted him. Mr. Garcia's bill amounted to twenty-five dollars, which the foreign-looking gentleman readily paid. The message was a request that Mr. Garcia's landlady would be kind enough to place his baggage under the care of the foreign gentleman. Cir-

cumstances had occurred which made it necessary for him to take the night express to Boston, and his friend had consented to forward his baggage as early as possible on the following day.

"It seemed rather queer at first, sir," the landlady informed Sydney at this point in her story. She was a stout, elderly person, with flaccid features and pale blue eyes, and a large, weak mouth. "I may say, sir, that it seemed queer enough to make me deliberate quite a while before I let the baggage go." (Sydney wondered, looking at her face, whether she had ever really deliberated about anything in her life.) "But when that nice gentleman assured me, in his nice, quiet way, that it was all right, and that he had known Mr. Garcia for a great many years, and—and—" Here the landlady, coming to an abrupt end of one sentence, launched herself anxiously and volubly upon another: "I do hope, sir, that the foreign gentleman wasn't an impostor: *do* say that he wasn't."

"I trust not," said Sydney. "He gave no name?"

"No name, sir—merely sent up word that a friend of Mr. Garcia's was waiting to see me; and when I came down stairs he introduced himself in that same way."

"Mr. Garcia now and then received visits from gentlemen, did he not?" Sydney put the question with eyes averted from the landlady's face. He had kept them so averted throughout the greater portion of the present interview. He could not refrain from watching It. For near at hand stood the motionless counterpart of his friend, stubbornly pursuant as his own shadow.

"Yes," was the reply; "but Susan—my girl who 'tends the door, sir—never remembers having admitted this gentleman before." The landlady went on to say something, very silly about her settled conviction that all would turn out well. She had never yet been deceived by an impostor, and flattered herself, *et cetera*.

"It must be very nice to have this eighth sense, ma'am," said Sydney,

rising to go. "Mr. Garcia was to sail from Boston this morning, in the Russia. I will make immediate inquiries as to whether he did sail, and acquaint you with the facts if you desire it."

During the next two hours his inquiries were made at the office of the New York agency for the Cunard line of steamers, since it was not until several months later that the line changed its sailing point from Boston to New York. By three o'clock that same afternoon Sydney held in his hand a telegram from Boston, which distinctly specified Luigi Garcia as among the passengers who had sailed that morning in the Russia. The telegram proceeded to describe him as an Italian of tall figure, dark complexion, dark eyes, slight moustache, and dressed, as nearly as could be remembered, in plain black. Sydney glanced toward It when he had finished reading the message. The description was certainly a correct one. And here was almost positive proof that Luigi Garcia not three hours ago had been among the living.

Almost positive proof. That limiting adverb tormented him the rest of the day. His friend's passage had been engaged at the New York agency. There was more than one Italian on this side of the Atlantic with a tall figure, dark complexion, dark eyes, a slight moustache and a suit of black clothes. Luigi Garcia might have sailed in the Russia, or somebody might have sailed in Luigi Garcia's stead. Which was it? Sydney entered the dining-room of the Albe-marle that evening with such a pale, troubled face, and there partook of so uncharacteristic a dinner, that the waiter who usually served him felt sure something dreadful had happened, like the loss of his money or his lady-love.

Later that evening, while alone in his room up stairs, Sydney told himself that he was going mad, and then tried to scorn his own assertion with a harsh, low laugh and two or three swallows of raw brandy. After this he went to pay Mrs. Hamilton a visit.

She was quite recovered from her illness, the servant said on admitting him.

Sydney shuddered to see It follow him across the threshold of that pleasant little reception-room where he had spent so many happy hours. While waiting for Mrs. Hamilton to appear, he leaned his head against the dark velvet-draped mantel, and let the fitful flames that leapt about a huge block of coal on the hearth fling weird reflections across his face. That face was beginning to wear a look of sombre weariness now. He had controlled brain and nerve successfully thus far: he might control them successfully for hours, even days to come. But the reaction had commenced. His steady strength of effort must weaken after a while. Sydney had felt this when he told himself that he was going mad and swallowed the raw brandy. He felt it here in Mrs. Hamilton's reception-room, with the fire-light flashing across his changed face.

In a few moments Mrs. Hamilton appeared. Sydney came eagerly forward to meet her: "Your sickness has told upon you, Isabel," speaking with tenderness in voice and manner. "Has it been severe?"

"Not very." Mrs. Hamilton spoke lightly enough. "Thanks for the charming flowers, Sydney! You haven't been worrying about me, I trust? Josephine told me how anxious you were."

"I was anxious, Isabel." They stood together under the softly-lighted chandelier. He had almost forgotten It, gazing upon the face he loved with such passionate fondness, and clasping the small hand that was dearer to him than all the world.

They seated themselves presently, and spoke for a long time in low, nearly inaudible sentences. Not once during the conversation did Sydney turn his eyes toward It. Only when Mrs. Hamilton had playfully told him that the hour was close upon midnight, and that he must go, did Sydney glance in Its direction.

And then the woman seated beside him witnessed a sudden change sweep over his face—a change that made her cry out in alarmed tones, "Sydney, for Heaven's sake, what *is* the matter?"

"Nothing, Isabel." He had risen

and stood shading his eyes with one hand in a bewildered way. "I am going: good-night." Then he withdrew his hand and stared wildly, for a second or two, toward the half-open door of the chamber.

"Sydney, are you unwell? Please tell me: please speak."

She had caught his arm, and was holding it with no faint pressure. He broke away and hurried into the hall. Mrs. Hamilton heard the front door opened with haste: then she heard it violently shut. Sydney had left the house.

All the prying neighborly eyes were perhaps closed in respectable slumber at that hour of the night. Perhaps not a single pair of them saw Sydney Dorme remain motionless on the sidewalk in front of Mrs. Hamilton's stoop for some time after descending the steps, apparently watching something. He started, at length, with bent head and slow pace, in the direction of Broadway.

The light in a certain window of the Albemarle burned brilliantly till dawn. At two o'clock the next day one lounge at a certain club asked another lounge if anybody knew what had become of Dorme. An hour after dark that evening a man was walking among the lamp-lit paths of Madison Square to and fro, hither and thither, with set white face. The man was Sydney, and It was still following, following. As he paused underneath a lamp and drew out his watch, the hand with which he held it shook like a palsied hand. "I shall go now," he murmured: "I can stand this no longer."

He left the square and walked rapidly to Mrs. Hamilton's house, close at hand in Twenty-third street. A shiver passed through him as he was shown into the little reception-room. Mrs. Hamilton kept him waiting but a short time. He glanced at her as she entered, and saw that to-night her beauty had regained its wonted bloom, that her toilette was queenly, that she was one woman out of a thousand. Then he looked toward It, and a spasm of pain shot across his face.

"Were you surprised at my strange departure last evening?" He spoke calmly, fixing his eyes upon her face and offering her no salutation.

"Of course, Sydney: I was very much frightened also. Did you receive the note which I sent to your hotel this morning?"

"Yes. You seemed sure—judging from the note, Isabel—that a sudden illness caused me to leave you so abruptly last night."

"What else could it have been? Certainly, your present appearance goes very far toward supporting the belief. You are looking wretched, Sydney."

"Am I? Well, I feel so. Isabel, do you know that I am haunted?"

"By a ghost?" spoken with a nervous little laugh.

"By a ghost." Sydney pronounced the words in deep, solemn tones. "I came here to-night, Isabel, with one purpose. I want to ask you a question—a very simple question. I want you to look me full in the eyes when you answer it, and I want a truthful answer."

"Then all the sternness left his voice, and in a second it had become tender, soft, passionate: "I shall believe you, Isabel. I shall ask no other evidence than your word of honor."

Mrs. Hamilton had grown a trifle paler: "My word of honor concerning what, Sydney?"

"This: have you ever, throughout your whole life, known a man named Luigi Garcia?"

One of Mrs. Hamilton's female detractors had said of her that she handled her rouge-brush with the skill of a Pompadour: that personage might have blushed at her own falsehood now.

"Answer me, Isabel." Command and pleading were oddly mingled just then in Sydney Dorme's voice.

She was white as marble. If the scorn in her reply was not genuine, it deserved to be called splendid mimicry: "By what right do you come to me with an insulting suspicion? for that some suspicion underlies your question I have not a doubt. It is easy to understand it all. The people among whom you

pass your time when away from this house habitually slander my name: many of their falsehoods have already reached my ears. This is their latest morsel of calumny, perhaps."

"No one has ever presumed, Isabel, to slander you in my hearing. The question I ask concerns nothing that has been told me by any third party. Will you answer it with *yes* or *no*?"

Her tones had become quite faint, but she still tried to make them haughty and contemptuous: "No. Are you satisfied?"

He drew a great breath of relief, like one from whom some heavy burden has fallen: "Perfectly, Isabel. I said that I should believe, and I do believe you. The most terrible thoughts have been tormenting me all day. I must have been mad to think of them, loving as I love." He had caught both her hands in his, tightly clasping them. "And now," he went on, "you deserve to hear my explanation. I fancy that you, of all others, will sympathize with this madness of mine—madness is the name for it. Sit down and I will explain."

She seated herself with perfect composure: Sydney took a chair close at her side. Rapidly and concisely he narrated the story of Luigi Garcia's visit at his hotel, of their conversation and its results, of what had occurred on the following night, of his subsequent inquiries, and how these had terminated. Then he paused.

"Is this all?" Mrs. Hamilton asked. The singular account to which she had been listening seemed in no manner to have agitated her.

"It is not all, Isabel: there is more."

"Of the same sort?"

"You are ridiculing me. Well, perhaps you are right in doing so. I said—did I not?—that it followed me everywhere. It follows me here, Isabel: It is standing near us now."

She half rose from her seat with a sudden alarmed movement, and then sank back again, murmuring very tremulously, "This is childish, Sydney. Remember that you are a man. I pity, but cannot sympathize with you. What more is there to tell?"

"Can you bear to hear it?"

"I hope so." The smile on her colorless face was forced and hard.

He drew nearer until his lips almost touched her cheek. "I never moves, Isabel," he whispered, "except when you are present. *Then It slowly points toward you, and points back again toward Its own breast.* To-night, from the moment you entered, It—"

She had turned from him with a shrill, frightened cry, and had buried her face in both hands.

"Isabel!"

"And so, having found it all out, Sydney Dorme, this is your mode of telling me?" While speaking she uncovered her face. Sydney will remember till he dies the despair printed on every feature. "You came here, doubtless, to make me confess, and to enjoy my confession. You believe the worst—the very worst—of me; but you are wrong—wrong—wrong," repeating the word fiercely. "It was Clari, not I—Clari who loves me as a dog loves his master, and who heard Luigi Garcia threaten me, here in this room, with an exposure of my past life in Florence. 'My past infamies,' he phrased it," a low, cold laugh jarring the words. "He would spare me if I spared you and renounced all hope of being an honest man's wife. He was to quit New York next morning and to sail for Europe the morning after; and you should never learn of your narrow escape, provided I swore to break with you decisively and for ever. I refused with anger, and dared him to do all he threatened. It was very late when he left the room. I never knew that Clari had listened: I never knew he was there in the hall till he sprang at Garcia. For the rest, it all seems like some strange story read years and years ago, when I try to remember it. Horror made me dumb. I could not have controlled Clari even if I had had the power. Then, too, it was all done so quickly, and with scarcely a sound. When he rose up from the fallen man's figure, and I saw the knife and the blood, I fainted. . . . Clari must have hidden the body—

where, I never asked him. Some letters found on Garcia's person told him about the boarding-house, and it was to quiet suspicion that he paid that bill and secured the baggage. He went to Boston the next morning, and has sailed for Europe under Garcia's name, dressed like Garcia, having Garcia's passageticket in his possession. I am ignorant—before Heaven I speak truth!—of where he intends going, of whether I shall ever see him again. His crime was fearful, but I cannot hate him for it: he would have committed a hundred crimes, given a hundred lives, to serve me, so miserably unworthy of the sacrifice." Her voice trembled a little over these last words. Glorious in her pale, statuesque beauty, the languor gone from her eyes, and a keen, eager brilliance there instead, she stood facing Sydney with something of defiance about her attitude, something of submissiveness.

It was a long time before Sydney spoke. What he said need not be written here: it would sound tame and trivial enough as an expression of his real feelings. We are not always equal to the sublimity of our griefs. He had loved, and with his whole strength of loving, a woman who now confessed to him her utter unworthiness. Perhaps the hurt was too deep a one for pain to measure its depth just then. Slight flesh-wounds will often wring a groan from brave lips, but when the steel strikes far past bone and muscle, the anguish comes more slowly and with greedier grasp upon its prey.

Sydney Dorme did not take his departure that night without having convinced himself that Clari had left his mistress in ignorance of whither he had fled. But all after exertions to find the murderer were without a shadow of success. Europe is a vast hiding-place for the clever criminal. As Sydney passed homeward that same night, an hour before dawn, he stopped once and looked behind him along the silent, deserted street. He did not see It following: he had seen It for the last time.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

STUDENT RAMBLES IN PRUSSIA.

II.

STANDING just outside the mighty ramparts of Magdeburg and looking south, I saw only grass, a green infinity of grass. Not a tree for the birds to twiddle their feathers in, and sing. "*Daz tuot den vogelinen wê,*" as the ancient Walther sings. How grumpy they were, although it was June, as if they felt sour toward the Lombardy poplars along the highway for shooting up their branches so straight that they could not build in them! Even when they wanted to alight they had to clutch a perpendicular twig desperately and stand out horizontal, to their great disgust. Evidently, I grumbled to myself, I shall find no better landscapes here than I should on the pork-fat prairies of Illinois. Fortunately, I was not looking for them, but for certain phases of poor humanity on the sugar-beet plantations; so, as Wieland advises, I swallowed the devil without looking long at him first, and trudged off toward Eisleben.

Imprimis, a circumstance. The superb old Lombardy poplars, regally useless and planted in the times of "divine right," are here fast giving place to sweet-scented apples and cherries. It is the triumph of modern utilitarian democracy over royalty. Every poplar destroyed is another infinitesimal kingling gone. "Off with his head!" Well done for him!

Walking down between these blooming and sweet-smelling rows, here a king, there a score of democrats, *immer gerad' aus* (*Americanicè*, right straight ahead), you shall see, far out on the magnificent, long sea-rolls of brown loam, gangs of laborers, seventy or eighty in a row, men and women together, dressed in blue Saxon linen, hoeing in the beet-rows, which reach away till they disappear below the blue horizon. It is the same sad, hopeless,

trip-hammer stroke which one might have seen some twenty years ago in our own sunny Carolinas. To complete the delusion (for it is so distant you cannot distinguish complexions), there is the identical overseer (how much he looks like Legree!) moving slowly to and fro along the line, berating the careless, now stooping down to crook his forefinger under a sorrel, now replanting some precious beet-plant chopped up by the clumsy hoers.

What volumes of unwritten despair, of heart-crushing, hopeless poverty, there are in those languid motions, in that frequent stopping, on the most frivolous pretences, to gape and gaze about, in that drowsy lifting of the heavy *Hacke*, to let it descend of its own mere weight! Yet it is not that there is, except in winter and in unusual cases, such an excessive amount of physical suffering; but the circumstance which is lamentable is the intellectual vacuousness, the stupidity, the lubricity, and the utter crushing out of noble ambitions wrought by this never-ending drudgery for another. It degrades human nature to be always a hireling. As the sun nears the horizon, and *procul villarum culmina fumant* with supper-getting, how many a wistful glance is turned toward it! Yet, when the village bell rings, forthwith they throw up their heels, leap, and jump, and stand on their heads, and butt one another, like bellicose rams, showing that they lack much of exhaustion. But their toil is not ennobled by the sacred ambitions of ownership, and such drudgery is inevitably brutalizing.

For this reason it was that in the village inns, although the peasants who flocked in to fuddle themselves with beer in the evening were more glib and oily in their speech than the sour-blooded boors about Wittenberg, they were far more

lascivious and without their sterling honesty. The unchastity of the South Germans is partly accounted for by their softer climate, but here the same temperature prevails as about Wittenberg.

The Germans seem to suffer in their moral nature under a purely hireling system more than any other people of Christendom. Manifestly, they are not to be compared to the Italians as to the absolute descent, because they fall from a higher level, but they are a nobler race, and are correspondingly more brutalized by peonage.

The laborers on these beet-plantations live in immense barracks owned by the planters, and in the towns those employed in the sugar-factories live in the same manner, but in still more deplorable squalor. Salt is a government monopoly, costing them often a tenth of their pitiful earnings, and they live largely off beets and other vegetables, and greens snipped out of the fields, on account of which their faces are very fluffy and pulpy. They seem to have in their veins the colorless lymph of fishes. The little carrot-haired children, tumbling on their heads in the streets of Stassfurt, have the ophthalmia to a distressing extent. Nearly all of them look repulsively bleary-eyed and watery, as if they were just about to dissolve away.

A very intelligent editor of Stassfurt said to me, earnestly, "This sugar-beet business is the ruin of our people."

I talked with one of the hirelings on the plantation, who was a little more intelligent than most I tried, but his utter ignorance of political liberty was astonishing. Said I to him, "Couldn't you get along without a king, think?"

The question almost shocked him, and he looked quite vacant: "The king gives alms to the poor." That was the strongest suggestion that occurred to him.

"But suppose you should elect your king, and allow him regular wages, such as you get yourself, only higher in proportion to his place?"

The poor fellow's countenance was really troubled, and he answered softly, as if afraid he might be overheard, "Oh,

I think that would be bad, for then the poor would get no alms."

"Is that all you fear? But suppose your Diet in Berlin paid him wages, not half so much as he has now, and saved the rest for the poor?"

He gave a glance to be sure we were not overheard, and then he cogitated the idea of electing a king, which seemed to be peculiarly strange and terrible to him. Then came the argument which was convincing: "But if we did not vote for this king, but another, his police would come and catch us and put us in prison."

The poor scared, starved soul! So utterly impossible was it for him to place himself back of the notion of a king, having all rights and all moneys, and giving to this poor beet-hoer and his fellows so much of either as suited his serene pleasure! He seemed to be as incapable of conceiving of anything whatsoever existing without the consent of the king as we all are of understanding how the Almighty has existed from eternity, self-created. I questioned many, and found that this notion of royal almsgiving was always uppermost.

And in this place it is necessary to write a thing which may seem terribly un-American and undemocratic. A vast majority of the masses of the Continent, at least in the country—and that even in Prussia, the most intelligent of nations—are not "sighing for liberty" at all. They do not even know what liberty is. The root of the matter is not found in them. They are dimly conscious, like a linnet hatched in its wicker cage, that something is lacking in their little lives, that "there's somewhat in this world amiss;" but if they long to come to America, an honest analysis of their minds would evolve the unheroic fact that most of them were distinctly conscious of no more elevated purpose than to be able to acquire a more ample quantum of meat and mustard for a smaller outlay of labor.

The war between Prussia and Austria was just in its incipency, the Prussian government was rapidly mobilizing its regiments and hurling them down

through Saxony, and the village of Stassfurt was clamorous with belligerent talk. Nevertheless, one thing was specially noteworthy—to wit, that the disputants always confined themselves to a mention of "Prussia" and "Austria," and never, on a single occasion, allowed themselves to speak of "the king" or "the emperor," or of any other name standing for living flesh and blood. As they sat around their little tables I thought many times they would certainly fall to tweaking each other's noses. First, one would stand up, lean far across the table, and beat it very earnestly with his fist or strike wildly into the atmosphere, as if in the prosecution of severely personal hostilities against a June-bug; then the other would do the same; then they would both leap up, put their faces close together, and discourse very violently and simultaneously for many moments together.

Close by the roadside, on an eminence commanding a prospect far and wide over the plains, stood a sandstone monolith, which, to the seeker after the dark ways of character, was a better guide than ever Number Nip was to the wayfarer. It appears that the duke of Anhalt, on whose territory it stood, some twenty years ago, when his excessive taxes had reduced the people to beggary, was graciously moved in his paternal heart to order the construction of a ducal turnpike, to enable his subjects to keep away the wolf from their cabins. This was all very good and pleasant to a philanthropic mind, but the weak point of the German character appears on this monument, with this legend among others: "Wanderer, as you pause here, let us joyfully declare to you that Love fashioned this column as a memorial of our lealty to him." If Americans had received government assistance of this sort, perhaps they would have passed a series of resolutions in gratitude, perhaps not, and there the whole matter would have ended.

The principal circumstance to be noted in this inscription is that certain

something of servility, of adulation and incense-burning to sleek rank rather than to starved and penniless genius, that "too-muchness" of loyalty, of which Coleridge accuses the Germans. Compare the German *Domkirchen* with the cathedrals of Italy. In the latter there are tens of thousands of statues, statuettes, busts, pictures, cartoons, in which the children of genius do each other noble honor above all ribboned potentates; but in German churches there are few grand tombs except to coffin the purple, few sublime frescoes except to celebrate the heroism of the blue blood. How true, how pitifully true, that caustic word of Von Moltke as he stood before the portraits of Bazaine and McMahon in Versailles!—"I think we Prussian generals have about as much merit as these gentlemen, but, by God! they will not place any of our portraits in a Pantheon at Berlin." Of all nations in Europe the most peaceful and the most unhand-some on a horse, they have the most absurd disproportion of equestrian bronze in their streets.

When will Germany cease to worship kings, and build for genius a Chaucer's House of Fame? Who will ever rear the true Walhalla of Germany, wherein shall be gathered her real *Einheriar*?

What more contemptuous term of reproach in the rest of Europe than "German count!" In their journals they quote the sayings of their great statesmen far oftener than we in America do, but this is merely the tribute of book-worms, the conceit of learning. It is egotism. Egotism and skepticism are one; and it is a curious commentary on the value of most modern skepticism that the most skeptical people of Europe are the most king-worshipping nation. There is a skepticism which is servility itself. A skeptical people can never maintain republican government. They are too absolute—they must push every principle to its ultimate results: none of the imperfect systems which alone, in this fallen world, can be carried on among men will be tolerated by them. They would pick such a government to pieces, and establish in its stead

such a hopelessly complicated and Utopian affair as was sought to be made in 1848 in Frankfort. There is no elasticity in the German character, no spirit of compromise, none of our American easy, swinging *laissez aller* which is indispensable to self-government. The German loses his temper in politics—he strikes blindly about him: a German minority always protests. Germans have no patience with political offenders. "Shoot them down like mad dogs!" said Luther of the rebellious peasants.

But we have wandered a long way from our sandstone pillar. Yes, here is Hettstadt. The landlord of the White Swan was a tall, slender, meagre-faced man, and he received me with much solemnity. We sat down on opposite sides of the polished earthenware stove reaching nearly to the ceiling, he with a hand on each knee, and I looked at him and he looked at me, and we both looked at each other. To keep up the conversation, I was obliged to set forth unto him my whole history in order, interspersing the same with divers instructive accounts of American wheat and rye. But when the young people came in in the evening, as ever, to refresh themselves with a little beer, his tongue was loosened, and I discovered that his preternatural gravity had been superinduced by the fact that he was engaged in a profound cogitation in his mind, endeavoring to lift himself to the realization that he had an undoubted live American under his rafters. He rehearsed to them with an almost childish eagerness all my noble qualities and every minutest circumstance of the wonderful vegetables grown in America, every man the while looking at me with his two round eyes, with many ejaculations of admiration, until I began to feel, as Hawthorne says he did once when lionized, very much like a hippopotamus. I had to drink an alarming quantity of beer that evening, and answer several hundred questions about America, and I had hard work to get away to bed about midnight.

Eisleben stands on one side of a

picturesque valley, not very deep and about half a mile wide, looking across to vast accumulations of copper slag heaped among the knolls. It is of the invariable fashion, all split up with the crookedest little alleys, cobble-paved and without footways, and yellow-stuccoed, sharp-gabled houses. After depositing my traveling-bag in the Golden Ship, I immediately set out to seek the birth-place of the great monk. And what a disappointment it was, to be sure! Elizabeth Goethe says: "The individual is buried in consecrated ground: so shall one also bury great and rare events in a beautiful coffin of recollections, to which each can return to commemorate the remembrance." But how all my youthful and rose-colored imaginings of Luther's birth-place were mildewed! Yet it was profitable to see from what a vile chrysalis-case emerged so great a soul.

Conceive a mud-and-cobble house, of the natural earth-color, jammed in between two others so tightly that it shoots up into two tall stories, though scarcely more than fifteen feet on the ground, looking like a little boy in a spelling-class standing on tiptoe, with his arms squared close to his body. Not more than five corpulent old burghers could walk abreast in the alley before it, and right in front of the stone step, worn out many inches by centuries of use, trickled along a film of drainage. The tiny window on the right of the door contained nearly a hundred pieces of stained glass, about three-fourths of them square, and the others puttied together in kaleidoscopic fashion. Over the door was a black medallion bust of the Reformer—a modern work—with leaves and grapes twined around it, and this dubious legend written above:

"Jedes Wort ist Luther's Lehr,
Darum vergeht sie immer mehr."

The door consisted of two rough, unplaned boards tacked together, and the walls were of almost Cyclopean thickness, the same within as without. In one corner there was a huge, uncouth structure of hewn logs arranged in steps,

whereby we ascended to the upper story. This is low, and the walls are partly covered with ragged paper, partly with rude mediæval frescoes, and partly with framed paintings, generally by Cranach and Albrecht Dürer, referring to scenes in Luther's history. They are in the quaint, curious, pre-Raphaelite style, the trees looking like toy trees drawn by school-children, with occasional dabs of leaves without any visible means of support, and the trunks sometimes failing to make a conjunction with the ground, and looking much as if they felt it was the "winter of their discontent;" and the people reaching their arms out of their breasts, as in an Egyptian wall-picture. One of them pictures the Diet of Worms under biblical forms, being divided into three compartments—that on the right showing Nebuchadnezzar (Charles V.) and the three young Jews (Luther, Spalatin, etc.), with the corpulent form of Tetzels among his counselors; that in the centre, the golden image (Popery); and that on the left, the Jews in the burning fiery furnace.

Most of these paintings are full of the bigotry of the time, Luther's sermons done in oil colors, breathing threatenings and slaughter against the Pope. They are as Luther describes himself, "rough, boisterous, stormy, and altogether warlike, born to fight innumerable devils and monsters, to remove stumps and stones, to cut down thistles and thorns, and to clear the wild woods." In a little cabinet there are some coins full of the same intolerance—one of them, for instance, being so arranged that when one side is uppermost, the beholder sees Leo X., but when the other is turned up there appears a moderately correct likeness of the devil.

It will be remembered that Luther had by "the profoundly learned lady, Catherine Luther, his gracious housewife," whom he valued "above the kingdom of France or the state of Venice," six children. The eighth generation of his descendants was represented, in the male line, by Joseph Carl Luther

alone. This Joseph had seven children, of whom all except two daughters, Maria and Elizabeth, were in 1867 living in Halle or its vicinity. None of them were at all distinguished, and nobody in Eisleben or anywhere else knew anything concerning them beyond the simple fact that they existed. "Sense becomes nonsense, welfare a plague: alas for thee that thou art a grandson!" says Goethe.

The memory of the mighty monk is not cherished as it deserves, either by the Prussian government or by the German people. Not in all the city of Eisleben, with its two daily newspapers, could I find a photograph of the Reformer, and it was with difficulty that I discovered in an obscure *Buchhandlung* one of his house. The stone step of his humble dwelling is little worn now by the tread of reverent pilgrims, and the cobwebs stretch athwart the stairs. Germany has erected a few statues in honor of genius—to Gutenberg, Faust and Schöffer, to Goethe and Schiller; but most of its statues are in apotheosis of sashed and ribboned idiocy, bestriding the horse which the Germans of all men sit most ill, and only great "by the grace of God" or the titular additions of flunkeyism. France writes on her July Column the names of *all* her immortals; Italy fashions from the imperishable marble, with the long patience of centuries, and places in her Pantheon at Milan, the shapes of *all* her illustrious sons; but Germany, which is full of bronze kings who in their generation were tyrannic idiots, plants no worthy statue to Humboldt or Luther or Beethoven, princes of science, of religion and music in all our Christian world. Peaceful as she is, in all practical matters Germany is the *youngest* of all civilized peoples, and, like a young girl, her imagination runs on military brass and spangles.

The next day was Sunday, and we attended service in the little chapel wherein Luther preached his last sermon. Its rough walls were cracked and crumbled away in many places, affording chinks for the chattering rooks,

and checkered around the bottom outside with memorial tablets of stone, bearing the names of deceased church-members. The high-backed, perpendicular seats were thoroughly of the American pioneer sort in their discomfortableness. They reminded one forcibly of the ancient and ever-to-be-remembered meeting-house of one's youth, wherein one was wont to sit, listening to

"The humming of the drowsy pulpit-drone
Half God's good Sabbath,"

with one's little legs projected straight forward, like a couple of marline-spikes, now sleepily blinking at the flies dancing a mad cotillon in the air, and now munching a caraway-speckled cookey, surreptitiously slipped into one's hand as a preventive against childish ungodliness.

The congregation rose to their feet during the reading of the text, and bent their heads reverently while the Lord's Prayer was recited, as did also the pastor, removing his skull-cap. I was surprised to see, on the pulpit beside him, an old-fashioned hour-glass—surprised, because the Germans are noted for the brevity of their discourses, and are never so long-winded as were the seventeenth-century English divines, with their "sixteenthly" and "seventeenthly," elaborated with "Episcopal peritinity," as Sydney Smith says.

There was a young editor in the town with whom I had some interesting talk. He advanced the striking but rather fanciful theory that public virtue and morality have decreased in Germany almost *pari passu* with the destruction of the forests. He said he was not alone in this belief, but that some of the governments had become convinced that unless the woods were replaced the people would lapse eventually into the corruption which destroyed Rome, and disappear from nations; and that they had begun, twenty or twenty-five years ago, to plant the pineries we now see growing. German throughout! Virtue before a back-log always! But one thing is certain—the scarcity of fuel on the great plateau of Prussia has a be-

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numbing effect on the intellects of the peasants, who consume such quantities of cold beer besides. In the cities, at least among the wealthy, the rigor of the weather is mollified by fuel enough, but the picture of a raw-blooded peasant shivering over his still, dead, smokeless peat-fire is not one suggestive of brilliant brain-work. Dr. H. P. Tappan, a distinguished metaphysician, said that when he wished to compose on a particularly abstruse topic he shut himself in a cold room; but there is no logic in an unintermitting congelation. The terrible rigors of Dun Edin are doubtless well suited to the production of steely treatises on "Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," if there be judicious alternations of roaring fires, but the poor, blue-nosed peasant, with never a jolly blaze before him, raps on his frosty mind and finds no foreknowledge in it at all.

In the village of Querfurt I was burdened and overwhelmed by the hospitalities of the people when they discovered I was a child of the Republic. In the evening I effected the acquaintance of a musician who had returned from our happy land with daughters and dollars, and he rallied a circle around me who kept me up till the stroke of midnight, and were rapping at my door directly after cock-crow. All that forenoon, as I remember, and until three in the afternoon, we ranged through the village, visiting the ancient round-tower and— Well, I believe that was the only antiquity; but we made up for that by visiting it at various angles to complete the perspective; and each time we emerged from it we discovered an entirely new and convenient beer-garden, whereinto we entered, being weary, and rested, and refreshed ourselves with a little beer. My musical friend had indoctrinated his fellows in the American custom for this particular occasion. In *The Traveling Student*, Schneider has the following:

"Quiet, freshman! You are to keep still when old moss-heads speak."

"O Lord! I can't stand so much drinking of healths. It's killing me."

"Hold your tongue, freshman! You have taken only nineteen *Schoppen* of vile *cerevisium* yet. That is nothing. Study three years, and you'll bring it up to twenty-nine."

Like the luckless freshman, I thought it was a good time to stop, between nineteen and twenty-nine. But such genial and overflowing hospitality!—one cannot be boorish. What a tempting way the Germans have of arranging provisions in the show-windows, with rural scenery!—boiled hams, daisies, links of sausages, sweet-williams, sprouting pinks, sweet fountains and moss-banks. This is a glass of *Maitrunk*, a beverage new to Americans, and quite innocent.

"My friends, we all shakes our hands. Sausages hanging in the woods. Fine portrait of General Scott on the wall. General Scott fought for his country, and whipped the Mexicans. You throws up your hat for General Scott."

It was long after noon before I could by any means get away from the importunate hospitality of these pleasant people. Like the young editor of *Eisleben*, my musical friend accompanied me many miles, and insisted on carrying my traveling-bag the entire distance. It was an extremely warm day in June, and he was quite a stout little gentleman, yet he clothed himself with a heavy overcoat before he started, and, to my astonishment, wore it the whole afternoon, but laid it off directly we entered the cool hotel in the evening. Of course, after our arduous labors in exploring the round-tower, we frequently became fatigued, whereupon we would enter a little inn and refresh ourselves with a little beer. There was an inn every half mile, and my musical friend was not partial to any one. At first I kept him company, but presently I was obliged to skip every other inn, and at last to refuse, sternly and absolutely.

The German capacity to drink beer is positively amazing. My friend appeared no whit the worse for his innumerable "potations pottle deep." And, indeed, I never saw an habitual sot, or even a drunken man, in Prussia, though the latter can be seen every Sunday in

Munich. One thing is certain—the Germans are far more temperate, with their astonishing consumption of beer, than we are in America, with our smaller use of whisky.

Next day, when I parted from my stout little musical friend in Freiburg, he seemed considerably affected: his eyes moistened, his voice trembled, and before I was in the least aware of his intentions upon me, he imprinted a very warm, soft and broad kiss on my forehead. There was no doubt whatever of the sincerity of his affection, yet I confess I almost staggered with amazement. But this same man the day before, when we came upon a poor woman who had fallen in the road beneath a mighty bunch of grass which she had reaped and stacked upon her neck, passed her by with contemptuous unconcern. It did not seem to occur to him for a moment that she was the victim of an infamous domestic tyranny. So strangely susceptible are the German people of the deepest attachments known on earth, and yet so destitute of gallantry, and often so tyrannous over their women and children!

The sides of the valley in which Freiburg stands are terraced for miles above and below with vineyards, for this is no longer the region of beer, but of champagne. One of these vineyards, on a very steep hillside, was remarkable for its ancient and elaborate carvings in stone. All the terraces were fronted with perpendicular walls of natural rock, which was smoothed and ornamented with scenes chiseled in relief, almost life-size; as, a hunter shooting a fox which his dog had chased into a leaning tree, the hunter being several inches taller than the tree; Reynard hanging from a tree by his neck, yet screwing that member over, in his last agony, to squint down at the grapes; bacchanals dancing around Apollo playing the lyre; Lot's daughters offering him wine in the cave; the two spies carrying the grapes of Eshcol, etc. The entrance was under an arched gateway elegantly ornamented with carvings, vases and flowers, all in stone, and a steep flight of steps led

up the hill, with two statues of heathen divinities at every terrace.

At Naumburg I had two hours to wait in the station, and I imprudently took out my map and papers, and began reading the war-news from Bohemia. Presently a broad-faced, stalwart *gendarme*, with a stout short sword in his scabbard, and trowsers which fitted his legs as if the latter had been molten and poured into them, came and gently tapped me on the shoulder. He politely asked to see my "papers," meaning my passport, but as he could read no word in it—though I could hardly keep from bursting outright with laughter at the intense and inscrutable solemnity with which the fellow perused it a while—he requested me to accompany him to police head-quarters. As nobody there could read English, we went next to the burgomaster. This personage was a blue-eyed, rather long-featured and exquisitely bland gentleman, seated behind a desk, on which was a mountain of documents bound in the inevitable blue official pasteboard covers of Prussia. He questioned me pretty sharply. He could by no means comprehend what any rational individual should be doing walking about over Prussia and writing down matters in his book (it was war-time) without some ulterior *Zweck*. He was deeply concerned to know what my *Zweck* was. "*Was haben Sie denn zum Zweck?*" he asked me several times. I explained to him, as well as I could, that my *Zweck* was to acquire useful and interesting information for myself, and also to impart the same to inquiring minds. But he was not satisfied, and presently he bethought himself to call in his wife, who could speak English. "*Liebe Frau*," said he, "*herein*."

This lady spoke English very sweetly, and it was all the more delicious from her exquisite musical and liquid German accent. It was worth more than an hour's arrest to be questioned by such a charming inquisitor. At his command she perused my note-book pretty thoroughly, but when she found, instead of descriptions of fortresses intended for the use of the wicked Austrians, such peaceful and innocent observations as, for instance, that the king of Prussia squinted when he laughed, and that two gallons of goat's milk in Eisleben made a pound of strong cheese, she smiled feebly and handed the note-book back. To convince her I was an American, I handed her some letters. She turned them over and over, and then looked at me with a puzzled and dubious expression. "But they are not opened," she said, with the faintest tone of expectant triumph in her voice.

The burgomaster also looked at me more sternly than he had hitherto done, as if demanding that this dark mystery should be solved at once.

I squeezed one a little in my hand, causing it to gape open at the end, where it had been merely slit. They were both so chagrined that such a simple device should have escaped them that they at once dismissed the case. The lady explained to her lord that the contents of my note-book were not dangerous, and that she was convinced I was by no means an incendiary person, a roaring democrat going about seeking helpless monarchs to devour; and so at last they sent me away, with very sweet and bland apologies and expressions of regret. I had barely time to catch the train for the Wartburg. STEPHEN POWERS.

WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?

WHAT else but water, if we look for the enjoyment of good health, freedom from many diseases and increased probability of long life? will be the reply of the temperance man. The preferred drink, exclaims the advocate of alcohol, will be, of course, that which contains the inspiring element, to gratify the palate, exhilarate and impart additional strength to body and mind, promote good fellowship and confer immunity from various physical and moral ills. The question is one of the most momentous that could be presented when examined under its diversified aspects of health, morals, social order, private and political economy, public prosperity and national weal; for under all these is it constantly forced on the attention of every impartial observer. Putting aside the pleas of appetite, custom and long precedent in favor of alcoholic liquors as contrasted with the universal indispensable use, from all time, of the aqueous regimen, it will be our aim on the present occasion to show in a necessarily brief statement the grounds on which the answer to our question should be made.

WATER, in addition to its use internally for drinking and externally for ablution, serves many other important purposes in the animal economy in preserving the structure and vitality of the human body. This fluid dilutes the food in the processes of mastication and digestion, and is necessary to the performance of all the functions, whether these consist in the appropriation of new substances or the elimination of those which are worn and effete. Water is the chief constituent of animal bodies: it forms four-fifths of the nutrient fluid, the blood, and three-fourths of the entire body: it gives bulk and the necessary fullness and outline to each part, and as a solvent it serves for the conveyance of various substances to the several textures and organs. The loss

of it in great quantity soon puts a stop to vital action, the lower animals and human beings soon becoming moribund from the exhausting discharge of the watery constituent of the blood. On the other hand, some animalcules, in which all appearances of life have ceased on their being deprived of it, will revive on its being applied to them again. Liebig shows how water contributes to the greater number of the transformations which take place in the living structure. Of the predominance of the aqueous over the strictly solid parts of the entire body a striking proof was exhibited in a case mentioned by Blumenbach, the eminent physiologist, of the dry mummy of an adult Guanche, which, with all the parts belonging to it in life, did not weigh more than seven pounds and a half. Of the different substances, animal and vegetable, used for food, most people will be surprised to learn that four-fifths consist of pure water. This fluid, then, it will be seen imparts to the solid constituents of the human frame that peculiar flexibility and power of extension so characteristic of the animal organs. Prout, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, speaks of water as one of the alimentary or primary staminal principles. In milk we find in a state of combination the four great staminal principles—viz., the aqueous (as water), constituting, even without the gratuitous addition by milk-venders, nearly 80 per cent.; the saccharine or amylaceous (sugar of milk); the oily (butter); and the albuminous (casein, the chief constituent of cheese).

There are well-attested cases of persons who have lived on water alone while abstaining from all customary food. Dr. McNaughton, of Albany, relates an incident of this kind* in the person of Reuben Kelsey, whose sole drink and food was water during a period of fifty-three days. For the first six weeks

* *Transactions of the Albany Institute*, 1830.

he walked out every day, and sometimes spent a great part of the day in the woods. His walk was steady and firm, and his friends even remarked that his step was unusually elastic. He shaved himself until about a week before his death, and was able to sit up in bed to the last day. His fasting was entirely voluntary and under the influence of a delusion.

ALCOHOL, unlike water, comes to us as a product of art, obtained by fermentation and distillation. Left to itself, the juice of the grape would soon pass from the state of vinous to that of acetous fermentation, or from wine to vinegar. Pure or absolute alcohol is anhydrous, or without water: it is colorless, volatile and inflammable, has a burning taste and a pleasant fruity smell. Rectified spirit contains 49 to 60 per cent. of pure alcohol and 40 to 51 per cent. of water, with fusel oil, or oil of grain. In ardent spirits, as used for drink, the proportion of alcohol varies from 53 per cent., as in brandy, Irish whisky and rum, to 57 per cent., as in gin, which also contains oil of juniper; and in wines we find a range from 10 per cent., as in tokay, and 12 in champagne, to 22 in port and madeira. The strength of malt liquors varies, small beer containing between 1 and 2 per cent., lager beer from 4 to 7, and Burton ale nearly 9 per cent. of alcohol: cider furnishes from 5 to 10 per cent. The property which all fermented and distilled liquors have in common of producing intoxication, finds an explanation in their all having a common element, alcohol, and hence the propriety of designating them as alcoholic liquors.

If we compare the effects of water with those of alcohol in the living body, the differences are striking. Water is, as we have seen, a large component part of all the textures and organs, constitutes the chief portion of the blood and other animal fluids, and is the solvent of the saline and other substances contained in them and conveyed to the different organs to enable these to perform their requisite functions. Alcohol,

on the other hand, forms no part of the living body, and when taken into the stomach is rapidly absorbed, or rather permeates the membranes and the coats of the blood-vessels, and finds its way into the blood, with which it forms no homogeneous mixture, but, alien-like, is hurried along in the circulation, to be eliminated, in great part, as speedily as possible, that which is retained producing very equivocal effects, and in many instances painful and fatal diseases. It escapes by the way of the lungs, as shown in the breath of those who have been drinking ardent spirits or strong wines, and also by the skin and kidneys. That portion of the alcohol which is retained in the body accumulates most readily in the brain and liver, and it has been found in its pure state after death in these organs, especially in the brain. The first manifest effects of an alcoholic liquor are on the brain and nervous system generally, on which it acts, in a small dose, as an excitant, and in a larger one as a narcotic. Other parts are affected in a corresponding manner, being at first stimulated, not strengthened, and afterward retarded and weakened in their action.

For example, the heart, that wonderful and, during life, never-ceasing pump, when its inner surface is reached by the tide of blood containing alcohol, works away so much the faster to get rid of the intruder: in so doing its machinery is needlessly strained, and if this be continued from day to day is more apt to be deranged and sooner worn out. Under the operation of the prolonged use of alcoholic liquors the heart often becomes hypertrophied or morbidly thickened, and at other times dilated and thinner in its substance; or a still worse condition supervenes—its muscular texture is converted into fatty matter, and it fails to contract with the requisite force and regularity, and is liable at any moment to cease beating. In this sudden cessation of the heart's action is found an explanation of some of the sudden deaths of which we read. These destructive effects of the use of alcoholic liquors are not by any means con-

fined to drunkards: they are seen in persons who had never been intoxicated during their lives, but who had been regular drinkers of these liquors. The liver is diseased in a similar manner from the like cause.

Still more extensive alcoholic mischief is exhibited in the fatty degeneration of the blood, and the consequent diminution of the plastic material which is a constituent of this fluid, and with which it constructs and preserves the different textures and organs of the body. A morbid state is farther kept up by the retention of unchanged and unmetamorphosed materials in the blood, and among those so retained may be mentioned carbon, whence ensue diminished activity of the lungs in breathing and minor pulmonary exhalation of carbonic acid. Additional poisoning of the blood by alcoholic drinks is evinced in the arrest of development and hastening the decay of the red corpuscles from which the blood derives its color, and which, coursing through the minute or capillary vessels of the skin of the face, impart to it the roseate hue and the peach-bloom of health and beauty.

So long as alcohol remains in the blood its poisonous operation will be continued, and will especially manifest itself on the brain and nervous system generally, through which the corrupt blood circulates; and if a regular supply of alcohol be kept up, the phenomena of alcoholism—one of the most sharply-defined features of which is *dclirium tremens*—supervene.

We are told most emphatically that the greatest amount of harm which alcohol is capable of producing is by the action of frequent small divided drams; and an eminent English physician (Dr. Chambers) assures us that he has never known a forenoon tippler, even though he never got drunk in his life, without a condition of stomach which must infallibly shorten his days. To an applicant for life insurance a leading question ought to be, "Do you drink spirits in the forenoon?" as one of much more importance than the aimless inquiry, "Is the proposer sober or tem-

perate?" Nobody, of course, is anything else on these occasions, and the answer is a mere declaration of opinion. It has been noticed that very great occasional excesses in drinking spirituous liquors do not act so strongly in the causing of that wasting and so often incurable malady, "Bright's disease," as long-continued smaller excesses.

The question has been asked, Is alcohol food, or poison, or medicine, or a luxury? It is not food, for it contributes nothing to the proper support and growth of the body, or to the formation of any the most minute parts, solid or fluid, of which it is composed. Alcohol gives no nourishment and repairs no waste; and so far from aiding digestion, as is commonly believed, it retards and interrupts this process in a very decided manner, by precipitating pepsin from the gastric juice, and thus preventing the requisite changes of food in the stomach. The plea that alcohol is an indirect or accessory food is a mere speculation based on its morbid action in preventing or retarding those changes in the body which are continually taking place by the introduction of fresh material and the elimination of that which has become old and waste. The retention of this old and waste material may serve, it is alleged, as a temporary substitute for the want of a supply of proper nutritive substances, but in so doing it must interfere with the changes in the constitution of the blood which are essential to health. Alcohol by its action on the nervous system will obtund the gnawings of hunger and lessen the languor and feebleness from long fasting, but without yielding nourishment, either direct or indirect.

Alcohol is not a food: is it a poison? Every writer on toxicology so regards it, and as such a place is given it in the class of narcotic or of narcotico-acrid poisons. One might as well drink oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) as pure alcohol. It would instantly burn the mouth, tongue and throat, and destroy, as a caustic, all the parts it touched. A small quantity injected into the veins of an animal would cause immediate death.

Alcohol ranks in the same class with nux vomica, strychnia, hellebore, hemlock, stramonium, aconite, belladonna, tobacco, cocculus indicus, etc. The most determined toper, with all his dislike and disparagement of water, dares not drink alcohol until it receives an aqueous addition of nearly 50 per cent.

But, although thus weakened, alcohol is still a poison, proofs of which are furnished in the cases of those persons who have been suddenly destroyed after drinking ardent spirits in large quantity. This will vary with the age and habits of the party. A boy aged seven years has been killed by swallowing three ounces of brandy; an adult has been carried off in eight hours after drinking a pint of spirits; and numerous are the instances of sudden death in persons who for a mad wager have drunk at once a quart of distilled spirits. The shock of a large dose of alcohol on the nervous system acts like a blow on the head or a kick on the stomach. Prussic acid is not more deadly. But need we look for more conclusive evidence of the poisonous operation of alcohol on the human frame than that daily and hourly furnished in the last stage of drunkenness by the bewilderment of the mind and senses, loss of muscular power, and final insensibility and stupefaction, resembling apoplexy itself? There are, however, on record cases showing the marvelous toleration of large quantities of ardent spirits produced by long use of them. Dr. Anstie tells of an old man, eighty-three years of age, who had taken nothing for a long time but gin, to the amount of a bottle a day, with water and a small finger-length of bread.

Is alcohol a medicine? Like all other poisons, it may, on occasions, be used medicinally with advantage, but under cautions and restrictions which, it must be admitted, are too often lamentably lost sight of by those who prescribe and dispense it. This subject requires a thorough revision by medical men, and a stop put to the increase of drunkenness by the heedless advice so often given under professional sanction to drink some alcoholic liquor—wine, beer or

whisky—in almost every deviation from health, however slight. More especially pernicious are these indiscriminate prescriptions in a season of epidemic visitation, as of cholera, given under the mistaken belief that alcoholic stimulants are preventive of an attack of the disease. The facts are, that the intemperate are the first victims in every epidemic, and that of all the modes of treating cholera, that which consisted in the free use of ardent spirits was followed by the greatest number of deaths. It should be made a question in medical ethics to what extent a physician is responsible for the remoter effects of his administration of alcoholic liquors in a case which does not indispensably require it. His casual advice is often seized on as a reason or an excuse for a continuation of the use of the intoxicating drink until a habit of inebriation is formed. It may be that he is himself, in some instances, too much given to the use of the alcoholics which he so lavishly prescribes to others.

Is alcohol a luxury? If it be one, it is beyond measure the most costly, and at the same time the most common, and attended with the shortest period of enjoyment produced by any luxurious indulgence. It is more enervating, more productive of numerous fatal diseases and widespread misery and ruin, than all the accumulated luxuries of Nineveh and Babylon, of imperial Rome in her decline, and of modern London and Paris.

If we pass from the deductions of science, which have been shown to be adverse to the use of alcohol as a drink, to an observation of its effects on the world at large, in all lands, in all classes and ages, and in both sexes, what scenes of disorder and riot, what warring against law and morals, what records of crime and insanity, meet our troubled vision!

Most fearful are the statistics of crime and of disease, both of body and mind, resulting from the habitual use of alcohol. Who can number or measure the breaches in the family circle, the torturing anguish of crushed husbands, broken-hearted wives and innocent chil-

dren, due to the same cause! Drunkenness and drunkards may serve as typical terms, but they are far from representing the aberrations from sobriety and the sufferings of the larger number of those who indulge in the habitual use of alcohol. These persons are in the greatest danger, owing to the slow and insidious progress of alcoholic poisoning—alcoholism—which is evinced in the first stage by a trembling hand and unreadiness of mind, and in the more advanced if not final one by insanity and palsy. It is not to be denied, however, that this breakdown of the system often occurs from an overworked and continually excited brain in the so-called temperate, but who in this respect are intemperate in straining their mental faculties beyond measure, and depriving themselves of proper rest and sleep. At the same time it should be known that this downward course begins earlier and is more complete where alcohol has been habitually drunk.

Is there no propitiatory sacrifice to procure the removal of this "crowning curse," no means to stay the pestilence and bring about its extinguishment? Nothing is simpler. The sure and thorough means, those of prevention, are in everybody's power. All that is asked for is simple abstinence from the use of alcohol as a drink. But, reply its friends and consumers, why should we deprive ourselves of that which gives us pleasure, imparts strength and carries with it many immunities, such as enabling us to resist the injurious effects of the extremes of heat and of cold and the vicissitudes of weather, and to bear up under bodily and mental labor? Of the pleasure found in drinking intoxicating liquors we need say but little, when we think how evanescent it is, and by what heavy penalties it is so often followed. But in regard to the positive benefits alleged to result from the use of these liquors, enlarged observation and experience show conclusively that these favorable opinions are not only vulgar errors, but that they are the very reverse of the truth. Alcohol, as we learn from numerous

scientific experiments, diminishes the activity of respiration and the evolution of animal heat; and hence an explanation of the fact noticed by all Arctic explorers and those engaged in the whale-fisheries, that they who drink this fluid in any form of combination are less able than water-drinkers to resist cold: the only cordials of these latter are tea and coffee, aided by which they enjoy comparative immunity from the effects of exposure. Alcohol is proved to be equally powerless to resist the operation of great heat on those exposed to it. Spirit-drinkers are the most liable to sunstroke, just as, at other seasons, they sink and die under exposure to great cold.

A rigid inquiry leaves little ground for hope that public health and morals, and temperance in general, would be promoted by the substitution of wines and beers for distilled spirits. Intemperance prevails to a great extent in France, the chief wine-country of Europe, and is on the increase—a fact not announced by a mere solitary declaimer or cynic, but acknowledged and deplored by Frenchmen of the highest intelligence. Among these are found political economists and eminent medical writers and professors—viz., Dupin, Villermé, Chevalier, Fleury, Fodéré and Pomme. The *cabarets*—petty taverns or wineshops—appear, from the descriptions given by Villermé and Fleury, to be, if possible, worse than the beershops of England or grogshops of our own country. Montalembert once said that "where there is a wineshop there are the elements of disease, and the frightful source of all that is at enmity with the interests of the workman." The descriptions we receive from nearly all English writers of the drunkenness and brutishness so common among the laboring classes, who consume immense quantities of malt liquors, forbid any hope of the advance of the cause of temperance by substituting such drinks for ardent spirits. Of the great gain in health and intellectual activity by the substitution of water for wine by authors and teachers, at an age too when some

kind of alcoholic liquor has been thought advisable, we have examples in the cases of the late Professors Silliman of New Haven and Miller of Princeton, and the Reverend Sydney Smith, as related by themselves. The last-named writer, in a letter to his daughter, Lady Holland, speaking of the good arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors, enumerates sweet sleep, ability to take longer walks and make greater exertion without fatigue, improvement of the understanding, seeing better without wine and spectacles than when both were used. "Pray," he adds, "leave off wine: the stomach is quite at rest, no heart-burn, no pain, no distention."

For all practical purposes it is useless to talk of wine as a substitute for ardent spirits as a beverage. But a small proportion of the liquors now sold as vinous are the fermented juice of the grape alone. They are largely adulterated by various additions, and are in large quantities imitation wines, in which

there is no pure wine whatever. These processes are nowhere carried on to so great an extent or so systematically as in France, where they are reduced to a science from which the people of the United States are the greatest sufferers. Whether we shall fare better with the California wines remains to be determined by time.

If other beverages than pure water be called for to assuage thirst, gratify the palate and excite pleasantly the mind and senses, the want will be met in the unfermented juices of different fruits and infusions of herbs and other vegetable substances. The true brain-excitors, which cheer but not inebriate, are tea and coffee—serviceable alike in summer's heat and winter's cold, real sustainers of strength under bodily strain and labor—in fine, our friends under all those circumstances in which alcohol signally fails to give the desired help.

JOHN BELL, M. D.

CLOUD FANTASIES.

WILD, rapid, dark, like dreams of threatening doom,
 Low cloud-racks scud before the level wind:
 Beneath them the bared moorlands, blank and blind,
 Stretch mournful, through pale lengths of glimmering gloom:
 Afar, grand mimic of the sea-waves' boom,
 Hollow, yet sweet (as if a Titan pined
 O'er deathless woes), yon mighty wood, consigned
 To autumn's blight, bemoans its perished bloom.
 The dim air creeps with a vague shuddering thrill
 Down from these monstrous mists the sea-gale brings,
 Half formless, inland, poisoning earth and sky;—
 Mist, from yon black cloud, shaped like vampire wings
 O'er a lost angel's visage, deathly still,
 Uplifted toward some dread Eternity!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

OLD SADLER'S RESURRECTION:

A YARN OF THE MEXICAN GULF.

"TALKING about ghosts," said the captain, "listen while I spin you a bit of a yarn which dates back some twenty-five years ago, when, but a wee bit of a midshipman, I was the youngster of the starboard steerage mess on board the old frigate *Macedonian*, then flag-ship of the West India squadron, and bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Jesse Wilkinson.

"It would hardly interest you to tell what a clever set of lieutenants and ward-room officers we had, and how the twenty-three reefers in the two steerage messes kept up a racket and a row all the time, in spite of the taut rein which the first lieutenant, Mr. Bispham, kept over us. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles; and I can see him now, with the flat eagle-and-anchor buttons shining on his blue coat, as he would pace the quarter-deck, eyeing us young gentlemen of the watch, as demurely we planked up and down the lee side, tired enough, and waiting for eight bells to strike to rush below and call our relief. He was an austere man, and, unlike the brave old commodore, made no allowance for our pranks and skylarking.

"Among our crew, made up of some really splendid fellows, but with an odd mixture of 'Mahonese,' 'Dagos,' 'Rock-Scorpions,' and other countrymen, there was an old man-of-war's man named Sadler—a little, dried-up old chap of some sixty years, who had fought under Nelson at Trafalgar, so he said, and had been up and down, all around and criss-cross the world so often that he had actually forgotten where he had been, and so had all his geography lessons, learned by cruising experience, sadly mixed up in his head; which, although small, with a little old, weazened frontispiece, was full of odds and ends of yarns, with which he used to delight us young aspirants for naval honors, as he would

spin them to us on the booms on moonlight nights, after the hammocks had been piped down. How well do I remember the old fellow's appearance!—his neat white frock and trowsers, his low-quarter purser's shoes, with a bit of a ribbon for a bow; no socks, save the natural, flesh-tinted ones, a blue star, done in India ink, gleaming on his instep; his broad blue collar, decorated with stars and two rows of white tape, falling gracefully from a neck which, as we youngsters asserted, had received its odd-looking twist from hanging too long by a grape vine, with which the Isle of Pines' pirates had strung him up when he was chasing them under old Commodore Kearney's command. Anyhow, old, sharp-faced, wrinkled and tanned to the color of a sole-leather trunk, the whole cut of his jib told you at once that he was a regular man-of-war's man—one of a class whose faults I can hardly recall while remembering their sense of duty, their utter disregard of danger, and the reliance with which you can lead them on to attack anything, from a hornet's nest to an iron-clad.

"Well, it so happened, one hot day, while cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, that the news came to us that old Sadler was dead; and sure enough it was so, for the old fellow had quietly slipped his moorings, and, as we all hoped, had at last gone to where the sweet little cherub sits up aloft who looks out for the soul of poor Jack. Then, after the doctors had had a shy at him, to see why he had cleared out so suddenly, his remains were taken in charge by his messmates, who rigged the old man out in his muster clothes, sewed him up in his clean white hammock, with an eighteen pound shot at his feet, and reported to the officer of the deck that the body was ready for burial. So, about six

bells in the afternoon watch, the weather being very hot, and not a breath of air to ripple the glassy surface of the water, the lieutenant of the watch directed one of the young gentlemen to tell the boatswain to call 'All hands to bury the dead;' and soon fore and aft the shrill whistles were heard, followed by that saddest of all calls to a sailor at sea—'All hands bury the dead!'

"Our good old boatswain, Wilmoth, seemed to linger on the words with a feeling akin to grief at parting with an old shipmate, and as the last man reached the deck, he touched his hat and in a sad sort of way reported, 'All up, sir,' to the first lieutenant, who in his turn reported, 'Officers and men all on deck, sir,' to the commodore, who thereupon gave an order to the chaplain to go on with the services.

"The courses were hauled up, maintopsail to the mast, band on the quarter-deck, colors half-mast, and all hands, officers and men, stood uncovered, looking silently and sadly upon the body as it lay upon the gang-boards in its white hammock, ready for the last rites. Solemnly and most impressively were the services read, and at the words, 'We commit his body to the deep,' a heavy splash was heard, and poor old Sadler had gone to his long home for ever. Some of us youngsters ran up in the lee main rigging to see him go down, and as we watched him go glimmering and glimmering down to a mere speck, we wondered where he was bound, and how long it would take him to fetch Davy Jones' locker on that tack.

"'Pipe down, sir,' says the commodore to Mr. Bispham; 'Pipe down, sir,' says Mr. Bispham to Mr. Alphabetical Gray, who was officer of the deck; 'Pipe down, sir,' says Mr. Gray to the gentleman of the watch; 'Pipe down, sir,' says this youngster to the boatswain; and then *such* a twitter of pipes followed this order, and all hands were piped down, while poor old Sadler was still off soundings, and going down as fast as the eighteen-pound shot would take him.

"Now, you know that people coming

from a funeral on shore always have a gay sort of air, suppressed it may be, but still cropping out; and just so is it with sailors at sea; for, Sadler's body committed to the deep, all hands felt better: the fore and main tacks were hauled aboard, the main yard was filled away, and the jib sheet hauled aft, and we all settled down into every-day life, which, after all, is not half so monotonous on board a man-of-war as you might suppose.

"Well, as I have said, the weather was very hot, the surface of the water was as smooth as a mill-pond, the wind was all up and down the mast, and so the old ship was boxing the compass all to herself, and not making a foot of headway.

"At one bell in the first dog watch, Boyle, the ship's cook, reported the tea-water ready, and after this came the inevitable evening-quarters—and some old man-of-war's men would think the country was going to 'Jemmy Square-toes' stern first if they didn't have quarters—then down hammocks for the night at six bells, and after that just as much of fun, frolic, dance, song and yarn-spinning as all hands wanted until eight bells, when the watch was called.

"John Moffitt, the sailing master, the best fellow in the ward-room mess, and a great favorite with the youngsters, was officer of the deck from six to eight o'clock; and my messmate, Perry Buckner, of Scott county, Kentucky, the most dare-devil midshipman of us all, was master's mate of the forecabin; Hammond, Marshall, Smith and I were the gentlemen of the watch; Rodney Barlow was quartermaster at the 'con'; the lookouts had just been stationed; the men were singing, dancing, spinning yarns and otherwise amusing themselves about the decks, while the old ship was turning lazily around in the splendid moonlight as if admiring herself.

"Discipline, you know, is the very life of a man-of-war, and this must account for what now took place. Tom Edwards, a young foretopman, had the

lee lookout, and as seven bells struck he sang out, 'Lee cat-head;' but the last syllable died away on his lips as his eyes rested upon an object—a white object—standing bolt upright in the water before him, about a hundred yards distant and broad off on the lee bow. Suppressing a strong desire to shriek, and recovering himself, he touched his hat and said, 'Mr. Buckner, will you step up here, sir, if you please?'

"What is she, Edwards?" said Buckner, as he quickly mounted the hammock-rail.

"One look, a dip down, a shiver, and, O Lord! what did he see but *old Sadler standing straight as a ramrod, and heading right for the ship!*

"It took Buck a full minute to recover himself, and then, with one eye on the lee bow and the other on the quarter-deck, he walked aft and deliberately touching his cap, reported to Moffitt, 'Old Sadler broad off on the lee bow, sir.'

"The d—— he is!" exclaimed Moffitt; but, checking himself, he said, 'Mr. Hammond, report Sadler's arrival to the commodore; and you, Mr. M——, report it to the first lieutenant, sir.'

"My eyes were as big as saucers as I rushed down the steerage ladder and into the ward-room, where I found the first lieutenant quietly seated reading over the black list; and when, with my heart in my throat, I said, 'Mr. Bisham, old Sadler is on the lee bow, sir,' he serenely replied, 'Very well, Mr. M——: I'll be on deck directly.'

"O Lord!" said I to myself—"to take a ghost as easily as all that!" Bolting up the ladder on my way back to the deck, and trembling lest I should see the ghost popping his head in through one of the gun-deck ports, I ran into Hammond, who dodged me like a shot.

"When I got on deck the news was all out, for Tom Edwards couldn't stand it any longer, but had just yelled out, 'Ghost ho! ghost ho! Look out! stand from under! here he comes!' and bolted aft, scared out of his wits.

"In ten seconds all hands were on deck—ship's cook, yeoman, 'Jemmy Legs,' 'Jemmy Ducks,' 'Bungs,' 'Lob-lolly boy,' captain of the hold, and, by this time, all the officers too, with the midshipmen scuttling up the ladders as fast as their legs and hands could carry them.

"Moffitt had hauled up the courses and squared the main yard, as much to make a diversion as anything else, although the men thought it was to keep old Sadler from boarding us; and as they rushed up on deck they filled the booms, lee rigging, hammock-petting and every available spot from which a sight of the old fellow could be had.

"Very soon they saw that he was not approaching the ship: the old sinner was just turning and turning around in the water, like a fishing-cork, dancing away all to himself, while the moonlight, first on one side, and then on the other, in light and shadow, gave a queer sort of look to his features, sometimes sad and sometimes funny.

"After watching him for a few minutes, Bill Ellis, the second captain of the foretop, hailed him thus: 'Sadler, ahoy! What do you want?'

"No answer being received, one of the mizzentop boys suggested that the old man had come back for his bag and hammock, and that they ought to be thrown overboard to him; but all this was cut short by the appearance of the commodore on the quarter-deck, and upon him all eyes were turned as he stepped upon the port horseblock, where a good view could be had.

"Now, old Jess was as brave an old fellow as ever sailed a ship, but he did not fancy ghosts, and the knowledge that all hands were looking at him to see how he took it made him feel a little nervous; but with a firm voice he called for his night-glass, and when the quartermaster, with a touch of his hat, handed it to him, he quietly arranged the focus, and, as we all supposed, was about to point it at Sadler, who was still dancing away for dear life all to himself. But old Jess was too smart for that: he quietly directed his glass

to another quarter, to gain a little time, and, gradually sweeping the horizon, brought it at last, with a tremor of mortal dread, to bear dead upon the ghost. Bless my soul! how the old gentleman shook! But recovering himself, with a big gulp in his throat he turned to the chaplain and said, 'Did you read the *full* service over him to-day, Mr. T——?'

"'I did, sir, as well as I can remember,'" replied Mr. T——.

"'Then, sir,' said the commodore, turning to Mr. Bispham and speaking in an authoritative tone, 'we must send a boat and bring him on board.'

"'O Lord! O Lord!—bring a ghost on board!' groaned the men.

"'Silence, fore and aft!' said Mr. Bispham, 'and call away the second cutter.'

"'Away there, you second cutters, away!' sung out the boatswain's mate. But they didn't 'away' one step, and we youngsters could hear the men growling out, 'What does the commodore want with old Sadler? This isn't his place: let the old man rip: he is dead and buried all right. We didn't ship to go cruising after ghosts: we shipped to reef topsails and work the big guns; and if old Jess wants old Sadler on board, he had better go after him himself.' Some said he had come back after his bag and hammock, and the best way was to let him have them, and then he would top his boom and clear out. Others said the purser had not squared off his account; and one of the afterguard was seen to tickle the mainmast and whistle for a breeze, to give the old fellow a wide berth. But it wouldn't do: discipline is discipline; and after a free use of the colt and a good deal of hazing, the boat's crew came aft, the cutter was lowered, and the men, with their oars up and eyes upon the ghost, were waiting the order to shove off, the bow oarsman having provided himself with a boarding-pike to 'fend off,' as he said, if the old man should fight.

"We youngsters knew that *somebody* else was needed in that boat, and that *somebody* was a midshipman with his

side-arms; but not a boy of us said a word about it, and we were afraid even to catch the first lieutenant's eye, lest he should be reminded that no young officer had, as usual, been ordered to go; but the order came at last. When Moffitt asked the first lieutenant, 'What officer, sir, shall I send in that boat?' we scattered like a flock of birds, but all too late; for Mr. Bispham referred the matter to the commodore, who, with a twinkle in his eye, said, 'Who discovered the ghost, sir?'

"'Midshipman Buckner reported him, sir,' was the reply.

"'Then,' said the commodore, 'by priority of discovery he belongs to Mr. Buckner, who will take charge of the cutter and bring him on board.'

"I heard all this from my place behind the mizzen mast, and you may guess how glad I was not to have been selected; but a groan, a chattering of the teeth, a trembling and shaking of bones close by my side, caused me to look around, and there was poor Buck, with his priority honors thick upon him.

"'Get your side-arms, sir,' said Moffitt: 'take charge of the cutter and carry out the commodore's order.'

"'Ay, ay, sir!' said Buck, but oh with what a change in his voice! As he buckled on his sword I could see what a struggle he was making to feel brave. As he went over the gangway to get into the boat I caught his eye, and if you could have seen that forlorn look you would have pitied him; for there was old Sadler turning and turning in the water, looking first this way, and then the other, and, as Buck thought, just ready to hook on to him and carry him down among the dead men.

"It is no light matter to go up to a ghost, front face, full face, and look him in the eye; but what must it be when you have to go up to him *backward*, as that cutter's crew had to do while pulling their oars, leaving only Buck and the coxswain to face him? They just couldn't do it, and at every stroke they would suddenly slew around on their thwarts and look at the old fellow, who seemed to them as big as an elephant, and just

ready to clap on to them, boat and all, as soon as they turned to give another stroke. Poor fellows! they made but little headway, and what with catching crabs, fouling their oars, blasting old Sadler's eyes, and denouncing him generally (one fellow fairly yelled outright when the bow oarsman accidentally touched him), they had a hard pull of it; but still they made some progress, and when Buck sang out, 'Way enough,' every oar flew inboard, every man faced suddenly around, and with this the cutter keeled over, and, her bow touching old Sadler on his shoulder, ducked him out of sight for a second, at which all hands shouted, thinking that he had gone for ever; but in a moment more up he popped, fresh as a lark, higher than ever before, and this time right abreast of the stern-sheets, where he bobbed and bowed to Buck, at which, with a yell of terror, all hands went overboard, and, floundering in the water, begged for mercy. The cutter had some little headway, and this of course brought Sadler astern on the other quarter, and then there was a wild rush to get back into the boat, for fear the old fellow was doubling on them to make a grab.

"The commodore, hearing the row and fearing disaster, ordered another boat to the rescue, but ere it reached the spot, Buck had, in some manner, quieted his men, who, seeing the ghost still standing bolt upright in the water and dancing away as if nothing had happened to scare *him*, manned their oars again and pulled cautiously toward

him; while he, with that changeable moonlight grin on his face, was bobbing up and down to the boat's crew, as if Buck were the commodore himself coming to pay him a visit.

"Stand by, there in the bow, to hook on to him," sang out Buck.

"Ay, ay, sir! I'll fix him;" and with that, and a heavy expletive in regard to the old fellow's eyes, the bow oarsman slammed his boarding-pike right into the ghost, just abaft his left leg, and as the sharp steel touched the body, a whizzing sound, like the escape of steam, was heard, and without a word old Sadler vanished from sight for ever."

"But, captain, tell us what really brought the old gentleman back," said one of the auditors.

"Well, just think of that tight white hammock, the light weight of the shot, and the very hot weather—think, too, how easily a fishing-cork is balanced in the water by a very small sinker, and lastly how confined air will buoy up anything—and you have the whole secret of his coming back. Let that air suddenly escape, and you have the secret of his disappearance.

"Buck used to say that 'priority of discovery' was a good thing in the days of Columbus, but if it was to be continued in force in the United States navy, hang him if he should ever report another ghost, even if he should see him walking the quarter-deck with the speaking-trumpet under his arm."

R. D. MINOR.

REALITY.

"Hold fast to your most indefinite waking dream. Dreams are the solidest facts that we know."

HENRY D. THOREAU.

C ELESTIAL hopes and dreams,
And lofty purposes, and long rich days,
With fragrance filled of blameless deeds and ways,
And visionary gleams—

These things alone endure:
They are the solid facts that we may grasp,
Leading us on and upward, if we clasp
And hold them firm and sure.

In a wise fable old
A hero sought a god, who could at will
Assume all figures, yet the hero still
Loosed not his steadfast hold

For image foul or fair,
For soft-eyed nymph who wept with pain and shame,
For threatening fiend, or loathsome beast, or flame,
For menace or for prayer;

Until the god, outbraved,
Took his own shape divine: not wrathfully,
But wondering, to the hero gave reply—
The knowledge that he craved.

We seize the god in ruth:
All forms conspire to make us loose our grasp—
Ambition, folly, gain—till we unclasp
From the embrace of Truth.

We grow more wise, we say,
And work for worldly ends, and mock our dream,
Alas! while all life's glory and its gleam
With that have fled away.

If thereto we had clung
Through change and peril, fire and night and storm,
Till it assumed its proper, godlike form,
We might at last have wrung

An answer to our cries,
A brave response to our most valiant hope:
Unto the light of day this word might ope
A million mysteries.

O'er each man's brow I see
The bright star of his genius shining clear:
It seeks to guide him to a nobler sphere,
Above earth's vanity.

Up to pure heights of snow
Its beckoning ray still leads him on and on:
To those who follow, lo, itself comes down
And crowns at length their brow.

The nimbus still doth gleam
On these the heroes, sages of the earth,
The few who found in life of any worth
Only their loftiest dream.

EMMA LAZARUS.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

AMONG the many and various "lessons of the war"—such as the propriety of a general disarmament, ably advocated in our last Number; the need of great additional armaments, preached and about to be put in practice by the rulers of England; the obligations of "Truth and Trust," set forth in Dean Alford's posthumous *Sermons on the War*; the wisdom of untruth and distrust, which is, we fear, the more common conclusion of politicians, and especially of diplomatists—two are so simple and evident that they need only to be stated to meet with general concurrence. The first is deducible from the example of Prussia, and may be thus formularized: "When you get into a fight hit your adversary a straightforward blow between the eyes, and, having thus floored him, continue the punishment until he is exhausted." To carry this out, it is only necessary to be stronger and more skillful than your opponent. The other monition is suggested by the conduct and fate of the French, and may be given in the words of a distinguished master in the art of self-defence to a pupil whose ambition was disproportioned to his capacity: "The best thing *you* can do is always to keep a civil tongue in your head." This is a piece of advice worth being

taken to heart by weaker parties generally. And the list of the weaker parties now, in the rivalry of the European nations, includes all those nations except one. The balance of power has ceased its oscillations, and has again kicked the beam. Once more a single great empire has risen, if not to establish universal dominion, at least to overshadow all other states, and make the policy of each subordinate and subservient to its own. Peace and order may be expected to reign not only at Warsaw, but throughout Europe. The Prussian lion will lie couched in the centre of the arena, and around it the leopard of Austria, the tiger (-monkey) of France, and the rest of *die gräulichen Katzen*, not daring to attack each other in that presence, much less to turn upon their king, a shake of whose mane, the lowest mutter of whose growl, will ensure the deepest silence.

"Und der Leu mit Gebrüll
Richtet sich auf: da wird's still."

The poetical lion is, however, scarcely the proper type of the Prussian variety. African travelers tell us that the real animal is devoid of the magnanimity which fable has ascribed to it; and any similar illusions that prevailed in regard to the German species have been effectually dispelled by its latest performance.

A WINTER JOURNEY OVER MONT CENIS.

ON the 4th of January, 1871, at 6½ A. M., we left Geneva to cross Mont Cenis. The stars were twinkling faintly through the cold fog which is the prevalent winter atmosphere of Switzerland, especially near the lakes, as we groped our way forlornly along the platform to the train. We were asked for our passports—a strange precaution, as the most dangerous person could not do a country much harm by going out of it. The first-class carriages are very handsome and comfortable on most of the railways, but cold as Charity's proverbial hackney-coach. The only mode of heating them is by long, flat copper cases filled with hot water, laid on the floor under foot. These are never warm when the train starts: the traveler remonstrates, and is told that they will be replenished at one of the first stations. The station is never less than an hour distant: on reaching it the tepid foot-warmer is taken out, and that from the next carriage substituted: at least, the one which is brought in place of yours is never warmer than that which is taken away, which leads to this conclusion. There was plenty of time to think it out, and many other things, as the train stopped ten minutes at some places, half an hour at others, and an hour and three-quarters at Culoz, the junction with the road to Lyons. The train with which we were bound to connect there was fifty-five minutes behind time: this did not quite account for the delay, but nobody seemed surprised; and there was but one explanation given then for anything that went wrong on every railway which begins or ends in France—the siege of Paris.

At Culoz we were again asked for passports, and required to exhibit the contents of our trunks and hand-bags. There, too, passengers are expected to breakfast, and it repays one to go to these wayside *tables d'hôte* for the sake of the conversation one sometimes hears at them. On this occasion a very amiable young Englishman mentioned that he had a circular ticket which would take him anywhere, and asked the ad-

vice of the company as to where he should go.

"The world was all before him where to choose."

Somebody recommended Naples, and half promised him an eruption of Vesuvius as further inducement.

"Any good house on top, where one can stop, you know?" he inquired. "No," said his interlocutor, looking into his own tea-cup. "Aw!—not like the Rigi then, you know?" The general impression was, that the young man was on his first tour, but as he soon told us that he had been three times to the Black Sea and twice to Rome, we all agreed that he was not one of those who are spoiled by traveling.

Meanwhile the morning was growing old, but the fog had thickened, and nothing was to be seen of the route, which is called remarkably lovely even for that part of the world. At Chambéry we began to see the sun shining on the mountains. The road rises from this point, though the pass does not begin before St. Michel. We were due there about 12½, and arrived at 3½. We had left the mist behind, the sky was clear and the afternoon sun slanting across the Alps. How bleak they looked! how forbidding in their shrouds of snow! But one would rather face anything now than stop for an hour at St. Michel, the dirtiest and dreariest of Alpine towns. So we showed our passports again, and got into the mountain-train, which was standing on the Fell track with its strange-looking central rail. There was but one first-class carriage, shaped like our street cars, with seats for twelve passengers, calculated with the precision of a street car. Luckily, there were but nine, apparently the offscouring of all nations. There was a low German, a low Frenchman, a low Italian, and a low Jew who looked like a Spaniard or Portuguese; there were two decent Englishmen, *employés* of the road, and a couple of quiet women. The windows are behind and above the heads of the travelers, so that to see through them it is necessary to stand up, but as the steam from the engine soon coated them

thickly with ice, that was not worth while. For once, the foot-warmers were so hot and so often refilled, and everybody was so well muffled, that by common consent the door was constantly opened to see the wonders of the way.

The train on starting ran swiftly up a steep incline, whisked round and set off in another direction, and St. Michel, which we had left but a moment before, was far below us. Then we began snaking upward by a series of zig-zags, which gave one the sensation of being whirled up a spiral staircase: the next moment we were twisting downward with equal speed, then round a sharp corner, and across a bridge over a dizzy ravine, then straight up again, and then down as if we were shooting a cataract.

This alternation continued throughout the journey, but during the first three hours we were conscious of going higher, and during the last three of coming down again. Nothing describes it better than Prince Paul's approach to the audience with the Grande Duchesse—"on monte, on descend, on remonte, on redescend, on reremonte, on reredescend"—till first one finds one's self at the top, and finally at the bottom. The stokers, brakemen and guards shout to one another incessantly, like sailors managing a ship in a gale of wind, and as we drew near a tunnel or any passage of peculiar difficulty, their cries redoubled, and in tones of such wild excitement as to produce a sense of imminent catastrophe. By degrees the effect of this wears off: one draws longer breath and begins to look about. The old post-road by which the diligence crawls over the mountain lies beside the track, and we constantly met and crossed the line of the new railway: it passes through innumerable tunnels before reaching the great one, just finished, whose black mouth looks like the gate where hope is left behind. The bridges and embankments are magnificent, like old Roman works for size and solidity, and on a scale worthy of the grand scenery around them. The whole road, before diverging entirely from the present one, is on a lower level, and of

course the great tunnel cuts off the main ascent entirely. It seems a pity to burrow in the bowels of the earth to avoid one of the finest sights on its whole surface.

As the track winds upward the cliffs grow sheer and beetling, the peaks are higher, the gorges deeper, the flat bits fewer and smaller, the remoteness from all human life is more solemnly felt. Day was declining, and the sunlight crept higher and higher, lying first across the sombre face of the mountain as it looked forth from its hood of snow, then on the brown woodlands which clothe the steeps, then over stretches of dark-green pine forest on colder heights, and last on the white summits, until they glowed with a color which is like no sunset, but the dawn of an eternal day. Sometimes the road ran between walls of rock which almost shut out the sky: over these hung waterfalls, that spring down in summer with a single leap—now one huge icicle, fluted like a Doric or Ionic column. The streams that feed them are frost-bound in their rocky beds. We saw no living water except the torrent which rushes sparkling and foaming beside the track, its clear waves looking bright and black between the snow-covered banks. Sometimes the road crossed a bridge where we hung in mid-air, and looked down into the heart of the mountains rent with gorges and chasms, a mere chaos of crags and abysses, and the snow lying over all. At long intervals we saw perched on a ledge overhead a village in its solitary squalor, a mere huddle of miserable cottages, with a little church: in another instant we were looking down upon its spire. When the last of these was left behind loneliness reigned supreme. Evening came down upon a prospect which was growing stern and awful; the huge boulders on the banks and in the bed of the stream looked like blocks of solid ice; the masses of rock rising abruptly amid the snow-covered slopes were as white as the barriers of the Arctic world. For a while the horizon was wrapped in the gray of twilight,

and objects were indistinguishable: then by degrees the moon gained power and prevailed, and showed a wonderful scene. There was not a tree, a shrub, a rock in sight: we were crossing a plain sheeted in white. Close above it were the highest peaks of the mountain, and stooping down over them the dark blue midwinter-night sky and its great stars. The universal snow around us lies there for half the year: the snow above us is the snow that never melts. The moonlight shed a silvery sheen over the whole: there was only the snow, the mountain-top, the sky and the lights of heaven. As we sped silently along we passed a large building in this frozen wilderness: it was the Hospice, half of it still occupied by the good monks, and half used as barracks. It stood up dark against the snow, for it was nine o'clock and every light was out. It was soon out of sight, and nothing remained but the railroad track and the telegraph wires to remind us of man's existence and of his constant warfare with the tremendous powers of Nature. Suddenly the train stopped, and, whence nobody could guess, one in authority came and demanded our passports. The apparition of Davy Jones in mid-ocean is not more startling. It was like waking from a dream, and was the step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Had we been spies and traitors of the worst sort, we could have done no mischief up there; and had we been proved to be such, we could not have been turned adrift where we were. However, these precautions may be indispensable to a monarchical government. We now began to pass through the snow-sheds which enclose the road for miles together, and answer the purpose of tunnels for depriving one of sight and hearing, and driving in all the steam, smoke and foul air. There is a long chain of these from the summit of the pass down the southern side, and as we rushed serpentwise downward through the dark the effect was bewildering. One felt as if one had a corkscrew in one's brain; one felt as if one were drunk; one felt as if one

had taken opium; one felt as if one were spinning head-foremost down the circles of space; one grew giddy, sleepy, stunned, unconscious.

When horizontal motion and a breath of fresh air brought back the senses, we were down in the pine woods. By and by we came to the deciduous forests, and then we ran into the fog again. At length there was a halt, a great, dark arch, some feeble lights and a smell of thaw. We were asked for our tickets: we had taken them in the morning at a place called by its inhabitants Genf: it was now spoken of to us as Ginevra. We were invited to descend and once more open our trunks. One of the ladies, a little numb and dazed perhaps by the journey, was rather slow to comply. *La maudline qui ve veit pas obéir!* ("The she-maudlin who won't do as she's told!") growled one official to another. The room where we underwent this process had been called *Zoll* when we stopped in the morning; at noon it was *Douane*; now it was *La Dogana*. The place was Susa. We were at the foot of the pass: it was Italy, and everything was in a warm slop.

SARAH B. WISTER.

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

It is but natural that the completion of the tunnel through Mont Cenís—or, to be more precise, through the Frejus, Mont Cenís being a good ways off—should have caused so much rejoicing in Italy, for the credit which attaches to this stupendous work belongs wholly to that country. It was planned by Italian engineers, endorsed and adopted by the great Italian statesman with all the enthusiasm of his nature, executed throughout by Italian brains and hands, and has thus far even been paid for by the Italian people, though France is expected to refund her share of the cost. While the plans were prepared as early as 1856, the real work can hardly be said to have been commenced until 1862—when the boring-machines invented by the Piedmontese Sommeiller went into operation—and yet the entire tunnel was completed on Christmas Day, 1870.

The actual length excavated is 12,236 mètres, not 12,220, as estimated at first, although the geodetic calculations have been found surprisingly correct in every other respect.

Originally begun on Sardinian territory, which then embraced the northern as well as the southern decline of the mountain, the tunnel passes through what is now half Italian and half French soil, so that its centre actually constitutes the frontier. In the mean time, the petty state at the foot of the Alps which had the pluck to undertake this gigantic enterprise has ceased to exist: its larger southern portion has been swallowed by the new Italian monarchy, while its smaller northern (Savoy) has been ceded to France as the price for the Sardinio-Italian metamorphosis. These are no trifling events to have occurred within so brief a period as that which has elapsed between the first conception and the completion of the great work. Indeed, we doubt whether the great Italy of to-day would approach a similar undertaking with an energy and a spirit equal to that shown by the little Sardinia of a dozen years ago. Though no longer considered the backbone of the kingdom, these former Piedmontese provinces still remain its most valuable part. And yet the political centre of gravity is constantly moved farther south from its rugged Alpine cradle, and many begin to speculate how long the new state will preserve in its wanderings those virtues to which it owes in a great measure its existence. Stripped of the strong bulwark which it knew so well to defend in the west, this old Piedmontese land is now treated like a mere remote border province. It was bad enough that the cradle of the Italian dynasty should have been bartered away to a neighbor who looks down from the Alps into its fertile valleys, but few probably expected that the very tunnel which was originally meant to unite the people of the same state would be turned into a gate for foreign intercourse. Time must show whether this intercourse will always be a friendly one. In spite of all that has lately been said about the un-

alterable love and friendship of the two Latin sister states who have grasped hands under the earth, there may come a day when this Alpine portal will admit hostile legions, and these sisters disagree as others have done before.

Though—as already observed above—the plans for the tunnel had already been completed in 1856, it would be a mistake to infer that five whole years were wasted before the real work began. On the contrary, this time was employed in preparatory labors as difficult as the scheme itself was daring. The first question presented for solution was to ascertain with the utmost accuracy the line on which the boring should proceed, so that the work might be begun on both sides of the mountain in such a manner as to ensure the junction of both tunnels at one point. To effect this object, it became necessary to discover on the summit some place where a landmark visible from both termini might be erected, but no such place could be found. On this account the straight line desired for the junction of the two parts had to be obtained by piecemeal, which in turn necessitated a series of signal stations whose differences in height had to be ascertained with extreme care, or the tunnel might have been bored higher on the one side than on the other. The least inaccuracy in the instruments, which should cause the boring on either side to vary by a hair's breadth from a straight line, must have inevitably resulted in the two parts passing each other in the centre of the mountain. It was therefore only after long and careful adjustments of the instruments and the erection of signals on the mountain that the measurements instituted in the course of 1857 ascertained the desired straight line. The same measurements also revealed the fact that the starting-point on the Italian side would have to be seven hundred and eighty feet higher than that on the French side.

Under these circumstances it might have been easier to construct the tunnel from the French to the Italian side in an ascending straight line. But the

work was to be begun simultaneously at both ends, and provision had consequently to be made for the escape not only of the water used in the construction, but also that which was likely to be struck in boring. For these reasons it was decided to locate the tunnel so high in the centre that it should have a declension both ways, and a gentle rise from the Italian side to the centre, with a more abrupt decline on the French, was adopted.

One of the many marvels wrought by this colossal enterprise was the change which the Alpine wilderness underwent when the few hamlets scattered on both sides of the mountain became populous manufacturing districts. But the greatest marvel of all was the invention of that boring-machine which has marked a new era in the history of mechanical science and engineering skill. To bore through nearly seven miles of solid rock demanded a motor capable of setting in operation on both sides of the tunnel a machine that would continue its work in the very heart of the mountain and while miles away from the driving power. As steam cools and becomes water when too far from its boiler, it was, of course, out of the question to use it at such a distance, even if the engine could have penetrated into the rock without those in charge being suffocated by the dense smoke. Chains, pulleys, wheels, etc., could not be thought of seriously by any one acquainted with the loss by friction, which increases in a ratio to the distance over which the force is to be transmitted. Water might perhaps have been conducted in canals the whole distance, but even if the vast volume required for injection and ejection at such a height could have been procured, the loss of time and the expense must have been ruinous. It was therefore evident that some other motor was needed to obtain the desired results, and this was finally discovered in condensed air—a force not only easy to transmit in pipes without much wastage, but one that can be applied effectively at almost any distance.

But not even the erection of works at both termini of the tunnel, which should condense the air in pipes and furnish the machine as it steadily penetrated the rock with a motor, was the most difficult part of the problem. This machine itself was to drive long steel bolts into the solid stone, turn them at each blow, and then inject a stream of water to cool the point of the borer: in addition to this, the machine was to continue on in the excavated passage, and perform its work so rapidly and surely that the powder for the blasts could safely be inserted into the drilled holes. The construction of such a machine, which would work with the precision and regularity of clockwork, was the problem that the men who proposed to tunnel the Alps had to solve; and their having done so must read, even in the age of the Atlantic Telegraph, the Pacific Railway and the Suez Canal, like the page of a fairy tale. W. P. M.

LONDON REMINISCENCES OF A STUDENT.

I SPENT the months of January, February and March of 1865, and July, August and September of 1866, in London, busily engaged each day in the library of the British Museum. And no place in the world brings one into the presence of so many men whose life-work is authorship. There are there at about two in the afternoon, when the reading-room is most frequented, about three hundred men and women, all furnished with the most convenient equipments for study, and with the resources of that immense library at their entire disposal. And there were many times when my pen would drop from my hand, and my eyes would run along those well-filled lines of tables, radiating from a common centre, and rest here and there on a man or a woman whom all the world knows. There sat the nervous and wiry Froude, with sharp, restless eyes; there the venerable Agnes Strickland, bending over an old volume of English history, her hair gray and her eyes dimmed, but her spirit still active and inquiring; anon the energetic Mr. Lewis would push his

way across the floor, or Dean Stanley, with his clean cut, elegant profile, would sit down before a huge pile of octavos, leisurely turn them over, and at last bury himself in their contents. There was but little chance to form acquaintances, for men go there for work, and conversation is scanty, and must be carried on, if at all, in the faintest whisper. But London is large, and there are many fine spirits there, whom it needs but a little time to find out.

Never shall I forget the first, last and only time I ever saw John Ruskin. His picture had hung for many years just over my study-table—that sweet almost angelic face, which in somewhat coarser execution, still the same in character, fronts the title-page of some of his works. Who that has seen it has forgotten it? It is almost a child's face, and has not a little of the charm which invests one of Raphael's Sistine cherubs. But the real Ruskin, how different! I think he is the plainest man I ever saw: at any rate, no face has ever impressed me with so much ugliness. And as if to intensify nature, his manner of wearing his hair and his rudely-fitting dress only emphasized the natural want of charms. Ruskin's face has neither fineness of feature nor winning expression. His eye, it is true, is large and eloquent, but not enough so to offset the rest of the face. He read a paper to a few friends that evening—not with much elegance, but with a jerky, unnatural flinging out of the words, quite unlike the flow of a good American reader. But the charm was underneath, in the thought itself, which, like everything of Ruskin's, was original, paradoxical, stimulating. The paper was afterward printed, and forms the first half of his *Sesame and Lilies*. He is a good American-hater, lives in great seclusion on Denmark Hill, one of the suburbs of London, is princely in his generousities, gracious to all young art-students who seek his advice, and, with all his feudal tendencies, incontestably one of the noblest spirits of our age.

In the summer of 1865 I spent a month in Hampstead, an immediate

suburb of London on the north side. Bickersteth, the author of a huge poem, somewhat read, called *Yesterday, To-day and For Ever*, was rector there, but I never chanced to see him. A much more attractive personage—to me, at least—was Mrs. Charles, author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family* and other well-known books. She was exceedingly kindly and hospitable—a warm well-wisher to America, a woman of great dignity of presence and of uncommon culture. I was heartily surprised when that tall and queenly figure entered the room, for I had supposed her *petite* and retiring; and, while knowing that she must be pious and good and simple-hearted, had hardly expected to find in her a first-rate German scholar, a correspondent of some of the most eminent German theologians, and a woman who can think as forcibly and argue as ably as she can write delightfully. Indeed, the possession of the art of the *raconteur* would not be supposed to be hers did one not know it by her books. As a woman she shines with a stronger light than even her writings display; indeed, I have never read anything of hers except her *Christian Life in Song* which brings her up before me in just the light in which she appeared in conversation. In addition to being a cultivated scholar and a delightful writer, she is also a woman of energetic character; and I can testify that at a time when a thousand or more were dying in London of cholera in a single day, she left her books and her delightful, great flower-embosomed house in Hampstead, and plunged into the worst parts of the huge city, taking care of the sick and distributing money, clothing and good words. Her husband, since deceased, was a wealthy merchant of London, and Mrs. Charles used his purse freely, and had a blessed name in streets where not a soul suspected that she had a reputation on two continents.

He whom I met most freely in London among the men best known in America was the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice—a man of a peculiarly

inspiring mind, one of the great seed-intellects of our age; a man of peculiarly dignified and gracious presence, with thick hair interstreaked with silver, a broad, kindly face, handsome yet not effeminate, a smooth, full voice, admirably modulated, and toned down to the exactest cadences;—a man largely read, with a broad, catholic view of things, a leader indeed in the liberal school of the English Church, but, better still, a leader in all broad thought; a man trained in the most secluded and aristocratic circles, yet a profound believer in the people, and an active working friend of the people, mingling with them, helping them in their educational and industrial enterprises and institutions, and in all ways showing himself a complete and representative Englishman.

Those were great and memorable evenings of my first London winter when I used to sit down in Burlington House and hear the talk of the first geographers of Great Britain about the great explorations of our day. There was Sir Roderick Murchison, geographer and geologist, one of the most perfect gentlemen I ever saw, and as perfect a presiding officer as he was a finished gentleman. Everybody knows him by name, for he is incontestably one of the first geologists living, and as a scientific man no one has a wider and better-grounded reputation. How well I remember him in his blue coat and buff vest—the Daniel Webster style of costume—as he successively welcomed the guests and did the honors of the evening! And there, too, was Dr. Livingstone, his hair grizzled and woven into a perfect thicket of knots, his face so seamed and furrowed that you could hardly find a smooth place as large as an old-fashioned five-cent piece, but his heart young and warm; there was Captain Sherard Osborn, the Polar navigator, bold, impulsive and magnetic; there was Admiral Fitzroy, who is now dead, just then perfecting his system of storm-signals for the world; there were the old captains who had sailed with and in search of Sir John Franklin, and

given their names to those seas and bays and gulfs and headlands which surround the North Pole. What a treat it used to be to sit there and hear about Africa, and Central Asia, and Australia, and Palestine, and the Andes, from Vambéry, and Markham, and Grove, and all the rest, fresh from those and other fields of adventure! A memorable winter to me, and not the least memorable part those evenings in Burlington House amid such company.

X.

ASCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

NAPLES, February 1, 1871.

In these days of blood and famine it might seem presumptuous to endeavor to entertain any one by a story of so peaceful a performance as an ascent of Mount Vesuvius.

Men's minds have, however, become so sickened by the horrors of the war that a narrative of an excursion to the summit of this famous volcano during the present eruption may find some willing readers.

The eruption began about the sixth of January, and is now believed to be on the decrease. It is nevertheless a great additional attraction to Naples, and has occasioned a concourse of strangers.

My companion on the excursion was a young gentleman from Cincinnati, a member of the late graduating class at Harvard University. We had seen at Rome several persons who had lately made the ascent of the volcano, and had with greedy ears listened to their accounts, which were often contradictory. We had been told of the great number of rough characters who swarmed on the way, and of their threatening manners. We had heard, too, of a guide of such scientific attainments and such an acquaintance with the French language as to make his services well worth the unusual rate he set upon them.

The first view we obtained of Vesuvius was on our journey from Rome to Naples. It did not differ in appearance then from the mountains in its vicinity,

except that the cloud upon its summit was whiter and seemed to move faster than the other clouds. Before reaching Naples the night had so far advanced as to render conspicuous the bright red glow of the vapors emitted from the two cones, and at the same time the stream of lava on the north side of the smaller crater became visible.

From the use of *Baedeker's Guide* our minds had been affected with a profound distrust of the inhabitants of this country, which had by no means been removed by the accounts of the persons we met in Rome.

Our excursion was made on the twenty-fifth of January. We left our hotel at Naples at one o'clock P. M., and after a drive of an hour arrived at Resina. We stopped at a dingy house, a kind of central bureau of the Vesuvius guides. We asked for Cozzolino, the man whose merits we had heard extolled at Rome. A person of not prepossessing appearance announced himself to be the man in question.

We were immediately ushered into the house, and followed by a crowd of guides and idlers of various professions, all talking at the same time, and trying to show the extent of their philological acquirements by uttering the few words of French and English they had learned. Cozzolino, who was the admitted chief, offered his own services, told us what we should require and what it would cost. There were several attempts, some of them successful, to impose upon us, but generally they were so flimsy that we avoided them.

As soon as we were mounted the guide galloped up a narrow alley leading to the mountain, and we after him, followed by a crowd of the noisiest and most ragged individuals it has ever been my fortune to meet. Some of them insisted upon leading our horses, others held them by their tails, and others again wanted to carry our climbing staves. They were finally driven off by the determined voice of the guide: our tormentors then each demanded a franc, which not one of them received.

The scientific attainments of our

guide, as well as his knowledge of French, proved to be delusions. His French, indeed, was so much worse than our own Italian that we preferred using the latter.

Shortly after leaving Resina we passed over a vast area of black lava (the guide called it *scoriæ*) which had been thrown out by Vesuvius in 1858. It was of hundreds of acres in extent, and the temperature of a few pieces which the guide brought us was warmer than that of our hands.

To persons seeing lava for the first time the impression is very remarkable. My mind was occupied in trying to think of something to which it could be compared, and I almost gave it up in despair. Its blackness exceeded that of any rock I had ever seen. Its surface, which in a general though distant way resembled a ploughed field, was furrowed and contorted: many of the masses were rounded, others rippled, resembling waves suddenly stiffened. Often the waves were in parallel lines and curved: sometimes they looked like fragments of rope lying in rows.

A ride of an hour and a half brought us to the Hermitage, on the way to which we passed the district where the famous *Lagrima di Cristo* grapes are grown. At the Hermitage we partook of the lunch we had sent up; and another half hour in the saddle brought us to the place where the ascent on foot begins.

Our guides, who had assured us at Resina that thirty-five francs should cover the whole expense, now informed us that a man to draw each of us up to the summit would be very desirable. The fees were five francs each. We followed his advice, and did not regret it, though forcibly reminded of the remark of Stephens the traveler on a nearly similar occasion in Central America, when he argued that if an Indian could carry a white man safely on his shoulders in a perilous place, the white man could carry himself safely on his own feet. As the proposed assistants were experts in climbing a mountain covered with ashes, and we only

amateurs, we thought the cases were sufficiently different to warrant a departure from Stephens' rule.

Each of the men whom we had engaged produced a strap, which he placed on his shoulder, giving us the ends. There were other persons ambitious to assist us, and they pertinaciously followed us almost halfway to the foot of the cone, occasionally giving us a push. When we reached the first resting-place, there happened to be some snow in a hollow, which my companion and myself began eating. Immediately all our assistants became vociferous in the declaration of the danger of eating snow, and one of them poured out a glass of wine, which they said was the thing for us to drink. We laughed at their protestations and went on with the snow, seeing which, they returned the wine to the bottle for the benefit of some more credulous traveler, and betook themselves to eating the snow with an energy which ludicrously disproved their belief in their own doctrine.

About an hour of the most painful climbing I have ever practiced brought us to the foot of the smaller cone. We walked round to the side from which the lava issued. There was visible only a stream of from two to five feet in diameter, though it was believed to be in motion beneath places where the surface was black and firm. The melted lava moved approximately at the rate of a yard a minute. Sometimes the surface would cool sufficiently to stop the progress, and it would then not unfrequently burst out below.

Against the wishes of the assistants our guide took us to the summit of the smallest cone, having as a precaution mounted on the windward side. We looked into it, and emphatically assented to the verdict of Boucicault's hero, for "there was nothing in it" that we could see but smoke. While visiting these regions the only annoyance we experienced, besides the labor of mounting the steep and crumbling sides of the mountain, was from the sulphurous acid gas. The air was in some places so

charged with this noxious compound that we could scarcely inhale it, and we hurried over the spot to escape suffocation.

We then climbed to the summit of the larger cone, to which the ascent was still more difficult. On the way the guide pointed out a flat, smooth place on the ground, surrounded by a circular pile of ashes about a yard in diameter and five inches high. This, he said, was where one of the stones thrown up from the larger crater had fallen. The stone itself had rebounded to a distance of one hundred yards. My companion judged its weight to be about two hundred pounds.

Our guide would not let us remain long at the summit of the great crater. While there a cloud of black smoke, accompanied by a low detonation, ascended, and we heard the rattling of stones down the interior on the opposite side of the cone. We were hurried down with the cry of danger, but this was so often repeated that we were sure it was a sham.

We spent about an hour between the cones, having so arranged our time as to have a view of the Bay of Naples by daylight and of the craters by night. Concerning the latter, my companion and myself both made an observation which may be of interest to those engaged in æsthetic investigations. We were apparently only five men upon the summit of the mountain. The last ray of daylight had revealed not a tree nor a shrub. There was visible no human habitation. It was cold. Beneath our feet were black ashes and scoræ; and yet the sense of desolation was entirely absent from our minds. Why was this? The conditions to produce a feeling of desolation seemed to be all present. Approaching the base of the small crater a second time, we gazed upon its soft red glow, saw its reflection in each other's faces, and listened to the gentle murmuring sound which it emitted. The sense of geniality was uppermost in our minds, and nothing more foreign than that of desolation.

We then began our descent by the

light of a torch. It was accomplished in a little less time than the ascent, and we arrived at our hotel after an absence of nearly nine hours. We departed enough from the custom of most persons who make the ascent of Mount Vesuvius to own that we felt much fatigue.

A. W.

ONE'S FRIENDS.

WITHOUT any doubt at all, the best things in this world are that one should be brave and true and kind. And—after or included in these—the things worth most are good friends, good health, the work one can do best, a trusting, cheerful spirit, enjoyment of natural beauty and a relish of good books and simple pleasures. Without these, speaking deliberately, gold cannot make us rich, nor fame nor power satisfy or make us happy. We cannot buy them nor earn them by drudging. But we can have most of them for the taking and holding if we do not wait too long; and having them all, we should be rich beyond desire, and should need to fear nothing else in life so much as losing them.

And of these friendship is certainly not least. One can hardly conceive of a person's being worth much to himself or others, or of any success or honor or reward being worth a great deal to one who has not somewhere in the world one or more people for whose sake he would gladly work hard and fare hard, and for whom he would like to fight. Of things most devoutly to thank Heaven for, second to no other, is this luck of having fallen in, on this journey of life, with half a dozen men and women who are more to you than all the rest of the world, and of whose equal esteem you hope to be worthy. He must be poor in friends or poor in spirit who, if he must choose between his friends and his will of all the power and splendor of the world, would not, if he were strong, stand up and face the tempter and laugh him to scorn, or, if he were weak, creep closer to the dear ones and cling round them for fear of himself, and beg them to hold him fast and pray

God to save him out of his deadly peril. Can we think too much of them, or do too much for their sake? It is so lonely, this walk through the world, and often so dark for all the brightness of the sun and stars, and all the beauty of the grass and the sea! Can you think without fear of going on without them? I cannot. "Without a friend," said old Thomas à Kempis, "thou couldst not well live."

It is the law that each must finally walk alone. The men I meet every day are as far away from me as the planets. I wonder what manner of men they are, and what they make of me. What do you think of, and how? What do you make of the world and this most strange life of us all? I cannot even ask you what I want to know, nor could you answer me. No: we cannot walk two in a track, side by side, be we ever so close: there are two paths for our feet, and a wall between—you must keep yours and I mine. But it is all the consolation in the world to have you that love me so near, and to know that you will help me if you can, and to be able to help you, maybe, once or twice.

We try to be brave, do we not?—to stand up against fate and the flesh, and keep our feet in the track and our faces to the front. But now and again something will trip us: black care looks in at the window or the door; now and again the old sphinx face stares mockingly out of the summer sky, the cup of a flower, a child's face, a novel or a newspaper, or what not. Let me come near, my friend, for I am cold: the world is dark, and I shiver for I fear of I know not what. Speak to me; look in my face; let me hear your loved voice and look in your kind eyes and hold your hand!

Money can buy many things, good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend, nor pay you for the loss of one. "I have wanted only one thing to make me happy," Hazlitt writes; "but, wanting that, have wanted everything." And again: "My heart, shut up in the prison-house of

this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to."

We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you?—one good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before love grows cold! "Life is too short to quarrel in," or to carry black thoughts of friends. If I was wrong, I am sorry: if you, then I am sorrier yet, for should I not grieve for my friend's misfortune? and the mending of your fault does not lie with me. But the forgiving it does, and that is the happier office. Give me your hand and call it even. There! it is gone; and I thank a kind Heaven I keep my friend still! A friend is too precious a thing to be lightly held, but it must be a little heart that cannot find room for more than one or two. The kindness I feel for you warms me toward all the rest, makes me long to do something to make you all happy. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one when he comes.

"After a certain age," says William Roundabout, "a new friend is a wonder, like Sarah's child." How, then, should we cling to the old ones, doubly dear for the present and the happy past! The most versatile, taking him all in all, perhaps the most gifted, of our men of letters—poet, humorist, critic and what not—has written in the ripeness of his years and powers:

"Old friends! The writing of those words has borne
My fancy backward to the gracious past.

.... The years between
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons; none
Wiser than this—to spend in all things else,
But of old friends to be most miserly."

We are not likely to have many chances to do heroic things for friendship's sake: let us hope if the occasion comes we shall not be found unworthy.

But it is of more importance that we should show our friendly feeling in the little kindnesses which the willing hand will not have to seek, which are nothing in the naming, but a great deal in the intention and the sum. It is more to you that your friend is plainly pleased to see you and be near you, is happy to do you a service, will not pass near you, if he can help it, without seeing you, than that he would die for you upon some possible but not very probable occasion, and meanwhile lets his work or his other ties and pleasures come between you and him, and form his excuse for neglecting you. Neglect is the death and burial of friendship.

And for what is all this dressing and sweeping and building and planting and ornamenting and money-making, if not that our friends may see their fruits and enjoy them with us? And if we drudge away at all this so busily that our friends slip gradually out of our knowledge and thoughts, and we out of theirs, what will it all be worth in the end? We shall wake up one morning and see what we have slaved for turn to the dross it all is without love, and find that has died while we slept. It is the play with the Prince left out—all meaningless prate and parade, and a very sad sham indeed under its dreary mock-merriment and strut and fine feathers. Yes, it is easy to let things go, and the best things will go fast enough if we let them.

Think what they are worth to us, these friendly hearts: sit still a minute, and try to think what your life would be without them. Let us cherish them as they deserve—more than all, save only honor and truth—and strive to grow more worthy of their love. And when they go from us, as one and another all too surely will, if our turn come not first to go and leave them here, may you and I have grace of Heaven to say what the great and good Thackeray wrote nine years ago at Christmas-time, in these fine and touching words: "Those who are gone, you have. Those who departed loving you, love you still, and you love them always. They are not

really gone, those dear hearts and true: they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will close upon you, and you will be no more seen."

J. S. MCKAY.

HAWTHORNE'S "FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE AND ITALY,"

Now appearing in *Good Words*, promise to be as pleasant and characteristic as his *English Note Books*. As a traveler, Hawthorne's forte lay in his power of refreshing commonplaces. The more familiar the objects, the greater the interest and the charm of descriptions so infused with the individuality of the writer. Not that, in these *first* impressions, he idealizes or beautifies what he sees. On the contrary, he had determined, one would say, to look at things in their most literal and prosaic aspect, as if to *disinvest* himself of all instilled conceptions previously to laying solid foundations for a structure of his own. The points he most comments upon are those to which enthusiastic travelers try to shut their eyes, from an instinctive consciousness that if they part with old illusions they will sink into a slough of disappointment with no power to emerge from it. Speaking of the Carnival at Rome, he says, "Sunshine would have improved it, no doubt; but a person must have very broad sunshine within himself to be joyous on such shallow provocation." He wanders through "cold, narrow lanes, between tall, ugly, mean-looking, whitewashed houses," not unaware that the Eternal City has other things to show, but waiting for these to present themselves to him, instead of rushing in search of them, and studying quite contentedly meanwhile the ugliness and shabbiness which occupy so much of the foreground. He stops "a good while to look at the old beggar who for many years past has occupied one of the platforms of the flight of steps leading from the Piazza di Spagna to the Trinità di Monte, . . . moving about on his hands and knees principally by aid of his hands, which are fortified with a sort of wooden shoes,

while his poor, wasted lower shanks stick up in the air behind him, loosely vibrating as he progresses;" yet "very active in his own fashion, and bestirring himself, on the approach of his visitors, with the alacrity of a spider when a fly touches the remote circumference of his web." And the final comment is, that he "no doubt leads as contented and as interesting a life as most people, sitting there all day on those sunny steps looking at the world, and making his profit out of it. It must be pretty much such an occupation as fishing in its effect upon the hopes and apprehensions; and probably he suffers no more from the many refusals he meets with than the angler does when he sees a fish smell at his bait and swim away. One success pays for a hundred disappointments, and the game is all the better for not being entirely in his own favor."

He goes four or five times to St. Peter's, "and always with pleasure, because there is such a delightful summer-like warmth the moment we pass beneath the heavy, padded leather curtains that protect the entrances. It is almost impossible not to believe that this genial temperature is the result of furnace-heat; but really it is the warmth of last summer, which will be included within these massive walls and in that vast immensity of space till, six months hence, the winter's chill will just have made its way thither. It would be an excellent plan for a valetudinarian to lodge during the winter in St. Peter's, perhaps establishing his household in one of the Papal tombs." On coming out on one occasion he "saw a great sheet of ice around the fountain on the right hand, and some little Romans awkwardly sliding on it. I, too, took a slide, just for the sake of doing what I never thought to do in Rome."

Our space does not allow of further extracts, but it will be seen that the work has a twofold interest: as a record of travel written in an independent, unconventional tone, and as a welcome addition to our knowledge of a fine and original mind.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Life of John Adams. Begun by John Quincy Adams: completed by Charles Francis Adams. Revised and corrected. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

No class of worthies has suffered more by the ambition of biographers than our Revolutionary fathers. One might suppose there had been a deliberate purpose to bury their memories under the huge monuments raised ostensibly to preserve and honor them. The days of folios and quartos could not well be revived; but as many of the largest octavos as could be filled with records, letters and documents of every kind relating to the subject or the period have been considered essential to the dignity and importance of every biography in which the public at large might be expected to feel an interest, and which on this very account should have been written and presented in a manner to render it as accessible and attractive as possible.

The Life of John Adams, written originally on a different method from such biographies in general, appears also now in a different form—a form convenient to the hand, agreeable to the eye, adapted to the requirements of the widest class of readers. In distinction from most works of the kind, it is not a compilation, but a composition—not a mass of state papers, family records, anecdotes and reflections thrown indiscriminately together, but a sustained and continuous narrative, in which all that was required in the way of comment, argument or illustration has been closely interwoven with the relation of facts, and the transitions from period to period, from phase to phase, are effected without a break or a jolt. It is written, too, not merely with admirable skill and from fullness of knowledge, but with that mastery over the subject and the various questions connected with it which comes only from lifelong study and kindred experience, and which brings with it the habit and power of subordinating details to principles without wandering into abstract disquisition. Hence it is at once copious and condensed, free from trivialities, and more exempt from undue partiality than countless

productions uninspired by any motives arising out of personal ties.

In reading the first two chapters of the work, written by John Quincy Adams, one is forcibly reminded of the Old Man Eloquent, overflowing with the deduced results of knowledge and meditation, and eagerly instilling them into the not always well-prepared minds of his hearers. Owing mainly to this characteristic trait, but partly also to the omission of a preliminary genealogical notice, the biography opens as abruptly as the ballad of Johnnie Armstrong—cited by Johnson as a model of the art of plunging *in medias res*—leaving unmentioned facts such as were never, we imagine, excluded, save through necessity, from any biography before, and the omission of which in a biography written by a near relative of the subject is somewhat amusing. Nothing is here recorded of the life of John Adams before his entrance at Harvard College at a date not given; and taking this event as a starting-point, the writer passes at once to an animated discussion of the part which universities have played in the diffusion of civil and religious liberty from the Reformation downward, having told us meanwhile neither the day, year nor century in which his hero was born, the place of his nativity, the names of his parents, nor a single circumstance connected with his childhood or early youth. We gain, incidentally, as the narrative proceeds, grounds for conjecture on some of these points, but no precise information on any of them, till we reach the monumental inscription inserted at the end of the second volume. So far as we have noticed, this is an isolated case of oversight; yet perhaps the single fault imputable to the work is a deficiency of personal details, though we are conscious of this want only when the exceeding interest of some passage containing such details makes us desirous of more.

But the main interest of the work, as well as its chief value, is derived from a deeper source. The production of an eminent statesman who is also an accomplished writer, it throws a freshness over the study of our Revolutionary history of which so

well-worn a theme seemed scarcely susceptible. We traverse a familiar gallery, we examine the objects we have seen and scrutinized a hundred times before, but it is in the company of a guide so versed in all the knowledge appertaining to such matters as to invest them with an attractiveness different in kind, if not in degree, from that which we had hitherto found in them, leaving us with a sense of newly-gained acquirements, rather than of a mere addition to our stock of information.

The career of John Adams is perhaps more closely identified with the various phases of the Revolution than that of any other man. Not that he towered above all others in intellect or acquirements. It was in fact characteristic of the struggle that its leaders stood upon a nearly equal level, which was itself no lofty elevation far above the heads of the crowd, but only a platform raised a few degrees above the general floor occupied by the intelligent and right-feeling mass. John Adams himself wrote in his *Diary* at the outset of the struggle, "We have not men fit for the times: we are deficient in genius, in education, in travel, in fortune, in everything." But although this deficiency was real, the men whom the occasion brought into prominence were singularly fitted for it, alike by diversity of powers and by harmony of spirit and purpose. They were all men of high integrity, fearless courage and practical ability—all lovers of liberty and foes to license—all less eager to destroy than able to construct. Jefferson, if more democratic than the others, was so rather by sentiment than by temperament: Nature never cut him out for a demagogue. Yet it was Adams who beyond all others represented the blended spirit of liberty and conservatism which characterized the struggle, who possessed the largest share of the qualities it demanded—putting aside military capacity—and who impressed it most distinctly with his individual characteristics.

He possessed, in fact, qualifications for guiding the progress of events which were scarcely united in any other man—legal knowledge, oratorical ability, a broad yet practical mind, fitter than most to cope with the difficulties arising from a general lack of experience in affairs, combined with the impulsive, unhesitating disposition indispensable in a great crisis. While still a youth he had speculated on the possible advent of

a period when America would become a seat of empire, and he was perhaps the first to foresee that the dispute between the Colonies and the Crown must culminate in a war for independence. Yet he did nothing to foster the spirit of revolt or to precipitate the event. It was as a lawyer, not as a politician—in the routine of professional duty, not at the mere impulse of public spirit—that he first came upon the stage as an advocate of constitutional freedom; and far from courting the applause or seeking to inflame the passions of the people, he was ready to incur its odium by a zealous resistance to excesses and the defence of those who were liable to become the victims of popular injustice.

Instead, however, of cutting short his career, such acts, by confirming the public respect and confidence, helped to open before him a new and wider field, in which the lawyer was merged in the patriot and the statesman. Here his ardent spirit and presaging intellect carried him far in advance of the great mass of his countrymen, making it incumbent on him and the few who were equally eager, now to repress their own zeal, now to stimulate that of others, till a serried line and imposing front should be formed. To this result John Adams undoubtedly contributed more than any other man. In debate he was the chosen champion of Independence, and though to that issue all events and circumstances were irresistibly tending, his was the hand that gave the conspicuous push which set the bark afloat on the stream of "manifest destiny."

This may properly be regarded as the culminating point of his career. Yet in activity, in influence, and in political services rendered to the country at home and abroad during the continuance of the war and the negotiations which brought it to a close, he was second to none; and, viewed in this light, his succeeding Washington in the presidential chair was as natural as the passage in the legitimate line of an hereditary crown or the transfer of the prophet's mantle to Elisha. It was, however, in this position, which might under happier circumstances have been the splendid noonday of his fame, that it suffered a strange eclipse. No man could have been fitter for the office had it been simply one of rule, calling only for the capacity to shape a wise and consistent policy, and the honesty and firmness to carry it out. But it seems indispensable to the suc-

cessful discharge of the highest power in the state, whether exercised by king, prime minister or president, that the possessor shall be pre-eminently gifted with tact; and this necessity becomes, if not more real, yet more apparent, in ordinary times than in those of difficulty and peril. Our Presidents generally have succeeded or failed according to the degree in which they were thus endowed. Mr. Lincoln was no exception to the rule, for it was his extraordinary tact which enabled him to put to their full use those higher qualities for which his name will ever be held in veneration. John Adams, on the contrary, was remarkably deficient in this respect. Straightforward energy in speech and act was the means by which he had succeeded in positions and circumstances where, generally speaking, finesse would have been either superfluous or injurious. But the times, as well as his position, had changed. Peace had brought with it a division of parties, and the opposite feelings excited by the French Revolution had widened and embittered that division. President Adams would fain have walked in the old and direct ways, disregarding of personal intrigues and party tactics. The policy he pursued has been sanctioned by time, but his method of pursuing it left him charged with the responsibility of the disruption of his party, without relieving him from the odium of its unpopular measures. In the discussion of this subject, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, while defending his grandfather against the baseless imputations current at the period, and too often repeated since, does not conceal his mistakes. That he makes sufficient allowance for errors on the opposite side is more than we shall undertake to say, or than we should have perhaps any right to expect. There are, however, some allusions to Hamilton's unhappy end which jar upon us as deviations from the rare good taste which marks the general course of the narrative.

An indifferent reader finds it, at this lapse of time, more easy to pardon the active hostility of personal and political opponents than the neglect, or, so to speak, the disgrace, of which Mr. Adams became the object on the part of that people whom he had so long and faithfully served, and whose national unity and greatness he had so powerfully aided in founding. Happily, the breath of popular disfavor is less terrible than the frown of monarchs, and John Adams, though sensitive

and irritable, was of too robust a nature to be blighted by either. He confronted ingratitude and calumny with the spectacle of a calm, healthful and active old age, prolonged until time had brought with it an unexampled train of compensations—oblivion of past strifes, renewal of ancient friendships, recollection of old services by the descendants of those who had too hastily forgotten them, and the elevation of a son, whose splendid career had already reflected new lustre on that of the father, to the exalted place from which the latter had descended a quarter of a century before.

The coincidences which marked the close of that long and eventful life can never be recalled without a fresh surprise. The death of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson on the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of Independence, amid more than the customary annual demonstrations with which the former had predicted that the event would be for ever celebrated, would indeed, in a more imaginative age, have been hailed as a visible token that the supernal powers had set their seal upon the work which these men had accomplished, and had deigned to give an assurance of its acceptance and its durability. "As the news of this singular coincidence spread over the land, it raised everywhere a thrill of emotion such as has never been caused by any other public event. It was not the wail of grief, such as is drawn forth by the sense of privation by the loss of valuable lives. The advanced age of these persons, if nothing else, neutralized that. It was the offspring of a mixture of feelings, the chief of which were, surprise at the strangeness of the occurrence, veneration for the men themselves, and delight in the splendor which it would for ever reflect upon a page of the national annals."

The Pilgrim and the Shrine; or, Passages from the Life and Correspondence of Herbert Ainslie, B. A. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

Skepticism and travel form the component elements of this book; and if the reader thinks, as most of the English reviewers of the work appear to have done, that these two ingredients have no natural principle of assimilation, or that their capacity for assimilating is a discovery of the author's, he is little versed in some of the most characteristic phases of modern literature and thought.

When shaken by religious doubt, the mind, after vainly seeking a resolution of its perplexities in books and the converse of men, flees instinctively to Nature, passes from scene to scene as it had before turned from one spiritual adviser to another, questions the mountains, the ocean, the forests in regard to those mysteries which seem brooding over them as over the human soul, and finds, if not relief, yet a solace in the solemn sympathy of aspects and voices which, if they give no intelligible response, neither repel nor confuse the inquirer.

The books which depict this condition are mostly French, the deepest and most sincere being the *Obermann* of Senancour—"la Bible de l'incrédulité," as Balzac calls it. Herbert Ainslie is a sort of English Obermann, without the sweetness, the sadness or the depth of his prototype, but with something of a kindred spirit and a kindred power. What, however, gives pre-eminence to Obermann is his typical character: he is the representative of his class in its profoundest conceptions and its universal attributes. Herbert Ainslie, on the other hand, is entirely national. He takes the malady in its English form, and he applies the remedy in the English manner. His doubts have their origin, not in the eternal problems of existence, but in the dogmas of the Thirty-nine Articles, and instead of withdrawing to the Alps, he goes to the West Indies, to California, to Australia. He has taken the disease merely as an epidemic, without any particular predisposition to it; and we perceive from the first that the case is not hopeless—that with so sound a constitution he will probably recover. He is cured, accordingly, by love—a mild yet efficacious potion which is sufficient in all ordinary attacks, and which might just as well have been administered by some practitioner in his native parish as by an irregular culler of simples, Mary by name, in the wilds of Australia.

The charm of the book lies in its clear and crisp descriptions of scenery, some racy delineations of strange phases of human life, a graceful and lucid style, and the general tone of an earnest, voracious and cultivated discourses on topics suggested by external objects or inward meditation. As to the purely disquisitional or theological writing, it interests us chiefly as an indication of the present state of religious matters in England. The author or hero—we take the two to be

identical—has been bred to the Church, and, feeling himself disqualified for the career which had been chosen for him, relinquishes his chances in it after a conflict proceeding from conscientious scruples on the one hand, and family affection and the like motives on the other. A few years ago such a work as this from such a source would have been generally tabooed, as witness Mr. Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*. But English society does move, if only in a rotatory or colicky way, reminding us of Mr. Bright's remark, that the real trouble of the Established Church is similar to that of the old woman, who graphically described it as "something the matter with her insides."

Books Received.

Plutarch's *Morals*. Translated from the Greek by Several Hands. Corrected and Revised by William W. Goodwin, Ph. D., Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. With an Introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson. 5 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 8vo.

A Text-book of Elementary Chemistry, Theoretical and Inorganic. By George F. Barker, M. D., Professor of Physiological Chemistry in Yale College. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. 16mo. pp. viii., 342.

Report of the Commissioner of Education, made to the Secretary of the Interior, for the Year 1870, with accompanying Papers. Washington: Government Printing Office. 8vo. pp. 579.

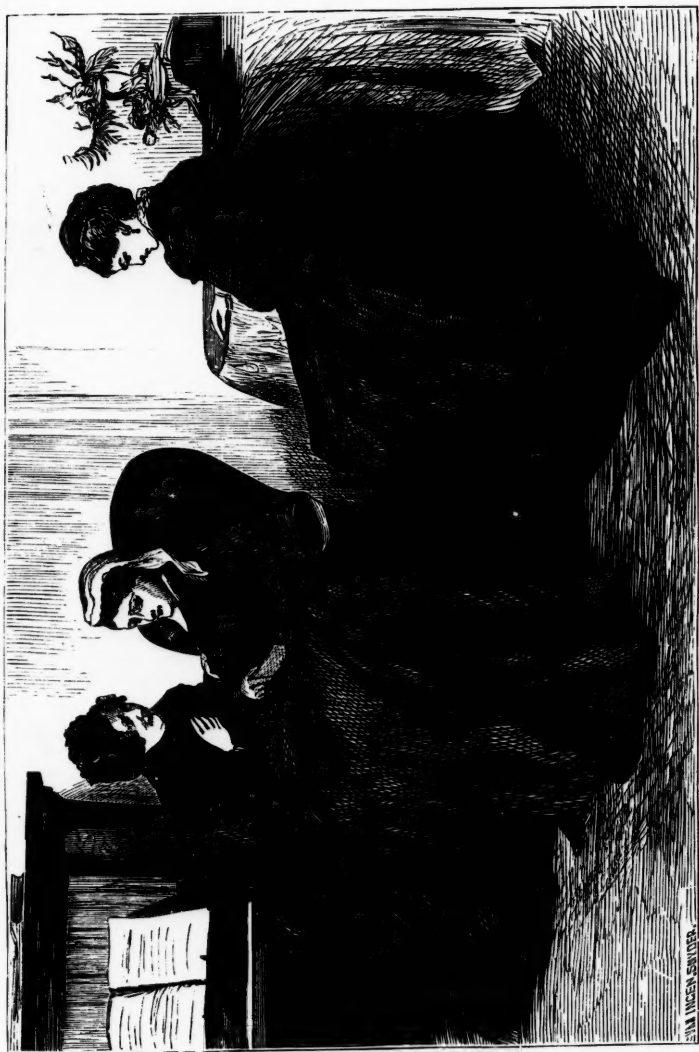
The Conversion of St. Paul: Three Discourses. By George Jarvis Geer, D. D., Rector of St. Timothy's Church, New York. New York: S. R. Wells. 12mo. pp. 82.

The Great Libel Suit: The Hon. David S. Bennett, M. C., versus The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser. Buffalo: Matthews & Warren. Pamphlet. 8vo. pp. 235.

Transactions of the Eclectic Medical Society of the State of New York, for the Year 1870. Albany: The Argus Company. 8vo. pp. x., 864.

Arthur Brown, the Young Captain. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 288.

Kathie Stories. By Miss A. M. Douglass. Illustrated. 3 vols. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo.



"Mrs. Dawson edged her chair confidentially close to her nephew's widow."

[Rookstone. Page 35.]